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GEORGE THE FOURTH.

THE lamented death of his late Majesty occurred within so few hours of the time when this publication must go to press, that we might be easily excused from noticing it but by a paragraph. But we have been anxious to do more, and, by whatever exertion on our part, to meet, in some degree, the public interest natural to so grave and melancholy an event as the demise of the Sovereign.

George Frederic Augustus, his late Majesty, was born on the 12th of August 1762, the eldest son of their Majesties George the Third and Queen Charlotte. As it was the desire of his royal father that he should be master of all the knowledge and accomplishments necessary for the future monarch of the most intellectual and influential nation of Europe, the prince was put at an early age into the hands of tutors of acknowledged capacity, the chief of whom were, Markham, late Archbishop of York, and Cyril Jackson, afterwards distinguished as the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. There were some subsequent changes in the persons about the prince, but his education was continued with a diligence which made him no mean scholar, and imbued him with a degree of general taste and literature probably equal to that of any sovereign of Europe.

The prince, to those high advantages, united those of nature in a remarkable degree. He was tall, well formed, his countenance handsome, and his air, manners, and address *princely*, in the fullest sense of the word. But it is one of the characteristics of English life that it shall be mingled with politics. No man of rank can be suffered to escape the general net of party, and of all men, the future master of the throne is naturally the chief prize. To a prince of the heir-apparent's time of life and buoyancy of spirits, there could be no comparison between the parties which, on his coming of age, solicited his connexion. Pitt had communicated his own stern and reserved habits to his administration. The Whigs exhibited the complete contrast to this solemn and matter-of-fact school. They were the chief nobility of the land, the leaders of fashionable life, the men of wit, elegance, and taste; their houses were the resort of all that was brilliant in male ability and attractive in female elegance. Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Wyndham, with a crowd of inferior stars, glittered in the Whig galaxy; while, on the other side, nothing was to be seen but the frowning majesty of Pitt's genius, his retired virtue, and his uncompromising scorn of the pliancy and moral laxity of his showy competitors. Pitt's official subordinates were scarcely more attractive; whatever might be their personal qualities, they were but instruments in the hands of their great master, and the whole aspect of Toryism was clouded and hardened by official severity.

The prince instantly adopted the party which offered the stronger captivations to his unpractised and susceptible passions; and the Foxite principles, if principles they deserve to be called, were from that hour his political creed for years.

But unhappily the connexion with Whig politics implied that intimate connexion with the leaders of the party, which involved the prince in their private habits. No result could be more unfortunate. Fox and his chief associates were notorious for indulgence in all the dissipations of fashionable life. The prince plunged into those dissipations with the reckless ardour of passions unrestrained, of rank without a superior, and of fortune that, by youth, might be deemed inexhaustible. Actresses, wine, the turf, building, a boundless establishment, all the shapes in which income could be expended, dissipation indulged, or public anxiety and repugnance excited, were the habitual indulgences of a prince scarcely emerged from boyhood—but nothing could be more disastrous than this commencement of his career. The public morality was hurt by the example of the prince's private life. The public burthens were unpopularly increased by his expenditure, at a time of national pressure; and the rising spirit of disgust against all royal privileges, just and unjust, which had been first excited in America, then propagated in France, and was rapidly becoming familiar to England, took singular advantage of princely irregularity as an argument against royal rule.

In 1783 the prince terminated his nonage, was introduced into the House of Peers, appointed colonel of the 10th dragoons, and received an increased allowance of 50,000*l.* a-year. This allowance was speedily found unequal to the expenditure of the prince's various establishments; and his debts, within three years, compelled an application to parliament. There could have been no more unpopular application, for the sum was enormous, nearly £300,000. But the public distrust was still augmented by another instance of the rash and undirected passions of the prince. Mrs. Fitzherbert, a woman of fashion, and of striking beauty, had attracted his attentions. She was a widow, and it began to be rumoured, that the prince had actually married her. The grievance was increased in the public and royal eye by her being a Roman Catholic, a marriage with whom would, by law, extinguish the prince's succession to the throne. The king was indignant, the public were offended, and the ministry felt themselves empowered to impose the harshest terms on the prince, and to heap on the opposition the whole obloquy of having encouraged him to an act little short of treason to the Protestant throne. There was but one way to evade the crisis, and Fox took upon himself the extraordinary expedient. In the face of the House and the country, he pledged himself that the prince was *not* married. But even this expedient succeeded but imperfectly—Fox's pledge was dubiously received;—the public believed that he had sacrificed his honour, and a compromise was finally made, scarcely less galling than a total refusal. A part of the encumbrances was paid off, leaving the prince liable to the most pressing debts—his debts of honour, and concluding with equal irritation on the side of the king, the prince and the people.

The prince was now for some years abstracted from politics. The utter hopelessness of the Whigs, while Pitt continued to be supported by the king, had sickened them all of public life; and the party reserved their strength for some of those contingencies which so frequently change the aspect of affairs in England. The contingency at length came. In 1788 the king was suddenly afflicted with insanity. The Whig party now awoke in its strength, and Pitt was assailed in the absence of his powerful protector. The grand object was to place the prince at the head of the nation as Regent. But the singular genius of Pitt, never more splendidly exercised than at that moment, established his supremacy. The Whigs, urged by eagerness for power, rashly suffered themselves

to become the advocates of maxims directly opposed to the Constitution. The ministry were thus placed in the position of its defenders—the public feeling gradually gathered round them—restraints on the Regency were sanctioned by great majorities in Parliament, which would have made the Regent but a superior servant of the administration; the prince shrank from this fettered authority, and while he still hesitated, the nation was surprised and rejoiced by the announcement of the king's complete recovery. Whiggism sank at once, and Pitt's fame and influence were triumphantly established on its ruins.

The prince now sank again into private life. But debt still pursued him. He attempted to throw it off, by reducing all his establishments. This measure was unsuccessful; his creditors were not to be paid by retrenchment; and the painful resource of a parliamentary appeal became once more necessary. His debts now amounted to £639,000!

But Pitt was now his advocate, for the king's consent had been obtained by a sacrifice which the prince had often declared to be the most trying, and which in after days he had bitter reason to deplore. The king's commands had been laid upon him to marry in his own rank; and his majesty's niece, the late unfortunate Queen Caroline, was chosen as the bride. The prince's stipulation was the discharge of his debts. The debts were discharged, the marriage ceremony performed, and within a week it was understood that disgust on one side, and disdain on the other, had separated the royal pair for ever.

On the 7th of January, 1796, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was safely delivered of a princess, at Carlton House, and on the 11th February following, in the evening, the royal infant was baptised, and received the name of Charlotte Augusta. Notwithstanding the general joy that prevailed throughout the nation on the birth of a princess, her parents now determined on a formal separation, and the princess had apartments assigned to her in Kensington Palace. Her Royal Highness subsequently purchased a house at Blackheath, and continued in England until the 9th of August, 1814, when the princess embarked at Worthing, in an English frigate, the *Jason*, to return by way of Hamburgh to Brunswick.

A long and painful inquiry into the princess's conduct, termed "The Delicate Investigation," had preceded this measure. The charge was not less than her having born a child to some stranger. This the Committee of the Privy Council declared to be altogether unsustained, but admitted that the princess had been singularly careless of appearances.

Long preceding this unhappy result the prince had been pained by his Majesty's direct refusal to gratify him in a point which honourably interested his personal feelings. The threatened invasion of England, in 1803, had summoned the nation to arms, and the prince justly conceiving that he would be expected to signalize his spirit, applied to the throne for some military command. We give one of his eloquent and manly letters on this occasion.

"I ask"—such was the language of the prince—"to be allowed to display the best energies of my character, to shed the last drop of my blood in support of your Majesty's person, crown, and dignity; for this is not a war for empire, glory, or dominion, but for existence. In this contest, the lowest and humblest of your majesty's subjects have been called on: it would, therefore, little become me, who am the first, and who stand at the very footstool of the throne, to remain a tame, an idle, and a lifeless spectator of the mischiefs which threaten us, unconscious of the dangers which surround us, and indifferent to the consequences which may follow. Hanover is lost; England is menaced with invasion; Ireland is in rebellion; Europe is at the foot of France. At such a moment, the Prince of Wales, yielding to none of your servants in zeal and devo-

tion—to none of your subjects in duty—to none of your children in tenderness and affection—presumes to approach you, and again to repeat those offers which he has already made through your majesty's ministers. A feeling of honest ambition, a sense of what I owe to myself and my family, and, above all, the fear of sinking in the estimation of that gallant army, which may be the support of your majesty's crown, and my best hope hereafter, command me to persevere, and to assure your majesty, with all humiliation and respect, that, conscious of the justice of my claim, no human power can ever induce me to relinquish it.

"Allow me to say, Sir, that I am bound to adopt this line of conduct by every motive dear to me as a man, and sacred to me as a prince. Ought I not to come forward in a moment of unexampled difficulty and danger? Ought I not to share in the glory of victory, when I have every thing to lose by defeat? The highest places in your majesty's service are filled by the younger branches of the royal family; to me alone no place is assigned; I am not thought worthy to be even the junior major-general of your army. If I could submit in silence to such indignities, I should, indeed, deserve such treatment, and prove, to the satisfaction of your enemies and my own, that I am entirely incapable of those exertions, which my birth and the circumstances of the times peculiarly call for. Standing so near the throne, when I am debased, the cause of royalty is wounded. I cannot sink in public opinion without the participation of your majesty in my degradation. Therefore, every motive of private feeling and public duty induces me to implore your majesty to review your decision, and to place me in that situation which my birth, the duties of my station, the example of my predecessors, and the expectations of the people of England, entitle me to claim."

The request was sternly refused, and it cannot be doubted that the refusal further alienated the prince from his sovereign. But all discussion was soon to be forgotten, in an event of the most afflicting nature.

George the Third had been subject, since his recovery in 1789, to relapses of short duration, and it is understood that in 1804 he was for some deprived of his reason. In 1810 it became necessary to communicate to Parliament the undoubted return of the former illness. The question of the regency was revived, and discussed with great interest. The proceedings terminated on the 5th February, 1811, when the bill appointing the Prince of Wales Regent, under a number of restrictions, became a law. The restrictions were to continue till the 1st February, 1812.

As the opposition to the restrictions was conducted in concert with the Prince, some surprise was manifested at his continuance of the Perceval Administration in office. In a letter which was published at the time, his Royal Highness apprised Mr. Perceval "that the irresistible impulse of filial duty and affection to his beloved and afflicted father, led him to dread that any act of the Regent might, in the smallest degree, have the effect of interfering with the progress of his sovereign's recovery, and that this consideration *alone* dictated the decision now communicated to Mr. Perceval."

Yet when the restrictions on the Regency expired, the Whigs were destined once more to be disappointed. Perceval was retained in power, as some presumed, by Sheridan's dislike to the Greys and Grenvilles, or as others by the express desire of the Queen; but more probably by the prince's knowledge of their domineering spirit and their national unpopularity.

On the 29th January 1820, George the Third departed this life, and the Prince Regent, who had exercised the sovereignty with restrictions since 1811, and without restrictions since 1812, now became King. By the laws of this country, the Queen Consort is invested with certain rights and privileges, and much anxiety had always been felt with respect to the period when it would become necessary for the wife of the sovereign to assert her rights. It was feared that the appearance of

the Queen in England would be the signal for the recommencement of proceedings for which a foundation was laid in the inquiries instituted on the Continent; and from the *unguarded levity*, to speak in the language of the Commissioners, which belonged to her character, the reports circulated to her prejudice led many persons to believe that she would best consult her safety by continuing to live on the Continent.

His Majesty, now invested with royal power, displayed his disgust to his spouse by ordering her name to be struck out of the liturgy. To this were added, offences offered to her by the English foreign diplomats. And her irritation was rapidly inflamed into open defiance.

The Queen determined on returning to England. She had wished, previously to taking this step, to consult with Mr. Brougham, (her Attorney-General,) at Geneva, but a journey of such length was incompatible with his other engagements, and the interview was fixed at Calais. On the intentions of the Queen being communicated to Lord Liverpool; who, being of a timorous and apprehensive character, dreaded the consequences of her return; Lord Hutchinson was selected on the part of the Ministry, to repair to France, and endeavour to dissuade her Majesty from taking so hazardous a step. The whole country was in commotion.

The conduct of Ministers in the whole transaction was culpably feeble. The personal disgust of the King had urged them to severity against the Queen. The angry and contemptuous aspect of the populace frightened them into the abandonment of every measure of justice and wisdom.

The Bill of Pains and Penalties was introduced by Lord Liverpool on the 27th June. Her Majesty was charged with adultery with Bartolomeo Pergami or Bergami, a foreigner of low station in her service, and the penalties were, dissolution of the marriage and deprivation of her title and rights.

The memorable trial of the Queen now commenced. Into the details of that proceeding it is impossible here to enter. At the time addresses were voted to her Majesty from every part of the kingdom, and there was no limit to the processions which took place to the Queen's residence at Brandenburgh House. In fact, the whole of the middle and lower orders of the country became passionate partizans of her Majesty. There are periods when all ordinary motives cease to act, and when men disregard all sacrifices to which their conduct may expose them. This was now exemplified. Tradesmen disregarded the threats of the higher ranks: workmen set their employers at defiance. The people scorned the King.

The bill was read a third time by a majority of only nine. This majority was not deemed by Ministers a sufficient justification for proceeding further with the Bill, with the public feeling against them. The majority had been diminished by the objection of several Peers to the Divorce Clause, against which Ministers themselves voted.

The concerns of the empire had now been postponed to a family quarrel. The ministry had been defeated by a woman; the parliament had been led by a mob. The king had been cast from his height by a low conspiracy of Italian valets and English vagrants. To cover this defeat, the coronation was ordered. By a singular destiny, it accomplished all its purposes; it pleased the populace, who were dazzled by its show; it pleased the nation as a splendid novelty, and an act of constitutional homage; and it extinguished the queen's influence for ever. It was even the probable cause of her death. She had first demanded to be crowned

with the king, this was refused by the privy council as not "of right." She then insisted on forcing her way into Westminster Hall, but was repelled.

The coronation passed off with *éclat*, and the Queen vainly strove to conceal her chagrin. Her health suffered from the effort. On the 30th of July, whilst at Drury-lane Theatre, she was much indisposed. On August the 7th, her life was terminated by inflammation of the bowels, which produced mortification.

In the midst of those domestic dissensions, the effect of personal errors, the country had gone on from prosperity to prosperity, the result of the manly policy and foresighted wisdom of Pitt, and the men educated in his principles. Napoleon had been overthrown, and sent a prisoner to St. Helena, where he died in 1822. Occasional distress tried the country, but it rose with astonishing vigour from all its difficulties. The single exception of the year 1825, the year of the "panic," is still memorable for its shock of public credit, and for the unexplained cause of a ruin, which for the time seemed to threaten the whole financial fabric of the empire. Yet Lord Liverpool, cautious and temperate, but altogether without commanding powers of mind, had rather held the ministry together, than governed the national councils, when in 1827 he fell into total paralysis and idiocy.

On the 12th of April, 1827, Canning was appointed First Commissioner of the Treasury and Premier. His supremacy was brief. An unlucky and degrading coalition with the Whigs, visited him with public indignation. His spirit was sensitive; and he sank under the blow. A cold caught in returning from Windsor hastened his dissolution; and on the 8th of August of the same year he died, much reviled and much praised, but pitied more than either.

But the firmest ground for his panegyric was furnished by the contrast that followed in the Goderich Administration. The nation cried out against this most feeble of all cabinets. It was less broken down than shaken to pieces; and after a few months of abortive experiment and popular ridicule, it was haughtily abolished by the King, and its wreck given over to the Duke of Wellington to compound it again in what manner it might please this new arbiter of the fates of England. The last legislative act of the King was the passing of the Catholic Question in April, 1830; an act of which we *will* not trust ourselves to speak; but which the infinite majority of the empire looked upon as the most formidable and fatal exercise of the royal privilege, and which the apostate minister who was its chief advocate, self-convicted, pronounced to be a "breach of the Constitution."

The details of his late Majesty's illness have been long before the public. His first attack was in March last, from which he partially recovered. But on the 15th of April, the first bulletin was issued, announcing an affection of the chest and lungs. The disease gradually became a disease of the heart. The extraordinary vigour of his frame struggled long against a distemper, which for the last month was known to be mortal. At length the struggle was terminated by a cough which exhausted his strength, and on Saturday, June 26, at a quarter past three in the morning his Majesty died, fortunately, without pain. In this melancholy detail, our only gratification is to be able to say, that for some time past, his Majesty's mind had been turned to subjects of higher import than earth can offer; that he took an interest in religion, and often spent the intervals between his pangs in prayer.

THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

How hard, when those who do not wish
To lend, that's lose, their books,
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
With literary hooks;

Who call and take some favourite tome,
But never read it through;
They thus complete their set at home,
By making one at you.

Behold the book-shelf of a dunce
Who borrows—never lends;
Yon work, in twenty volumes, once
Belonged to twenty friends.

New tales and novels you may shut
From view—'tis all in vain;
They're gone—and though the leaves are "cut,"
They never "come again."

For pamphlets lent I look around,
For tracts my tears are spilt;
But when they take a book that's bound,
'Tis surely extra-guilt.

A circulating library
Is mine—my birds are flown;
There's one odd volume left, to be
Like all the rest, a-lone.

I, of my "Spencer" quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my "Bacon."

My "Hall" and "Hill" were levelled flat,
But "Moore" was still the cry;
And then, although I threw them "Sprat,"
They swallowed up my "Pye."

O'er every thing, however slight,
They seized some airy trammel;
They snatched my "Hogg" and "Fox" one night,
And pocketed my "Campbell."

And then I saw my "Crabbe" at last,
Like Hamlet's, backward go;
And as my tide was ebbing fast,
Of course I lost my "Rowe."

I wondered into what balloon
My books their course had bent;
And yet, with all my marvelling, soon
I found my "Marvell" went.

My "Mallet" served to knock me down,
Which makes me thus a talker;
And once, while I was out of town,
My "Johnson" proved a Walker.

While studying o'er the fire one day
 My "Hobbes," amidst the smoke ;
 They bore my "Colman" clean away,
 And carried off my "Coke."

They picked my "Locke," to me far more
 Than Bramah's patent's worth ;
 And now my losses I deplore
 Without a "Home" on earth.

If once a book you let them lift,
 Another they conceal ;
 For though I caught them stealing "Swift,"
 As swiftly went my "Steele."

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf,
 Where late he stood elated ;
 But, what is strange, my "Pope" himself
 Is excommunicated.

My little "Suckling" in the grave
 Is sunk, to swell the ravage ;
 And what 'twas Crusoe's fate to save
 'Twas mine to lose—a "Savage."

Even "Glover's" works I cannot put
 My frozen hands upon ;
 Though ever since I lost my "Foote,"
 My "Bunyan" has been gone.

My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went ;—oppressed,
 My "Taylor" too must fail ;
 To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest,
 In vain I offered "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see
 The "Hood" so late in front ;
 And when I turned to hunt for "Lee,"
 Oh ! where was my "Leigh Hunt?"

I tried to laugh, old Care to tickle,
 Yet could not "Tickell" touch ;
 And then, alack ! I missed my "Mickle"—
 And surely Mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed,
 My sorrows to excuse,
 To think I cannot read my "Reid,"
 Nor even use my "Hughes."

To "West," to "South," I turn my head,
 Exposed alike to odd jeers ;
 For since my "Roger Ascham's" fled,
 I ask 'em for my "Rogers."

There's sure an eye that marks as well
 The blossom as the sparrow ;
 Yet all unseen my "Lyly" fell—
 'Twas taken in my "Barrow."

They took my "Horne"—and "Horne Tooke" too ;
 And thus my treasures flit.
 I feel, when I would "Hazlitt" view,
 The flames that it has lit.

My word's worth little, "Wordsworth" gone,
 If I survive its doom ;
 How many a bard I doated on
 Was swept off—with my "Broome !"

My classics would not quiet lie,
 A thing so fondly hoped :
 Like Doctor Primrose, I may cry,
 "My 'Livy' has eloped !"

My life is wasting fast away—
 I suffer from these shocks ;
 And though I've fixed a lock on "Gray,"
 There's grey upon my locks.

I'm far from "Young"—am growing pale—
 I see my "Butler" fly ;
 And when they ask about my *ail*,
 "'Tis 'Burton' !" I reply.

They still have made me slight returns,
 And thus my griefs divide ;
 For, oh ! they've cured me of my "Burns,"
 And eased my "Akenside."

But all I think I shall not say,
 Nor let my anger burn ;
 For as they never found me "Gay,"
 They have not left me "Sterne."

B.

EUROPE, AND THE HORSE-GUARDS' CABINET.

WE are anything but croakers. Not the veriest worshipper of ministers ever confided more in the strength of England ; not the most indefatigable hunter of the Field-Marshal's place-giving, power-giving, and all but divine presence, ever more eagerly believed that England, left to herself, was worth the world beside ; and yet for the soul of us we cannot smile. There are the same number of cards dropped daily at Mr. Goulburn's hall-door: the patronage of ministry, down even to such splendid upholders of the national councils as Mr. Backhouse in his den, and Mr. Dawson everywhere, is undishonoured by the secession of a single applicant: Billy Holmes courses the clubs, coffee-rooms, and whatever other rooms, by whatever more delicate name they may be called, whip in hand, with the same ardour, activity, and success, as at any time since Sir Robert Peel's last pledge: in short, every thing goes on in the most brilliant, breast-high, and prosperous way, according to the Downing-street vocabulary, and yet, for the soul of us, we cannot smile.

'Tis true that we have the greatest ministry that ever took pen in hand,
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ever flourished a daily paragraph in a daily paper, drew their salaries, half-pay, full-pay, allowances, and all with official punctuality, laid on a tax, defended a sinecure, were burlesqued in *the house*, or hated in all houses beside. 'Tis true that we have at its head the greatest orator, financier, diplomatist, and letter-writer that ever existed—a luminary at once to lighten the darkness of Britain, and flash terror in the eyes of submissive Europe. 'Tis true that he has compiled to aid him, if such powers can by possibility require aid, a cabinet composed of the most unquestionably able, pure, and public-minded personages that ever were charged with Apostacy; that he has at his foot the manliness, candour, and official dignity of Sir Robert Peel, whom, we with pain observe, the public are determined to call Sir Robert *Bliffl*; that he commands, soul and body, the personal virtue, honourable independence, and professional learning of Lord Lyndhurst, with a long et cetera of official underlings, (we beg pardon for the word, but our language is not rich in diplomacy,) the close copies of their talents and virtues. Still we find that the infinite consolation of this knowledge does not penetrate us; and that if we were inclined to express the words that burst to our lips, we should pronounce the aspect of public affairs mortifying, degrading, and hazardous; and the only remedy for the evil hour, the instant expulsion of a ministry whom we alternately pity and scorn, hate and despise.

The Duke of Wellington has *not* the talents for governing the country. This is the fact, no matter in what terms it may be told. No man may be fitter to make soldiers march and fight, though there has at no time been much required in the general to make the British soldier do all this: he had done it long before the Duke of Wellington was born, and we trust that he will do it again, long after the Duke may be where his love of office at least will trouble him no more. But the Minister has not ability enough to govern this country, nor any other. We are to be duped no longer by the glitter of epaulettes or the nonsense of Horse-Guards' language. What is it to us how many lazy sons of lazy lords may be on his pension-list, or how many hungry general officers may levy him for commands in the colonies? We want a minister who will exhibit some depth of view, some knowledge of the principles by which alone great and free communities have been and are to be sustained, some decision in public emergencies, some originality and manly sagacity in devising relief for the casualties of the state. We ask of the whole race of ministerial panegyrists, of the hired and the willing to be hired, of the battalion of sinecurists, of the whole host of nightly applauders of the Home Secretary's speeches, can they answer those demands?—where is the single measure of the Minister on which they can lay their finger as an answer to any one of those requisitions?

We pass over the figure which the Minister himself makes in the Lords. We shall suffer his worshippers or his burlesquers to pronounce it dignified, rational, and self-possessed: let them have the full benefit of his style as a model of statesman-like elocution, and of his manners as the perfection of statesman-like temper.—But we turn to more tangible things. We demand what relief has the Premier discovered for any one of the public pressures? What has he done for Coin, Corn, or Commerce; those great principles of life in our struggling country? Has he devised one salutary measure? or has he been able to conceive any measure whatever? Has he not left the remedy to what he calls the work of time; but what every body else

calls the blundering work of intellects puzzled by the commonest problems of public life? The irresistible fact is, that all the great questions lie at this moment in the state in which the Field-Marshal Minister found them at his *accession*; that he has not exhibited the slightest power to alter their shape, or bring them within the grasp of legislation; that in the few attempts which he has made, failure has been the instant consequence; and that the system of sitting with folded arms, and waiting for chance, has at length been established as a principle. It is doubtless the easiest way of getting through the world. The globe will roll on, though ten cabinets were asleep round the military Minister; the day of salaries will come every three months, even though the minister were bathed in laudanum; and if the session can but be once got over, there will be six months secure, undisturbed by the sarcasms of parliament, and as smooth as the prognostics of the pious Mr. Goulburn, or the eternal smile of Sir Robert Blifil Peel.

But there is a time for all things, and the time for opening our eyes has come. We are sick of this perpetual display of insolent pretension and empty performance, of this ostentatious boast of ability and tacit acknowledgment of helplessness. Parliament is beginning to feel that it has other things to do than listen night after night to the men of mediocrity, who, after having been lifted from clerkships into the cabinet, show that their natural designation was the Desk, and that the most glowing passion for Sinecures may be consistent with the most pitiful exercise of the understanding. A great party is rapidly forming. Men of all varieties of opinion upon the minute points of polity are coerced by the force of circumstances into one leading opinion of the necessity of crushing the cabinet of the clerks. Whig and Tory are names gone by. The cabinet has extinguished all distinctions. The party of the country is the only name that will be henceforth acknowledged; and, without compromising personal feelings or old principles, without staining any man by the imputation of acting like the *Blifils*, and flinging off at an hour's notice principles and feelings avowed during a life; that great party will be formed, which alone can save the country from the Cabinet of Corporals!

We demand, where is the proof that the Premier is a fit man to guide the councils of the empire? Let us look over the catalogue of his diplomatic triumphs. And first of Russia. His *declared* policy was to sustain Turkey against Russia. He loftily quoted Pitt's opinion on it,—"That the man who doubted the infinite importance of supporting Turkey was not worthy to be reasoned with." He pledged his political faith upon the protection of the Turkish dominions against a Russian war. And how did he fulfil his pledge? England, with chagrin and astonishment, saw her most dangerous rival suffered to take her course in contempt of remonstrance; saw her rush into the heart of the Ottoman territory, in the teeth of our ambassador's representations, which Russia despised as they deserved; saw her reduce our ally to vassalage, and raise herself to the summit of European power!

Now for another example. France decided upon the invasion of Greece. The measure was obviously hazardous to the natural influence of England. It might be for the permanent seizure of territory; it might be for the seizure of the Ionian Islands, or for the final occupation of Egypt and the route to India. The Premier wrote to the French ministry, remonstrating against the invasion. The French ministry

laughed at the letter and its writer, sent out their expedition, walked over Greece, and would have been masters of it till this moment, but for the volatility of the national character, which found a more tempting conquest in the attack on the Barbary States. So much for the diplomacy of the Premier.

Now for another example. Portugal was laid under ban; Don Miguel was declared an outlaw by the diplomatic honesty of the cabinet. Yet did we see Don Miguel creeping to the foot of the Downing-street throne, or Portugal soliciting law from the British fount of national jurisprudence? The Don laughed at us; the Portuguese scoffed at our interference: they exiled our friends; they entered into correspondence with our enemies; they burlesqued our little pageant of a little queen; they finally forced us to send her back to her nursery at the same moment when they forced us to send them a minister under the name of a consul; and, at this hour, the only tie which prevents Portugal from abandoning our connexion altogether is its own interest—our paying it the most exorbitant price for the worst wine in the world.

We have now gone the whole range of British foreign alliance, with but one exception; and there, too, we have been baffled and turned to ridicule. Need we name Austria, and the negotiations with Prince Metternich relative to the Greek sovereignty? Lord Aberdeen makes a brilliant figure in those transactions: yet what is Lord Aberdeen but the mouth-piece of the Premier?—or does any man, capable of knowing his right hand from his left, believe that this Scotch Peer and Reviewer ventures to stir a step but by word of command? We ask, has Austria been sincere? No man will believe any thing of the kind. We ask, has not the British cabinet been duped? Every man believes that it has. Has not the Premier himself been foiled even by Prince Leopold? Has he not been pledged, and committed, and recommitted? and is not his whole sagacity now worthily employed in backing out of the whole transaction? Not the softest smile that ever thawed the ice of Sir Robert Blifil Peel's official visage, not the most sanctified glance that the saintly Mr. Goulburn ever threw up to heaven in the paroxysm of an anti-catholic harangue, would now shake our convictions that the Minister has been defeated on every point of his boasted foreign policy.

The state of Europe is at this moment the most singular in the annals of diplomacy. There is no war; but there is no peace. There is no rebellion; but there is no obedience. There is no revolution; but every continental throne trembles. A popular spirit of insubordination has arisen, without a popular knowledge of the principles of rational liberty; and all Europe is fevered by a restless anxiety for rights which none of all its monarchies can concede without ruin, and none of its nations can possess without a total change of the habits, laws, and feelings of the people.

In such a crisis, the rank of England ought to be conspicuous. She ought to take the lead, by little less than a law of nature, when intelligence, freedom, and religion are the objects of discussion. Her great instrument of dominion is mental; and, in the struggle of opinion, all nations would instinctively bow to the acknowledged supremacy of the first intellectual nation of the world. But, thanks to the wisdom which has thrown us into the hands of a military cabinet, no nation now appeals to us for any other decision but that of the sword; and as we cannot fight everywhere, nor call every question to the arbitration of the

Horse Guards, the European nations follow their own career, without caring whether we exist. The Russian war has sunk our name as protectors of the weak ; and, unless the exigencies of some foreign cabinet require a loan, England is as remote from their thoughts as the most mushroom republic of Columbia. But the storm will come. It is gathering in every quarter of the horizon. What is the condition of that monarchy in whose fate England must be always most vitally interested ? France is now running the race that England ran in the days of Charles I. The struggle is no longer between parties in the state, between ministers and their political opponents, but between monarchy and the people. The popular leaders have already set their public existence upon the die, have openly resisted the king in parliament, and have been openly branded with the king's displeasure. The legislature has been dissolved—a virtual declaration that it was either incapable of its functions, or determined to exercise them contrary to the government—that it was either imbecile or hostile.

The representatives have accordingly been scattered through France. More dexterity would have kept them together in the capital ; would have exhausted them by perpetual discussions upon trivial subjects ; would have entangled them in the ministerial meshes until they grew weary of debate, and the people grew weary of the debaters, until one half turned courtiers, and the other half, in the eagerness to escape from the heat, the expense, and the *ennui* of Paris, had given way to any measures of the minister. But the fates of France have ordained it otherwise. In the moment when their irritation was at the highest pitch, when the popular effervescence was rising to its height, and when the king was most obnoxious to national opinion, the deputies have been scattered through every corner of France, like the fragments of an exploded shell, to spread popular animosity.

The fullest success of the Algerine expedition will not extinguish this universal discontent. Its failure may precipitate the collision ; and the ministry must be sacrificed to save the throne. But the public feeling is too deep, too fierce, and too sternly supplied by the materials of national tumult, to be reached by the trivial influence of foreign temporary triumphs or failures. The spirit of France is not republican ; for every man of common competence in France who pronounces the name of the Revolution pronounces it with fear. The days of Robespierre are still a chronicle of blood to the French mind. But the spirit of France is a spirit of change. The evil glitter of the empire still dazzles the national eye. The terrors and shames that Napoleon brought upon his people are forgotten in the sight of the trophies that have been suffered to remain among them. Even the column in the Place de Vendôme, with its haughty inscription of the conquest of Austria in a three months' war, inflames the original rashness of the most war-loving people in existence. The names of the Parisian streets are stimulants to war ; Napoleon's fame is living in a thousand public recollections ; and the last tremendous blow that crushed him and his empire has less broken down the strength of France, than stimulated and fevered its singular native energies for once again ascending to the summit of European fame.

But war will not be the first experiment of France. She feels herself too keenly watched by the great continental powers. She has received a lesson of her true strength too recently, to dare the desperate waste, the continued misery, and the certain ruin of an attack on the continent. A

new illusion has been prepared for her. The vision of political perfectibility has been summoned up from the depths where it has lain for almost half a century, to delude, dazzle, and madden France. Politics, not war; constitution, not conquest; the equal freedom of all creeds, not atheism by law; the utmost discountenancing of all the adventitious distinctions of birth, office, and title, yet not the abolition of ranks, nor republican licence, are now the principles of the French patriots; yet they are dreams, and in France, of all countries on the globe, they are least capable of being realized. They were the dreams of France in 1789, of the States-General, of the National Assembly, of Lally Tolendal, of Neckar, and even of the unfortunate Louis XVI. Then the dreamers were roused from their sleep, like the dreamers in a storm; and, for the festive faces and brilliant lights of their fantastic banquet, they saw round them the elements let loose, the royal ship tossed on a sea of darkness, the thunders roaring above, the wave of blood rolling beneath, the vessel loosening under their tread; until the last struggle came, and all went down.

The philosophy, the religion, the politics, and the public opinion, of France, have, at this moment, the strongest resemblance to those of the age of Voltaire. The mummeries of the popish worship are as much scoffed at; the affectation of superiority to "all that the priest and that the nurse have taught," is still as much a matter of pride; the corruption of manners among the higher orders is not more restrained; and the only difference seems to be, that the absurdity of politics has superseded the absurdity of "philosophy;" that the clergy, impoverished and degraded by being made pensioners of the state, are still less fitted to resist the torrent of scepticism; that the nobility, broken by emigration and the loss of their hereditary privileges and revenues, are still less fitted to stand as a barrier against popular encroachment; that the professions, deprived of their offices and ancient connexion with the court, now universally look to the popular interest for support; and that the popular interest, formed of an immense body of actual proprietors of land, distributed among them, by the revolutionary, has been strengthened tenfold by its actual wealth and independence, and fiftyfold by the relative extinction of all the great bodies, the princely, noble, and ecclesiastical interests, that once formed the outworks of the throne.

The future can alone decide the new shape which those materials of national evil will take; but we may be fully assured, that the Horse-Guards' Cabinet will be impotent during the whole progress of the transaction; that it will remonstrate and be laughed at, and suffer itself to be laughed at; and that it will console itself for the contempt in the certainty that, let the world roll as it will, quarter-day will come round.

Russia is contemptuous, cool, and indefatigably alive to her own aggrandisement. Having commenced the Turkish war in defiance of England, she has concluded it in scorn of Europe. She has gained still more by treaty than she could have gained by arms; and now having secured the head of the Euxine, and planted her garrisons in Armenia, she has only to mature her strength, and be successively mistress of the Euxine, the Dardanelles, and the Mediterranean. Her Asiatic prospects are unlimited. The whole of Tartary, up to the wall of China, is either in her grasp, or in her influence. With two great provinces of Northern Persia in her possession, she has the whole Persian empire at her mercy. The first popular tumult, or disputed succession, will give her an excuse

for invasion, and the next peace will be dictated from the Persian capital. Persia, once broken down, and she may be broken down within the next half dozen years, the route to India is open. Even at this moment the Czar could send troops to the Indian frontier sooner than a British regiment could reach it from Calcutta. Russia is already the arbiter of Asia. But her power in Europe, if less direct, is scarcely less irresistible. Sweden was once her check; it is now all but her vassal. The reigning prince holds his authority only by her permission. And the successor of that prince must bargain for his crown with Russia, or see the son of the exiled king return, and himself driven out to wander through Europe.

Poland, the old counterpoise of Russia, is now her slave. A Russian viceroy lords it over the ancient lords of Cracow and Warsaw, and the knout performs the office of the sceptre.

With Prussia her influence is of the strongest kind. The policy of finding a protector against Austria, had always made a Russian alliance popular in Prussia. But since the infamous partition of Poland, Prussia, touching upon the Russian frontier, feels the stimulant, at once, of hope and fear urging her to the closest connexion with the politics of the court of St. Petersburg. Family ties have added to the force of this mutual interest; and, in the event of a continental war, the whole power of Prussia must be thrown into the scale of the Czar.

The influence of England was once all-powerful with Prussia. The latter years of the French war had united the two courts in sentiments of the strongest cordiality: but this feeling has been superseded by the overpowering pressure of Russian interests. The first manifesto of Russia against this country would be followed by a Prussian declaration of war.

The kingdom of the Netherlands, which the Castlereagh cabinet actually erected, and which is bound by the very tenure of its existence to England, is yet the perpetual object of Russian intrigue. The marriage of the Prince of Orange to the sister of the Czar, was but a part of the system of binding the Netherlands to Russia. In the event of hostilities between England and Russia, if the first object of the Netherlands were not neutrality, the Russian councils would be the law of the land.

But a still more striking proof of the imbecility of the present cabinet of Great Britain is to be found in the general confusion and restless turbulence that now form the characteristic of the European governments. The substantial policy of England is universal peace; she can reap no harvests from fields strewed only with the ruins of national prosperity; her commerce shrinks from regions where tyranny and popular turbulence hold the alternate scourge. Her strength is in the strength of each, and her opulence in the wealth of all. Her supreme interest is in the quiet, the virtue, and the good government of all nations. And yet, at this hour there is scarcely a nation of Europe in which the conflict of kingly fear and popular tumult is not either in preparation or actually begun. Of France we have already spoken. The whole country is in a state of public emotion, unequalled since the Reign of Terror. The whole vast district of the Vendée is agitated by political tumult, giving expression to itself not simply in election harangues and mob-violence, but in the most extraordinary defiance of the armed power of the State, in assassinations, in the burning of farms, and even of villages, and in a palpable determination of shaking the authority of the clergy and the king.

The kingdom of the Netherlands is convulsed with civil and religious discord. The king has been compelled to adopt the hazardous measure of proroguing his parliament, and sending home the popular opposition, to throw fresh fuel on the flame. Fierce and brutal bigotry has reinforced the popular resistance. The popish priesthood have begun those quarrels, which it is their first triumph to create in all protestant governments. Liberalism has joined with monkery in this attack upon the throne. The desire to be united once more with France is openly avowed in the journals. The result is the necessity of prosecuting those journals, and of depriving their writers of the means of inflaming the popular passions. Some of the principal journalists of the Netherlands are already under sentence of the law, and banished. Prussia has offered to be their jailor, and those Netherlandish incendiaries may look upon themselves as fortunate if they escape the dungeons of Magdeburgh, or the casernes of Spandau. But the tumult has not died with their departure. New disturbances have taken their place, and bigotry, jacobinism, political corruption, and foreign treachery, are preparing a bed of torture for the monarchy of the Netherlands.

Turkey is already in a state of revolution. Though the shape of the revolution is not European. The Turk knows nothing of elections, popular harangues, or libellous newspapers. Of those, of course, his revolution will exhibit no signs. But he knows a great deal of devastating a country for a hundred square miles, of burning villages, of living at free quarter, and of cutting off the heads of Viziers and Sultans. At this hour the whole nation is in a ferment. The Turk, the haughtiest of men, has seen his country trampled by the invaders whom, of all invaders, he most hates. He has seen a Russian garrison in Adrianople, the ancient capital of his Greek conquests, and still almost his Sacred City. He has seen Constantinople at the mercy of the Muscovite, his fleets destroyed, his money carried off to the Russian Treasury, his military name trodden into the dust, the key of his supremacy surrendered by the free navigation of the Bosphorus, and all his ancient and lofty prejudices insulted by the new-fangled affectations of European arts, discipline, and manners. He now sees a new kingdom erected out of the wreck of his empire, and his slaves turned into his scoffers and his equals; Egypt, withdrawn from his sceptre by fraud, and the Barbary states on the point of being torn from his allegiance by force. The Turk is galled from top to toe. Every wind that blows from every quarter blows on his uncovered wounds. He sits among mankind the Job of the latter ages, but with no wisdom among his friends, and no patience in himself. The opulent gather their wealth, and fly into Asia. The beggared sharpen their scymitars, and prepare for revenge. Rich and poor abhor Russia, fling out invectives against the treachery of European alliances, and curse Mahmoud. England alone looks on. The Russian robs, the Greek slaughters, the Austrian prepares to plunder. The Frenchman tries his skill on an expedition against the Mahometan of Africa, before he ventures his head against the Mahometan of Greece or Asia. England still looks on, with folded arms, and sees the grand outwork of her Mediterranean and Indian power hourly crumbling down—she waits for Chance, and rejoices in a little knot of men to whom every change will have the interest of surprise, and whom every change will find only more intriguing and more impotent, more presumptuous at home, and more puzzled throughout the circumference of the globe!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VALETUDINARIAN.—No. 1.

I AM an older man at thirty-five than most people at threescore, in experience, in knowledge of the world, and, what is infinitely more uncomfortable to myself, in constitution. I had the serious misfortune to become my own master too early in life, and all my adventures, mishaps, and consequent imprudencies, have been equally precocious. I even came into the world sooner than I was expected, for I am a seven months' child; and my first misfortune was the loss of my poor mother, who died in giving me birth. Reduced to premature old age before I have reached the prime of life, I only exist by art; in short, I am now to an arm-chair very much what the man part of the centaur was to a horse.

Thus debarred from active life, I am driven to my own resources for amusement, and look upon my present loss of locomotion as a judgment upon me for my wandering habits in youth. From the time I was fourteen years old, when I first entered the Navy, I have been constantly roving about the world; and if the frequent changes of climate, and the numerous accidents incidental to my life and profession have curtailed my physical enjoyments, they have considerably added to my mental gratification, by providing me with Recollections and Reflections for the remainder of my life. The benefit of these I would fain bestow upon the public, not altogether as an act of disinterested kindness, as I have consulted my own amusement as much or more than their advantage; but because autobiography is so much the fashion, that if one does not write something in the present day, it may be supposed one cannot spell. We have "Memoirs," "Original Letters," "Anecdotes," and "Reminiscences,"—every sort of means by which private occurrences may be converted into public property. We are by nature so curious, so fond of prying into our neighbours' affairs, and neglecting our own, that there is nothing one enjoys so much as a peep behind the curtain into other people's families, in order to become acquainted with things and persons that no way concern us, or of knowing something that is not generally known. We prey upon each other like vampires, filch each other's good stories, portray our dearest friends' weaknesses, and take advantage of their sayings and doings in the hours of confidence and conviviality to make a book. No one, it is remarked, "is a hero to his own valet de chambre;" and it is most true: neither is it possible for any one to be "wise at all hours;" and as long as this domestic inquisition is encouraged as it is by the fashion of the day, the nonsenses and absurdities of our fellow-creatures will not fail to provide us with sufficient materials to flatter our "amour-propre," or gratify our ill-nature.

Notwithstanding all this, however, I must write, for I can do nothing else to amuse myself; and I see no reason why "my reminiscences" should not be just as entertaining as other people's,—as Horace Walpole's for instance, who wrote his for the amusement of the Misses B——. Not that I would by any means have the presumption to compare myself with that accomplished courtier and literary noble, who has written a very pleasant, though rather scandalous, account of his own times, and who I dare say would have flattered himself that he had been a great deal more "in the world," as it is called, than I have. Yet I doubt much if

he had seen more of it—certainly not, geographically speaking. It is said of Lord Anson, that “he had been round the world, but never in it;” of Napoleon, that “he had passed over the world, but never through it.” Now I have been “in the world,” and “out of the world,” and almost “round the world,” for I have crossed the Isthmus of Darien, and seen both seas at once, have peeped down the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and stood on the top of Mount Calvary, where the standard of Mahomet waves over the tomb of our Saviour. Surely many people have inflicted books on society with much less provocation; so why should not I succeed?

“Truth,” they say, “is not to be told at all times;” and although I have not been sworn before a magistrate “to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,” which is sometimes imprudent, and always difficult, when writing about oneself, still I will endeavour to adhere to it as closely as I can. Without boasting, like Rousseau, that “my book should on comparison with that of the recording angel, be found exactly to correspond,” I will not be more lenient to my own faults and foibles than I am to those of others; and I hope that if my theory be less beautiful, my conduct will be considered more consistent, than that of an author who wrote whole volumes on education, and sent his own children to “*Les Enfants trouvés*.” Without further apology or preamble, therefore, I will promise to be as scandalous as I dare, as entertaining as I can, and if the reader likes my terms, “allons”—if not, he is here at liberty to throw away the book.—I was born in the house of my maternal grandfather, which was situated in the heart of the city of London. He was a very rich man, had made most of his own money by his exertions in early life, and had a proportionate dislike to parting with any of it. He was rather pompous in his manners, had an immense idea of his own consequence, which was certainly very great in his own family, and had a general habit of aggrandizing every thing that directly or indirectly belonged to himself. Among many other peculiarities, it was his most particular desire that neither of his daughters should marry any of his majesty’s officers, a class of persons to whom he had a great dislike; consequently two out of three married captains in the royal navy from pure contradiction;—such is human nature!

All infants are pretty much alike, notwithstanding many fond parents flatter themselves that they can descry “papa’s eyes” and “mamma’s nose,” the moment they are born. In my opinion, and I speak from experience, having a little progeny of my own, they all bear an infinite resemblance to a skinned rabbit. I never knew but one exception, and she was too beautiful to live. Every one’s infancy also is too much alike to require any particular description; we are all put first into long clothes, then into short, then into shorter; we all imbibe pretty much the same quantity of pap and barley-sugar, until age promotes us to bread and butter and rhubarb and magnesia. Then comes education, beginning with our alphabet, and thence arises all the good or evil that influences our after life. Not that I mean to say a great deal does not depend on the way in which a child is brought up, even from its earliest infancy, as one sees the greatest difference in children. No one, I am sure, could have been brought up worse than I was, although my father was at sea and I had no mother to spoil me. I had two aunts, however, who vied with each other in that particular, and what they left undone was amply supplied by my grandfather: so that in time I became the

most fractious, spoiled child, that ever existed ; a misery to myself and every body about me.

My grandfather, however, could not bear me out of his sight, and was with great difficulty prevailed on to send me to a school, whose chief recommendation was its vicinity to our house, where I was reported to have made wonderful progress. Whether that was really the case, or whether my grandfather's dinners were the best in the neighbourhood, and my praises the readiest way to get invited to them, I don't know ; but every body said I was a "genius," and had great natural talents ; the surest way to prevent a child's getting any acquired ones. I had the misfortune to be told on all occasions that I was very clever ; I wrote a copy of verses on arithmetic at nine years old, and composed a tragedy on a Spanish subject before I was eleven. The verses are still extant : all I remember of the tragedy is that two assassins were the chief characters, and that one of these was called Pedro. The realities of life have long since cured me of poetry : when I shall leave off prose I have not yet determined.

These ill-judged praises, of course, did not tend to make me either more amiable or agreeable, although my too partial relations considered me perfection ; they made me an idol, and fancied me a prodigy, and I was very well contented to believe myself both. This mutual mistake lasted until I went to a public school, where the usual quantity of the dead languages was flogged into me, until I provoked my lately over-indulgent friends by different misdemeanours, which they punished more in proportion to their own disappointment than my demerits. It is very hard that those who first spoil children should be the persons to visit them with too much severity for faults which they themselves originally caused, and which more judicious treatment on their parts might have prevented. Such was my fate, however ; the sins of the child were visited on the man, and I was returned upon my father's hands.

The crimes of a schoolboy of thirteen years old ought hardly to be considered capital, and punished through the whole of a long life ; but the consequences of my grandfather's anger entirely altered my destination, and even to this moment I feel the effects of his resentment. My father, then a captain in the navy, was the younger son of a country gentleman of an old and highly respectable family in the county of — ; but economy was not the virtue for which they were most particularly distinguished, and he was considerably disappointed at my return. He could do little for me out of his own profession, in which he was universally beloved and respected. But a boy educated for India, as I had been, brought up in every luxury, accustomed to have every want anticipated, and spoiled by my grandfather, was not exactly fitted for his majesty's navy. My grandfather on the father's side had nearly dissipated all the family property that was not entailed on his eldest son, who had a large family of his own ; he was a sort of country Heliogabalus, who would have melted down a bullock to make gravy for a partridge. He was so curious in his sauces, and so "recherché" in matters of eating, that he was celebrated among his contemporaries for having devoured the George or Fountain inn at Portsmouth (I forget which) in three meals, and also for having sold an estate in — shire, on which the purchaser cut down sufficient timber to repay himself the principal in six months. I am told this worthy gentleman once drove his coach and four. I saw him reduced to a one horse chaise before he died ; and

he was so consistent in his conduct to the last, that he would have eaten up the property secured to the younger children, if the parchments had not been too tough for even his appetite. This little property I now possess, but he took care to remove all temptation to my ever residing in my own county, by depriving me of the accommodation of a house, which as he could not otherwise make away with, he knocked down and sold the materials. In this manner he ran through a very fine fortune, ruined his children, and his children's children; but he had the consolation of giving his name to a fish-sauce.

My other grandfather died soon afterwards, leaving me a pitiful annuity, after all his magnificent promises, which had the single advantage attached to it of my being unable to make away with it. My Indian interest expired with him; my writership was given to a distant cousin, who will probably return some time or other with a full purse and a diseased liver; my Persian studies, in which I had made some proficiency, became useless; and it was determined in the family council held on the occasion, that I should be "sent to sea,"—while my grandfather had no doubt the comfortable reflection, in his last moments, that he had left me sufficient to keep me from starving. If the reader should consider that I reflect too severely on my own relations, let him recollect the story of the boy who bit his mother's ear off when he was going to be hanged, and—make the application in any way he pleases.

It has been observed, that in all large families there is usually one individual somewhat worse than the rest, and he is generally "sent to sea," as the phrase goes, which I now consider to be the next best thing to being sent to Botany Bay. I never had much predilection for his majesty's naval service, for I was always of Dr. Johnson's opinion, that "a ship had all the miseries of a prison, with the additional advantage of the chance of being drowned." However, in spite of likes or dislikes, it was my destiny to go to sea, and I was accordingly rated a midshipman on board his majesty's ship——, then employed on the very memorable, but not over-glorious, expedition to Walcheren, and I proceeded to join her at Flushing.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings on leaving the comforts of home to encounter the privations of a sea life. I have already said that I disliked it; and twenty years' experience has not altered my opinion. I had been pampered and indulged too much as a child, and also began my career too late, having been intended for a more learned profession. I do not by any means wish to infer from this that learning is incompatible with good seamanship; but it ought rather to be the superstructure than the foundation of a nautical education, as it is too apt to create a distaste to the profession. I would recommend all young men destined for the navy to enter it very early in life (I would say, at about nine or ten years of age), before their habits or their prejudices have had time to take root. An enthusiastic love of the service must be instilled in early life, as it is more difficult to acquire it afterwards.

I do not recollect ever to have seen a more imposing spectacle than our fleet at anchor before Flushing; myriads of vessels, as far as the eye could reach, seemed to ensure success. I was told that, including those "armées en flûte," there were no less than fifty sail of the line employed on this expedition. Never had England sent forth such an armament, and never since the days of the Spanish armada had such gigantic preparations been so entirely thrown away by any nation. The Spaniards might

have consoled themselves for their misfortune by attributing it to the weather; but we had no such excuse; our failure was entirely our own, solely occasioned by stupidity and mismanagement.

The reader will easily believe that I did not make those reflections at that moment; I was too much occupied by the novelty of my own situation, and a great deal too anxious about myself to think of any thing else. I should imagine that the sensations of a boy first sent to one of our public schools, and those of the young midshipman on joining his first ship, must be very much alike: to use an expression well known to each, they would both be in a considerable "funk." Such, I well remember, were my own sensations on that occasion.

Captain —— (now an admiral of great fame and high consideration) received me with much kindness, and gave me into the particular charge of his clerk, Mr. R——, who had the care of two or three young gentlemen confided to them by their friends. We had "a berth" in the gun-room, or what appeared to me at that time a sort of canvas den, in which five of us, including our caterer (an Irishman of considerable bulk), were to mess and live in a space of about the size of a four-post bed. This was considered also as rather an enviable situation, as we had the advantage of day-light over those who messed in the cockpit, whose inmates were condemned to perpetual candle-light, being some feet below the level of the sea, and receiving only air through a windsail.

My young messmates were delighted at having a "greenhorn" to plague, and did not fail to make me undergo all the torments of initiation. I had the usual tricks played upon me on being introduced to my hammock, which went up and down with wonderful celerity by the help of two or three double-headed shot, which being overbalanced by my own weight in getting into bed naturally came down with me, and as soon as I got out as naturally went up again, to my great discomfiture and amazement. I recollect that I sat down in despair on the wet cable, and actually cried with vexation, until a good old quarter-master at last took compassion on me, and made me "fast," as it is called, for the remainder of the night.

I soon made up my mind to these little annoyances, which I should not have felt so severely, if I had not been so much spoiled by my grandfather. I saw, however, that it was of no use to be sulky; and as I am not naturally ill-tempered, I bore with their practical jokes with such good humour, that they soon got tired of teasing me, and I became more reconciled to my new situation. But a seasoning of a more serious nature was about to befall me, for which I was quite unprepared, and which does not happen to many youngsters so soon after joining the service—I mean, to be in an action with the enemy before I had left home ten days.

The operations against the town of Flushing not keeping pace with our commander-in-chief's impatience, he determined to force the batteries with his squadron, and as our ship bore the flag of Lord G——, the second in command, we were to follow next in the line to him, giving the town the advantage of our broadsides as we passed. Whether in our ardour we went too near the shore, or whether we drew more water than our leader, we grounded stern-on to the batteries, and were consequently exposed to the whole weight of the enemy's fire, without being able to return but a few shot from our stern-chasers.

I shall never forget my sensations on this occasion. When told that

we were preparing for action, I could scarcely believe that my precious person was to be endangered ; that I, so lately the pet of a whole household, on whom the breath of heaven was hardly allowed to blow, and who, but a few short days before, would have been surrounded by a whole host of doctors if but my finger ached, was now to be exposed to the shot and shell of a real enemy. It appeared to me impossible ; and I was much more afraid of being hurt than killed. When the drum beat to quarters my heart was in my mouth, and although we sailed gaily into action with the band playing " God save the King," not all the pomp of war, or even the ridicule of my more experienced companions, could overcome the agony of my sensations. I was stationed on the quarter-deck, I suppose in order to accustom me to stand fire, and was nominally one of the captain's aides-de-camp ; I say nominally, because if he had not had others of more use to him than I was, he would have been but indifferently served. I stood under the poop awning, almost paralyzed with fear ; I do not think any power on earth could have induced me to have moved one inch from the place where I happened to be when the first shot was fired. To add to my terror, as soon as the ship struck against the ground, I heard the admiral say distinctly to the captain, " By God ! C——, we shall be all blown up ; it will be impossible to get her off before next tide." This was an awful moment for older and braver hands than I : we could do nothing with our guns, and the men were ordered to lie down at their quarters.

The shot passed over us and through us ; and we could use only the carronades on the poop, which was dreadfully exposed to the enemy's fire. One single shot did horrid execution among the marines, by striking a stand of arms, and killing or wounding several men with the splinters. I shall not easily forget a poor corporal of marines, who had both his arms and both his legs shot off as he was elevating a carronade on the poop. It is now twenty years ago, yet the poor man's countenance is as plainly before me at this moment as if it were only yesterday, as he was carried past me to be lowered down the hatchway to the surgeons below. He bore the amputation of three of his limbs, and died under the operation of the fourth.

At length the gun-boats and bomb-vessels got in-shore of us, and took off part of the enemy's fire, by giving them other employment ; but they still sent us a red-hot shot now and then, and once set our hammock nettings on fire. They could not, however, stand our land batteries, which opened upon them in great force, and they soon hung out a white flag, and demanded a truce for four hours.

Great was my delight, on this cessation of hostilities ; and I would not even confess my fright when the action was over ; but fancied myself quite a hero, and ready to face any enemy, because I had escaped unhurt, particularly when the captain, who partly well guessed the state of my feelings, laughed at me for my " immoveability," as he called it. I have been in many battles since, in many situations of equal or greater danger, yet none affected me like this. Use is certainly a great deal in these matters ; but for the time we were in a situation of the utmost peril. We were so long exposed to the enemy's fire, that it is quite a miracle we were not destroyed, as the red-hot shot passed through us in all directions. After the action was over, one of these shot was found in what sailors call the " lady's hole," next the after powder magazine. It had probably skimmed along the water, and cooled itself, as it had merely

simmered a little in the place where it was found. This was a narrow escape, as, had this shot gone only a few inches further, we should have been all blown into eternity, and the consequences to posterity would have been very serious. The battle of Navarino would never have been gained by our gallant admiral, and these my Recollections would never have been written.—One never prizes life so much as when we have just escaped from a situation of great danger; I am sure I never knew its value so well before, and do not recollect ever to have enjoyed the best dinner I have since met with, so much as the scramble we all had for odds and ends “in the steward’s room down below,” as soon as the action was over. The delight of feeling oneself quite safe, of shaking hands with each other, was beyond every thing I have since felt, and I took the greatest pains to conceal my late panic, which, now the cause was removed, I could laugh at myself.

The fleet having all passed the batteries, we were towed to an anchorage beyond the town of Flushing, as soon as the tide served, out of the reach of shot and shell; so that our business being done, we had only to look on while the people on shore did theirs, and a tremendously fine sight it was. The truce had no sooner expired, than the land batteries, gun-boats, bomb-vessels, and rocket-boats, all opened upon the town at once, and kept up a terrible bombardment for several hours. At midnight, Flushing presented a most magnificent spectacle; it was on fire in four different places, and the shells and rockets, pouring in without ceasing, added to the increasing conflagration.

The still darkness of the night made the contrast more apparent, while one could not help comparing the quiet safety of our own situation with that of the unfortunate inhabitants. All around us was rest and peace, save the occasional “All’s well!” of the vigilant sentry, the distant oars of the guard-boats, and the swift gliding of the smaller boats going to and fro with orders to our companions on shore, who were more busily employed; while the incessant roar of the batteries and gun-boats warned us that the work of destruction was going forward. Our own sensations of thankfulness to that Omnipotent Being who had that day saved us from sudden and violent death, made us, perhaps, more compassionate than man is to his fellow on such occasions. One could not but feel that those brilliant flames, which caused our admiration, were destroying in a few minutes the work of years; that each shell, whose twinkling light shot through the air like falling stars, was the winged messenger of fate to some of our fellow-creatures; and that each rocket that glittered in the firmament would probably deprive some industrious individual of a home, and bring ruin and desolation on a whole family.

If the reader should consider these reflections superfluous, I can only say, in apology, they were mine at that moment. Time and use will of course get the better of our feelings; but experience and the opportunity of comparison has convinced me, that however the tiger part of our composition may predominate in the hour of battle, and the sight of blood and natural instinct of self-defence may render us callous to such sensations, there is no human being more generally kind-hearted than an Englishman. He never commits an unnecessary cruelty, and is not carried away by the excitement of the moment, like his continental neighbours. I speak principally of soldiers and sailors, for a mob is almost always brutal in every country.

Although I had found out that one might get over an action without

being either killed or wounded, I cannot say that I looked forward with any particular delight to a rencontre with the French fleet, although I hope I should have behaved as well as others of my age and size. However, fortunately for me, I was not put to the trial. In the morning, Flushing capitulated, and our commander-in-chief, Lord Chatham, was obliged to get up before noon (which was rather an exertion with him) to receive the French general's sword. Some few days afterwards, we went up the Scheldt to look at the French fleet. I suppose it was for nothing else, as we did nothing more. The redoubtable Fort Lillo was between us, whose heavy train of battering cannon, level with the river, would most likely have blown us out of the water unless the army had made a powerful attack in the rear, which *they did not*. Perhaps it was all for the best; but if I recollect rightly, the people at home were not very well satisfied with our proceedings.

On our return to Flushing, we were chiefly occupied in destroying the public works in the dock-yard, and in a very short time (so great is man's ingenuity in mischief) we converted one of the finest arsenals in Europe into a desert, and carried away with us as a trophy a large portion of fever and disease. Such is war: we left misery and desolation behind us, and returned home with the remnant of an army of pallid spectres, who looked more like the ghosts of their buried companions than the living remains of a British army.

It is not my intention, however, to stir up the old grievance of the Walcheren expedition; too many persons have reason to regret it for me to be required to dwell upon so disagreeable a subject at so distant a period. As an Englishman, I had much rather forget it; therefore I will not remind the reader what *might* have been done, *but was not*. Politics are too grave for me; I was too young for them then, and I am too old for them now. I will only say, as far as I was personally concerned, that for a beginner it was rather an unfortunate debut, and I will leave all recollections of Flushing to the few survivors, whose anniversary agues and chronic rheumatisms will, I dare say, prove sufficient remembrancers, while I call to mind my feelings of delight on returning home from this my first expedition—such as it was.

I should think there could not be a vainer animal in the whole creation than the young midshipman on his return home from his first voyage. The utter contempt in which he holds his former amusements, his assumption of the honours of maturity, his awkward attempts to sink the boy in his horror of the nursery and side table, with the assistance of his dirk and cocked hat, all tend to make him a little man before his time. I really had grown an inch or two from change of climate and manner of life, but nothing in proportion to the elevation I took upon myself. I swore at my kind-hearted old nurse, who would persist in considering me a child, whenever she proposed combing my hair; talked large of my late engagement with the enemy; and romped with the maid-servants. In short, I was become a complete scamp, turned the house almost upside down, and so disturbed the whole family, that they were quite delighted to get rid of me, when I was obliged to join my ship again, which was fitting out at Chatham.

Any sorrow that I might perhaps have felt at leaving my home a second time was quite forgotten in the contemplation of the magnificent preparations made for that event. The size of my chest and the extent of my wardrobe were never-failing sources of my admiration and my father's animad-

version. The quantity of linen, the full dress-coats and undress waist-coats, the India handkerchiefs and silk stockings, were all of them objects of delight to me and grumbling to him.—To be sure he had to pay the bill, which might have induced him to draw melancholy comparisons between the good old times when he went to sea and the luxuries that were then required. He would hold up my silk stockings between his finger and thumb with the greatest contempt, declaring that he never had but six checked shirts and two white ones with frills; and as to pocket-handkerchiefs, he never heard of midshipmen using any thing but a piece of oakum. What would he have said had he been alive now, good old gentleman, and seen all the elegancies which the “march of intellect” has introduced into our profession, and all the gold lace with which it has pleased the powers that be to bedizen us?

My consequential airs materially diminished as I approached my ship, and my chivalrous feelings considerably abated when I found myself again imprisoned in my canvas-den. My messmates had all rejoined, and it was determined among us to have one good dinner on shore before we sailed; accordingly a splendid entertainment was prepared at one of the principal hotels in Chatham, which had such an unfortunate termination that I shall never forget it.

Our party consisted of five, including our caterer, who was to take care of us, and prevent our getting into mischief; but on shore this worthy man was a greater boy than any of us. We had a most splendid dinner, and plenty of every sort of wine, so that we were in high spirits, and did not think of returning on board till near midnight, when we set out for that purpose “flush’d with the Tuscan grape and high in blood,” and particularly disposed to have a row with any body. In this state, the devil or some of his agents put it into the head of one of our party to assault the watchman’s dog with his horse-whip, which was the next worse thing to attacking that functionary himself.—I do not know how or why it is, but at all the sea-port towns there is a constant petty warfare carried on between his majesty’s civil and naval officers.—Midshipmen always consider watchmen, dockyardmen, and custom-house officers as their legitimate foes, especially when they are drunk. On this occasion the man seemed inclined to convince us of the propriety of the old proverb, “Love me, love my dog,” and immediately commenced hostilities by seizing one of our companions by the collar. This produced a general engagement; the watchman sprung his rattle, and all the guardians of the night were up in arms in a moment. As we had nothing but sticks and dirks to defend ourselves, we were soon overpowered, notwithstanding our Irish caterer showed the pugnacity of his country, and, placing his back against the rails of an area, most vigorously defended himself, breaking the head of one watchman, and wounding another. At last even he was overcome, and our general being disarmed and vanquished, we were obliged to submit to being carefully lodged in the watch-house, where we were left to our own reflections.

We found several of our brother officers from different ships in the same situation as ourselves. The watchmen seemed to have been peculiarly fortunate in their skirmishes that night, having made so many prisoners, that we were nearly as closely packed as if we had been in the black-hole at Calcutta. I never recollect passing such a night, for every body was drunk except myself; and sobriety, like virtue, must be its own reward on such occasions. I would have given a great deal to have

been as drunk as my companions, for even in more comfortable circumstances there is nothing more ridiculous or disgusting than to be the only sober person in a drunken party. Some talked, some laughed, some swore, and others actually wallowed in the mud and mire. I thought the morning would never dawn, and when it was light enough to see each other, I never saw such a sight as we presented to all beholders; for even the little boys came to peep at us through the bars. It was a bitter cold winter's morning as our conductors paraded us through the streets, one by one, sickly pale, and miserable, without allowing us to remove any of the effects of our drunken conflict or late habitation. They seemed to take great pleasure in making us go the longest way to the justice's house, amidst the shouts and hisses of the mob. At last we arrived, and our examination was soon over; the watchman appeared against us, a most woful figure, all over blood, plasters, and bandages, to cover wounds that did not exist. He was assisted by a "man of the faculty," as he called himself, and a man of law, who demanded most enormous damages. The justice, who, I suppose, was well acquainted with the case of "Midshipmen versus Watchmen," did not seem inclined to be severe upon us, but merely bound us over to keep the peace, and fined us in all fifteen pounds, to cure the watchman, who really was much maimed. He then dismissed us with a gentle admonition, recommending us to make use of the pump in his yard, and to go out by the back door, that we might avoid being insulted by the mob. We slunk away to the water's side, and got on board our ship in the best way we could, where of course we were laughed at by our companions, and reprimanded by the commanding officer, besides having to make up the fifteen pounds, which caused a serious defalcation in our pocket money. I believe this adventure tended more to cure me of any liking I might have had to the bottle than many sermons would have done, for if I live to the age of Methusalem I shall never forget the *clink* at Chatham.

It is proverbial that "sailors earn their money like horses, and spend it like asses;" but scarcely any one who has not seen a pay-day on board a man-of-war can have any idea of the childishness and folly of their expenditure. I had an opportunity of being convinced of this fact a few days before we sailed; and if it were not for the salutary regulations that oblige* them to give a part of their pay to their wives, parents, or other relations, it would all fall into the hands of Jews and prostitutes. Lord Byron has declared that "avarice is the vice of old age;" I do not think it is the vice of the navy at any age, and although our profession has produced many heroes, it has not made many "millionaires" since the time of the galleons. Indeed there are few examples of naval officers making fortunes in the service. Some make a little money after they become captains, but they generally are obliged, or fancy themselves obliged, to spend it.

Our people having in some way or other got rid of their superabundance of cash,—for sailors are good for nothing unless they are poor, at least Lord St. Vincent must have thought so when he said in the House of Lords, "keep them poor, and they'll serve you,"—we proceeded to Plymouth to take in the remainder of our stores, and in a few days we sailed for the Mediterranean.—This was in the year 1810, or thereabouts.

* This alludes to "tickets of allotments;" but there is nothing compulsory in arrangements at the pay-table, by which seamen may forward a part of their pay to their family and friends.—EDITOR.

TALES OF THE DEAD.

THE HALF-HANGED ITALIAN; THE IMPALED TURK; THE HALF-DROWNED ENGLISHMAN.

"To be, or not to be!"—But hold, my masters. Before we go any further, you would probably like to know something of the unlucky scribbler who thus unbidden intrudes upon your literary moments. Before you consent to jog onwards through a tiresome half hour or so, under the guidance of an impertinent moralist, an it please you so to call him, who would fain unharness you from the lumbering vehicle of politics, Russian victories, and Irish riots, to saddle you instead with the baggage of his own light ware, you will no doubt deem it advisable to take a scrupulous inventory of the who, the what, the when, the where, the why, and other indispensable *et ceteras*. Know, then, most gentle reader, that I am in truth a philosophical vagabond, a strange compound of Democritus and Heraclitus, with one eye for smiles and another for tears; being thus gifted with a most convenient cast of countenance, either side of which I can turn as modern statesmen do their coats, according to the exigencies of the moment. I laugh with the laughers; I weep occasionally with them that weep; I contrive to squeeze myself into the midst of every crowd; pick up a little scandal and small-talk at coffee-houses; and hardly ever fall asleep in a church. I have seen many a dröll sight; I have listened to many an odd tale, at the telling of which sorrow might ope her flood-gates, with some that would afford food for "laughter holding both his sides;" and could I but find some good-natured publisher to usher me into the world genteelly bound, and some soft-hearted reviewer (*quære*, "can such things be?") to bestow on my calf-skin a little of the unction of puffing, why then I might enroll myself as a modest supernumerary in that very ancient, valorous, and respectable, but not overfed corps,

"In foolscap uniform turned up with ink,"

heroes that quietly give point with the pen, instead of bloodthirstily cutting, and slashing, and hewing, and hacking with the sword,—cautious crusaders that march to the temple of fame, not through fields of slaughter, but through a second—ay, mayhap, a third or fourth edition, revised and corrected. All this, reader, is *entre nous*: and now that I have, with my usual precision, and quite in my own off-handed unceremonious way, indulged your curiosity with a full, true, and satisfactory account of myself, my propensities, and my customary mode of life, together with a hint of my ulterior and desperate purpose, I shall, with your courteous assent, resume the thread of this most profound and instructive lucubration.

All good is counterbalanced by evil; and my rambling habits have been productive of some sad results, which, in the singleness of my biographical veracity, I must unreservedly avow. In the first place, I entertain an insuperable aversion to the society of methodical, sober, sage people, whom I may presume to call the steady but slowly-revolving lights of the age. The natural consequence of this my antipathy to gravity and regularity is a decided predilection for the company of entertaining and clever vagabonds, whom I may compare to the will-of-the-wisp meteors which, in my boyish days, led me many a merry dance, though I must own that in the end they generally left me in a quagmire.

In the next place, the many strange stories that I have picked up, and the many odd adventures which I have witnessed, or in which I have participated, have led me to contract a habit of settling every question, how momentous soever, by the recital of a tale or scapegrace anecdote. Manifold are the evil consequences resulting from this inveterate habit of mine. I have lost my character for argument; and yet time was when I could handle a syllogism as dexterously as any casuist that ever perplexed a plain case. I am now, forsooth, known only by the appellation of the novelist, or the traveller, or some other such significant epithet, shrewdly indicative of a certain failing, to which, in the opinion of Falstaff, this world is much given. My most veracious histories are treated as agreeable fictions, in which the moral is lost in the romance; my most pertinent anecdotes share the fate reserved of old for the revelations of Priam's ill-fated daughter, who, as Virgil tells us, was doomed to prophecy to a set of obdurate heathens that disbelieved her predictions and laughed at her advice. I sometimes feel my gall rising at this wilful neglect of the good things, at this obstinate blindness to the moral lessons that, on a diligent search, might be found in my narratives; but as I am in the main a good-natured peripatetic, I invariably join in the laugh against myself, satisfied to amuse if I cannot instruct.

Though compelled to yield to the opinion of my friends—I mean the vagabond portion of society, whose fellowship I chiefly cultivate—and though forced in some measure to abandon my pretensions to logical acumen, my head forms a capacious storehouse for anecdotes of every sort; for an infinity of scraps, and odds, and ends, in the way of personal and rambling adventure. By this means, whatever may be the subject started, though I may not always be ready to attack it with the heavy artillery of argument and reason, I can generally from the aforesaid arsenal bring the small guns of illustration and anecdote to bear upon it directly or indirectly. I particularly pride myself upon knowing when to make a hit; upon my dexterity in crushing the pretensions of a rival fabulist; upon a happy knack of snatching a good thing out of a voluble orator's mouth, and making his story my own. I could for hours together make a dead set at the most experienced proser, watching the first symptom of exhaustion, and availing myself of an unlucky cough or hem to seize upon the audience as my property for the rest of the evening. Commend me to the Frenchman who, having for once in his life afforded an opening to a phthisicky opponent by stopping to take breath in the middle of a long argument, replied to a friend that expressed some surprise at his unusual want of tact, "*Attendez donc; s'il crache, il est perdu.*"

During the course of last autumn, that predilection for a rambling life, which I have always cherished, and which I maintain to be proper and natural to man, introduced me to a *soirée* in the north of France, where I enjoyed the society of as motley a group as ever vagabond observer noted in his chequered page. The evening was wet and gloomy; the very *avant-courier* of a winter's day. In a spacious antique saloon were congregated an assemblage of quaint physiognomies that seemed as if moulded from a variety of models; while, with a gravity not usual to our Gallic neighbours, the provincial beaux and belles glided along the well-waxed oaken floor, or sat in rueful contemplation of the bleak-looking fire-place, whose unkindled faggots reminded of the cheerful blaze that *had been*, and whose blackness a poetic imagination might have fancied

the mourning-suit put on in sorrow for a lengthened widowhood. The aspect of the society was as gloomy as that of the elements. Here and there a brace of politicians settled the destiny of nations with a nod, or a shrug, or a humph! Dandies yawned and twirled their thumbs; and women, wondrous to relate, were silent, and plied their needles instead of their tongues. Conversation was completely at a stand. The usual novelties on the subject of the weather had already been broached: it had been pronounced bad, shocking, execrable; execrable, shocking, bad: the topic was worn to tatters. Then there was the opera; but what does a provincial know of the opera? He talks about the ballet, about *entrechats* and *pirouettes*, much in the style in which a Mahometan believer raves of the black eyes and coral lips of ever-blooming Houris: he can even describe the position of the building itself, with as much precision as a Homeric commentator points out the ancient site of Troy. The case was hopeless. For my own part I had tried the conversational powers of my neighbours, and in despair had half resolved upon the dangerous experiment of making an amicable advance to a toothless, pursy, purblind old lapdog, that by dint of scraping, and turning, and re-turning, had wriggled himself into a snug bed upon the softest easy-chair in the room. A constant wheezing, asthmatic growl, the exact counterpart of a superannuated pensioner's lament, had hitherto kept me at a respectful distance from the little domestic nuisance that in consideration of a ten years' indulgence, and in pity to his growing infirmities, was tolerated to snarl at the guests, and snap at the servants who in the exercise of their functions were forced to invade the hearth-rug which this autocrat of the chimney-corner considered his legitimate territory. I absolutely shuddered at my own temerity: but what was to be done? I sighed in vain for an opening—the slightest glimmering loophole through which to insinuate a tale, a smart anecdote, or some exhilarating piece of scandal. But no; my well-filled budget was to all appearance destined to remain closed for that evening, when—oh miraculous interposition of fate!—a good-natured old gentleman muttered something about the necessity of capital punishment in a state. This grand question once started, the shock became electric. Each had his argument in store; each had his provision of common-place tediousness ready cut and dry. All spoke at once: an admirable mode of discussion, inasmuch as it saves time, and exercises the lungs. Here was a glorious opportunity for me. Like a skilful tactician, I determined to economise my force till the heat of the opening fire should be over, and then, with the field all my own, to rush with the *corps de réserve* of eloquent narrative upon my exhausted opponents.

Watching the opportune moment when the tide of argument seemed rather on the ebb, I proposed to favour the company with the details of a strange adventure, precisely as I had heard them from the lips of a singular personage whom I had met some months previously in the course of my eccentric wanderings. I fondly flattered myself that the episode which I was about to relate, in illustration of the important question then in debate, would build me up at least a twelve months' fame as a dealer in anecdote. Figure to yourself, reader, a dark-visaged Italian bandit, whose eagle eye had watched many a *veturino* slowly winding along the romantic steep; one that from the shelter of a projecting crag had often calculated, with mathematical precision, the moment for pounc-

ing upon the traveller in the valley beneath. Fancy this rival of mighty monarchs—this Alexander on a minor scale—this hardy robber terminating his career of pillage by the rope—gallantly swinging on a gibbet, and yet at this very moment still numbered with the living! Such was the hero of my promised tale. I thought myself in high luck to have spoken to a patient fresh from the hands of Jack Ketch, to have gathered from his own lips the recital of his last earthly sensations; in short, to have lived, moved, and breathed in the same atmosphere with one that had hovered on the confines of another world. I fancied myself in possession of an irresistible argument in favour of the penal law so loudly combated, and now or never was the moment to introduce my anecdote. The bare mention of it produced, as I had expected, something like excitement, and lighted up a ray of expectation on many a fair face. The chairs of the company were gradually compressed into a narrow semicircle; and the lady of the house, an elderly maiden aunt, with a look directed towards a tall hoydenish niece of sixteen just emancipated from a boarding-school, ventured, in a paroxysm of hospitality, to hint something about a fire. Blessings on the good old lady!—though the day was Sunday, and though she had hallowed the Sabbath by her customary attendance at church, she could endure the profanity of a little heretic mirth in the evening. When I think of her, I really feel disposed to relax in my antipathy to old maids and sanctified evergreen aunts; for, to speak generally of that class of bipeds, I aver from experience, as well as upon the high authority of Tony Lumpkin, that “aunts are d—d bad things,” though, thank God, I am seldom regaled with the odour of their sanctity:

“Why I thank God for that is no great matter.”

To return the proposition relative to a fire was not thrown away. In the twinkling of an eye a few lighted embers had already kindled the faggots now no longer destined merely for show; and the blaze, fanned by the breath, in plain English, of a pair of bellows, soon communicated its enlivening glow to a set of as eager faces as ever circled round an autumn fire. Would English belle have contaminated her taper fingers with the contact of such a vulgar utensil as was now most lustily plied by the somewhat ruddy hands of the hoydenish niece above-mentioned? Would English belle have stooped to any thing so despicably useful? Reader, “they manage these things better in France.”—And now for my tale, which I related nearly in the following terms:—

I had undertaken a pedestrian excursion through the most romantic and untravelled part of Italy, induced chiefly by the circumstance that no octavo guide that I could lay hold of had lavished its trite commendation on the beauties of scenery unexplored by the generality of cockney post-chaise travellers. That love of vagabondizing and change, which is the very essence of my animal existence, had urged me speedily to return to France, from the gay metropolis of which I was now not many leagues distant. In the middle of the road, and a few paces in advance of me, a solitary traveller walked leisurely along. On coming up with him, curiosity induced me to observe his physiognomy, which a feeble acquaintance with the science of Lavater enabled me to pronounce that of a boon companion, a decided amateur of good eating and drinking, when those blessings were to be obtained without too much trouble. He seemed to be one of those enviable mortals who travel recklessly along the road of life, without knowing or caring whither they are bound,—

one of those to whom the moment is every thing, and who give themselves but little concern about their evening couch or their morning meal. His countenance was frank and open, and his whole person was marked by an appearance of careless jollity, a total abandonment of all sublunary concerns to the supreme divinity of chance; and I must confess that such a system has always appeared to me full as philosophic as any other. In support of my vagabond theory and practice, it may be observed, that he who "takes no thought for the morrow" possesses a prodigious advantage over your cautious calculating reasoner, that true follower of holy precept enjoys the good that fortune scatters in his path, nor alloys it by anticipation of the evil reserved for a darker hour. In short, I have ever remarked, that the man who in the disagreeable journey of existence abandons himself blindly and unhesitatingly to the empire of circumstances comes off better than his fellow-travellers, and is distinguished from the crowd by an air of boldness and freedom not without its value. This was precisely the case with the pedestrian whom I now overtook. As I make it a point to turn every incident to account, and as he seemed inclined to be sociable, I slackened my pace, in order to keep alongside of him, and was soon convinced that I had formed a correct judgment of his jovial disposition, for he was the first to break silence.

"You are probably going to Paris, *monsieur*," said he carelessly: "if so, you can show me the way, for I have twice lost myself in these cursed by-roads."

"With all my heart, my good fellow: you have only to keep along with me, and we shall reach Paris together; though, by the way, you seem in no great hurry to arrive."

"Oh, as for that, I never hurry when I feel myself in safety. Simple as I stand here, many a rock in Italy has served me as an ambuscade for more than fifteen days together; and there have I been planted, my good carbine in my hand, my ear cocked, and my eye on the look-out for game that I could not always start."

I am not naturally timid; and after all, what was there to fear? I was a match for the stranger in physical advantages, and besides was armed; but I own that I felt an awkward uncomfortable sensation, more attributable, perhaps, to surprise than to any other cause. I soon, however, recovered my self-possession sufficiently to reply to him.

"Is it possible, *signor*, that I see before me one of those hardy Sicilian brigands to whose account have been laid so many delightful adventures of robbery and murder, and whose daring career has furnished so fine a subject for the pencil of Salvator Rosa?"

"Faith, even so," replied the bandit; "I have in my day been enrolled among those daring Sicilian bands, those brave fellows that would snatch you up a man from the high road with as much ease as a sneaking beggarly purse-lifter at a village fair would extract a handkerchief or a greasy note-case from a bumpkin's pocket." At these recollections he shook his head mournfully, and gave a long-drawn sigh to days of departed glory.

"Ay," said I with an appearance of the deepest interest, "you may well regret those golden days!"

"Regret them! ah! the bandit's is the only life. Nothing under the sun could compare with our brave mountaineers. Only fancy a dashing young fellow of eighteen; his dress a smart green frock with gold but-

tons; his hair tastefully braided, and kept together by some fair maiden's riband; his pistols and his trusty stiletto stuck in a rich silk girdle; an enormous sabre trailing behind him with a formidable rattle; a well-burnished carbine slung across his shoulders;—only fancy a knight of the road armed thus at all points, posted on the summit of a rock, bidding bold defiance to the abyss beneath; singing and fighting, fighting and singing; making alliance one day with the Pope, the next with the Emperor; receiving ransom for the strangers that fall into his hands as for so many slaves; drinking his delicious rosolio; ruling the roast at taverns; throwing the handkerchief to village beauties; and always sure of dying on a bed of state, or swinging from a gibbet. Picture to yourself, if you can, such a charming life, and then judge what I have lost."

"Lost, say you? And yet, if I may judge, you must have been rather a shy bird to catch. If you have given up the trade, I suppose it was with your own free consent."

"Indeed!" replied the bandit. "You little know how matters stand. But if you had been hanged, like me——."

"You hanged?" And I involuntarily started back.

"Ay, hanged! and all owing to an excess of devotion. You must know, that on a certain beauteous evening I was snugly concealed in one of those impenetrable defiles that border Terracina and, sinner that I was, as I gazed upon the moon, that rose so brilliant and looked so lovely, I recollected that for a long time I had not made an offering of the tithe of my booty to the Madonna. By a singular coincidence, it happened that on that very day was celebrated the fête of the Virgin. all Italy had already resounded with the homage paid to the blessed shrine; I alone, unworthy pagan! had not even muttered an *ave-maria*! Determined, however, to make up for lost time, I descended towards the valley with rapid strides, and, as I went along, poetically admired the soft silvery reflexion of the stars in the broad lake. I arrived at Terracina at the moment when the moon shone brightest; and, wholly bent on my devotion to the Madonna, I boldly traversed a crowd of Italian peasants, who were enjoying the cool evening air at the threshold of their doors. Never once reflecting that every eye was fixed on me, I arrived at the church porch. Only one of the folding doors was open; on the other was posted a large placard, which contained a most flattering description of my person, and agreeably tickled my vanity by informing me that a high price was set upon my head. Nothing daunted, I entered the church,—an Italian church too, with its fretwork arches, its aerial dome, its altar of white marble, its delicious perfume of incense, and the last lingering sounds of the organ that died upon the breeze. The sainted image of the Madonna was encircled with flowers. I prostrated myself before her, and offered her a handsome share of my booty,—a diamond cross that had been worn by a young Sicilian beauty, and a small English box of elaborate workmanship. The Virgin appeared satisfied with my pious homage. I arose with confidence, and was preparing to depart in peace for my mountain, when, just at the church-door, I was seized from behind, and dragged by a set of ill-favoured police blood-hounds to a dungeon, whence there was no escape, for not a petticoat was to be seen in the place; and as I had not a pistole in the world the jailor was inexorable."

"And so you were hanged, my honest fellow?"

"By the Virgin, the very next morning! Great pains were taken to

conceal the report of my detention ; and a few hours sufficed to construct a gibbet, and to find an executioner. In the morning the officers of justice visited my cell, and desired me to quit my dungeon. At the outer gate were collected a vast number of Italian penitents, white, black, and gray ; some with sandals, others with their feet naked ; each holding a lighted torch in his hand, his head covered with a *san benito*, that exposed to view nothing but a ghastly hollow eye, on which the leaden stillness of death was already imprinted. In front of me a trio of priests, muttering a triple salvo of *pater-nosters*, paraded a funeral bier ; and away I marched gaily to the gallows, which, by way of doing me honour, had been erected in the most distinguished style. It was elevated upon a gentle rising ground, and somewhat resembled a large direction-post ; white daisies formed a soft flowery carpet at its foot ; behind rose the hills that had so often witnessed my exploits ; in front yawned a precipice, at the base of which rolled, with monotonous murmur, a rapid torrent, whose exhalations penetrated even to the theatre on whose stage I was about to exhibit. Around the instrument of death all was perfume and light. I advanced with a firm step to the foot of the ladder ; but casting a last look upon my coffin, which lay in readiness for the moment when all should be over, and measuring its proportions with a glance, 'this coffin is not near large enough,' cried I ; 'and, by the Virgin, before I consent to be hanged, one of the proper dimensions must be brought !' At the same time I assumed so resolute an aspect that the leader of the police gang thought it necessary to venture a few words as a sedative :—"My son," said he with a considerate air, 'you would have just reason to complain, were this coffin destined to contain your remains entire ; but as your exploits have gained you a high reputation, it has been decided, that as soon as you are dead, your head shall be severed from your body, and exposed to public view from the most elevated point of the city. You may therefore make yourself perfectly easy, for you see you will have plenty of room. I scorn to deceive an honest man like you.'

"With this reasoning I was perfectly satisfied. I ascended the ladder, and in a twinkling was at the top. From my elevated position the view was admirable ; and the hangman being a novice in his art, this circumstance afforded me sufficient time to take a survey of the crowd. I observed some determined young fellows of my own stamp trembling with ill-suppressed rage, and some young girls in tears, while others, on the contrary, hard-hearted jades ! testified every symptom of joy. In the midst of the crowd was one of my own band, a fellow after my own heart, as brave a lad as ever handled blade, one whose parting look promised me a deep and speedy vengeance. Whilst the executioner prepared his apparatus, I walked carelessly to and fro upon the platform of the gibbet, just on the brink of the precipice. The sympathetic hangman stood aghast at my temerity. 'Have a care,' cried he, 'or you will be killed. Would you rob even the gallows ?' At last all was in readiness ; but the tender-hearted finisher of the law was seized with a vertigo—his limbs tottered under his feeble frame—the rolling cascade below, the burning sun above, bewildered his brain. At length, however, the cord was arranged around my neck. The executioner pushed me into the yawning gulf, and attempted to shorten my sufferings by pressing his ignoble foot upon my shoulders ; but on these firm, tough shoulders mortal foot cannot print its trace with impunity. The executioner slipped,

retrieved himself for a moment by catching at the foot of the gallows with both hands: one of them gradually relaxed its hold, and the next instant he was himself precipitated headlong into the abyss, and borne away by the torrent."

This gallows with its blithe and smiling accompaniments, this scene of death so jocundly portrayed, had wound up my curiosity to the highest pitch. I could never have believed that a hempen cravat was productive of such pleasing recollections. I had heard that death came arrayed in pall and winding-sheet; never before had I contemplated him in the gaiety of his holiday suit. The bandit was a philosopher of the right school; he looked upon the gallows as a long-suffering creditor, but one with whom he must ultimately reckon; or rather, like a calculating gamester, he knew that he had fairly lost his stake, and that its payment would be rigorously exacted. I was anxious to hear the continuation of his adventures, and at my request he thus resumed his story.

"I have the most perfect recollection," said he, "even of the slightest sensations which I experienced; and were the whole business to recommence in an hour from this moment, I should feel not the least concern. When the rope had been fastened about my neck, and when the executioner had pushed me from the ladder, I was seized with a violent pain about the throat. Shortly afterwards I felt nothing. The air inflated my lungs slowly, but pinched up as they were, the slightest particle of the balmy breeze revived me; and besides, being lightly balanced in mid-air, I might be said to breathe it at every pore. I can even recollect that this swing-swung motion was not without its charms. I beheld external objects as it were through a thin veil of gauze; my ear was rather fatigued by a stilly silence; I began gradually to lose myself in my meditations, though I can no longer exactly recollect the subject of them, unless it was the money I had won the evening before from my comrade Gregorio. All of a sudden I gasped for breath; I could no longer perceive objects distinctly; I no longer felt the swing-swung motion;—I was dead!"

"And yet," said I, "here you are, alive and hearty; and I congratulate you most sincerely on your escape."

The bandit upon this assumed an air of gravity, and assured me there was a miracle at the bottom of it. "I had been dead," resumed he, "upwards of an hour, when my comrade cut the rope. When I came to myself, the first object that I beheld was a lovely female; her sylph-like form reclining with deep interest over my exhausted frame; her soft black eyes fixed with intense anxiety on mine, that had so long been closed in death; her balmy breath revivifying me with a soul more pure than that which had quitted its tenement. Her voice, her look, her language, her soul, were Italian! Methought for an instant that I had newly risen from the tomb, and that I was in the presence of Raphael's Madonna. Now, signor, you have heard the bandit's story. I have faithfully promised the lovely Maria to become an honest man, if possible. Love, they say, works miracles; and perhaps he will, in favour of Maria, operate my conversion. I have even already made considerable progress in the path of virtue; for I have procured myself two most essential requisites to the character of an honest man—a good coat, and a new hat."

"But, besides that," added I, "you must have a trade; and I am greatly afraid, my good friend, that you have none."

"That is precisely what every one tells me," replied he; "and though I have tormented my poor brains about the matter from morning till night, I have never been able to perceive that a trade leads to any thing good in France. Now, in Italy it is different: there the fields produce mushrooms sufficient to feed a city ten times as populous as that of Rome; in France every thing must be paid for, even to the very mushrooms, which are rank poison."

"Do you think, then," said I, "that the trade of lazaroni is that of an honest man?"

"Most undoubtedly. Your lazaroni is neither master nor servant; depends on no man's orders; works only when his necessities require; and his necessities are never very urgent, so long as the sun shines bright and warm. And then do you reckon for nothing the pleasure of seeing the Pope every day? a pleasure that is worth at least twenty indulgences every twenty-four hours. No life like the lazaroni's."

"In that case I am surprised you have neglected to procure your enrolment as a member of the fraternity."

"I had some thoughts of it," replied he, "and Maria would fain have persuaded me to it; but I never liked the eruptions of Vesuvius."

At the same instant we entered one of the barriers of Paris, and arrived suddenly before the Luxembourg, that beauteous and tranquil retreat formed expressly for the delight of quiet and peaceful souls. The Italian, astonished at every thing, questioned me at every step. His wonder was in turn excited by the old apple-women that encumbered the porch of the palace, and by the young pillars of the state, who came to legislate for the good of the nation. He was amazed that not a single vagabond could be found warming himself lazily and luxuriously in the sun; that most of the lazaroni, as he called them, in this country work like galley-slaves. His musical ear was shocked to hear other lazaroni in the streets screaming their discordant notes to the accompaniment of a hurdy-gurdy; his eye was shocked with the sight of clumsy earthen-pots, every thing modern, nothing antique:—narrow streets; an infected atmosphere; young girls clad in the livery of wretchedness, and lacking the witchery of an Italian smile; venders of poison, ycleped apothecaries, in every street;—and not a single Madonna. The bandit was struck with consternation. "What can I do among such people?" said he, in a tone of anxiety that pierced through the natural hilarity of his disposition.

"In the first place, what are your qualifications?" asked I, beginning, I confess, to feel rather embarrassed with his person.

"Not many," replied he; "and yet I could play better music, I could paint better, I could guard a palace better, than the knaves I have hitherto seen: and as to the venders of poison with whom your streets are filled, here is a stiletto worth all their drugs;" and he sighed as he examined the point of his dazzling blade.

"If these are your only resources, Heaven help you, my good friend! The market is already stocked with about fifteen thousand painters, twice that number of musicians, and God knows how many poets who mount but slowly to the summit of Parnassus. As to your stiletto, if you will be ruled by me, you will let it repose quietly in the scabbard; otherwise you may chance to enjoy the swing-swung motion of which you are so fond at a gallows where the rope never breaks."

"Yet, without boasting, I sing a love-song admirably. At Venice, the amateur serenaders always confided the orchestra to me; and I gene-

rally managed matters so well, that it has more than once been my lot to finish on my own account an affair that I had begun on another's."

"Ah, my good friend, serenading does not go down here. In France there is but one way to a woman's heart;—gold here is a talisman that works more miracles than all the melody of Metastasio."

"In that case," replied the bandit with *hauteur*, "I shall enter the service of the king of France. His majesty shall see in what style I can handle a carbine and manœuvre a battalion."

"In the first place, you must know that his most Christian Majesty is not so easily spoken with as an Italian captain of banditti. In the next, handle the carbine with what skill you may, you will find your matches here;—there are 200,000 brave fellows in France, who are paid for that work at the liberal rate of five sols per day."

"Ah!" cried the brigand, knitting his brows. "What a vile country! that cannot even support a band of brave fellows with a bandit chief at their head! What an excellent cook they would find in me!"

"Cook!" replied I; "and pray what are your pretensions in that way?"

"Pardieu! I would have you know that we lads of the stiletto do not starve ourselves. I could serve you up a ragout such as any man of taste would pronounce exquisite. When I was at Terracina I was famous for a hare civet. If you could only ask Cardinal Fesch, Heaven preserve his eminence! I recollect that one evening I was sent for to prepare his supper, and his eminence swore by all the saints in the calendar that even in his own palace he had never tasted any thing more delicious."

Hereupon I addressed the bandit in a solemn tone.—"I congratulate you," said I,—"*your destiny is in your own hands; your skill as a cook will ensure you a better welcome in France than you could expect had you the abilities of a general. Visit every house in Paris; and when you come to one that suits you, walk in boldly, announce your culinary talents, prove yourself a cook, and you are at the head of affairs directly. —Your fortune is made; adieu!*" I forthwith quitted him, relieved from all anxiety as to his future fate.

Having thus terminated the narrative upon the effect of which I had so largely calculated, I was inexpressibly mortified to observe the feeble sensation which it seemed to produce. Not a murmur of approbation disturbed the decorum of the audience; not even a symptom of incredulity or astonishment tickled the vanity of the narrator, or forced him to resort to solemn asseveration to corroborate the truth of his wondrous tale. In short it passed off as a matter of no interest,—a threadbare fiction,—a dull romance, unworthy even the notice of a doubt or question. I stood exactly in the situation of a wit who, having wasted a good thing upon an obtuse-eared audience, feels himself under the necessity of laughing at his own jest in order to preserve his character. The fact was, that, like many a good story, mine would not bear repetition: it wore the semblance of truth only in the mouth of the hero himself. Again were arguments showered upon me thick as hailstones:—my adversaries, relying on their numbers, pressed me hard, when just in the moment of defeat an unexpected ally stepped forward to my relief.

This new auxiliary was a venerable long-bearded Mussulman. Slowly raising his head from one of the cushions of the sofa on which he had reclined with listless unconcern, and taking up the conversation at the precise point where I had discontinued it,—"*I can easily imagine,*"

said the opium-eater, "that your Italian was hanged, since I myself have been impaled."

Upon this a dead silence ensued. The male portion of the audience drew their chairs closer to the speaker,—the women laid down their needles, and were all attention. Reader, have you ever remarked a group of female listeners? have you ever admired the animated countenances; the large speaking eyes; the heaving bosoms; the stately necks of ivory white, straining forward with intense anxiety? the dear little hands, so soft, so delicate, they scarce can wield a fan; the—the—the—in short, if like me you are a judge of such matters, get invited or invite yourself to a *soirée*, bring about the introduction of a tale of wonder or of pathos, and then feast your eyes, as I did whilst waiting for the Turk to digest his exordium.

"Blessed be the name of the holy prophet!" said he at length, "but on one occasion I penetrated to the seraglio of Mahomet's successor, I dared to cast a profane eye on the chaste spouses of the brother of the sun and moon."

Here the attention of the listeners was redoubled: a blooming Agnes who had scarcely numbered fifteen summers, and who, seated beside her mamma, had fixed her eyes on the speaker, at this juncture modestly resumed her work; but somehow or other the needle found its way into her finger instead of the sampler.

"My name is Hassan," continued the Turk; "my father was rich, and bequeathed his wealth to me. Like a true believer, I have devoted my life to the softer sex; but my fastidiousness has always increased in proportion to the ardour of my passion. In vain did I in my youth frequent the most celebrated slave-markets: my delicate appetite could find no female worthy of partaking my flame. Each day the master of my harem paraded before me a new lot of female slaves—lovely creatures—black as ebony; while now and then, to please my depraved taste, he would present a bevy of Circassians, white as ivory. All would not do. I became every day more difficult to please; and, by the prophet, it went to my heart to lavish upon a female of imperfect symmetry the price that would have purchased a well-shaped Arab mare! Still was I tormented by an undefinable longing; and one evening, when my restless fancy had wandered into the regions of ideal perfection, I was suddenly assailed by a horrible temptation: in short I determined to penetrate, if possible, even to the secret recesses of the imperial seraglio.

"I have always detested concealment, and I scaled the walls of his highness in as much fancied security as though neither janizaries nor mutes were on the watch. It pleased the prophet to crown my rash design thus far with success. I traversed without accident the three hitherto impenetrable enclosures which defend the entrance of the seraglio from unhallowed footsteps; and when daylight dawned, I gazed with impious curiosity upon the inviolable sanctuary. Conceive my surprise when by the pale light of the morning sun I could discern that the wives of Allah's vicegerent were formed like other women. The film fell from my eyes; I was completely undeceived, and yet my imagination could scarcely credit the sad reality. A fit of tardy repentance stole across my mind, when suddenly I found myself seized by the mutes on guard.

"Dreadful was my crime: yet so easy is the yoke with which true believers are governed, that even had my guilt been proclaimed, it would have been merely a matter of decapitation for me and the slumbering

females upon whose unveiled countenances I had sacrilegiously gazed. It was, however, decided that this momentary stain should be carefully concealed from the knowledge of his highness; and an aga having ordered me to be conducted with all possible secrecy from within the redoubtable enclosure, I was marched off to undergo the penalty which my heinous offence had merited.

"Perhaps, ladies and gentlemen, you may require a description of the punishment of impalement. The instrument employed on such occasions is sharp and pointed, and, placed on the top of one of our loftiest monuments, is not unlike one of those spiral conductors with which you unbelievers blindly defy the fury of the elements, and even the immutable decrees of destiny. Upon this instrument was I placed astride; and that I might be enabled to preserve my equilibrium, to each of my feet were attached two heavy iron balls. My agony was intense: the iron slowly penetrated my flesh; and the second sun, whose scorching rays now began to glitter on the domes of Constantinople, would not have found me alive at the hour of noon, had not the iron balls by some accident been disengaged from my feet: they fell with a tremendous crash, and from that instant my tortures became more endurable. I even conceived a hope that I should escape with life. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the scenery around Constantinople: the eye rests with delight on the broad expanse of ocean, sprinkled with green islands, and ploughed by majestic vessels. Spite of my sufferings, the view which I enjoyed was sublime. From the eminence on which I was perched, I could easily perceive that Constantinople was the queen of cities. I beheld at my feet her brilliant mosques, her beauteous palaces, her gardens suspended in the air, her spacious cemeteries, the peaceful retreat of opium-eaters and hydromel-drinkers; and in the height of my gratitude for the glorious sight which the intercession of the prophet had procured me, I invoked the God of true believers. Doubtless my prayer was heard. An unbelieving dog—I crave your pardon, I mean a Christian priest—delivered me, at the peril of his life, and transported me to his humble dwelling. When my wounds were sufficiently healed I returned to my palace. My slaves prostrated themselves at my feet. The next morning I bought the first women that presented themselves, dipped my pipe in rose water; and if I occasionally thought on his highness and his janizaries, it was prudently to remind myself that women must be purchased such as Allah has made them, and, above all, to recollect that God is God, that Mahomet is his prophet, and that Stamboul is the pearl of the East."

Such was the Mussulman's tale. Fatigued by the length of his recital, he fell back listlessly upon the cushions of the sofa, in the voluptuous attitude of a true believer that blesses his prophet for all things, trusts all to fate, and smokes his pipe at noon. The venerable Turk was the living personification of calm and blissful content, one of those models from which the genius of a Raphael or a Titian might have traced the portrait of a being without care, without desire, without even a thought! Oh, how I sometimes envy the repose of a luxurious Mahometan couched on his Persian carpet, and plunged in that delicious eastern doze which seems to spare the prophet's lazy votary even the trouble of closing his eyes!

Stories, like accidents, follow each other in rapid succession. A tale of interest related with *naïveté* exercises a singular influence on the minds of the listeners: it draws them together, as it were, by a community of

sensations, and changes an evening that has set in with dulness and stupidity into one of social mirth and pleasure. Thus, after the Turk's laconic tale, the evening decidedly assumed a new aspect: the old aunt replenished the fire with an additional faggot in defiance of the almanack, which had not yet announced the commencement of the winter quarter. An autumnal fire is really a subject for the poet; and were it not that my Pegasus rather limps, I might attempt to amble through a verse or two. No, no, I must stick to prose; it gets on faster; and rhymers are troubled with such abominable headaches!

In humble prose, then, the faggots blazed cheerfully; and just at the moment when the white and blue flame, accompanied by the delicious odour of a French wood fire, proudly lost itself in the invisible regions of the chimney, its reflexion irradiated the visage of a personage who had not yet opened his mouth, except for the purpose of swallowing. From the mixture of phlegm and fog distributed in equal portions over his countenance, it was easy to recognise the taciturn stranger for an Englishman: no disparagement to my countrymen, for silence is said to be the concomitant of wisdom. His jaws would have absolutely grown rusty for want of practice in the vocal department, had it not been for the increased agility with which they were forced to perform their masticating functions. And yet, athwart the cold reserve of his countenance, that damped and chilled like the gloomy November of his metropolis, a keen sarcastic glance beamed occasionally from his eye,—a ray of intercepted sunshine, that, piercing faintly through the mist, cheered for a moment with its promise of genial warmth. The caustic smile by which his features were from time to time dilated, the malicious curl which played around his nether lip, denoted that he was visited with moments of mirthful mood, even with casual glimmerings of fun; that he could sometimes utter as well as swallow a good thing, and circulate the jest as well as pass the bottle.

I know not how it happened, but the eyes of the company were simultaneously turned upon the Englishman, as if in expectation of his tale;—for narratives had now become the order of the night, and were as indispensable as the long stories which at the delicate entertainments of Madame de Maintenon, as her biographers have taken the trouble to inform us, the guests were sometimes obliged to accept in lieu of the more substantial *rôti* that usually preceded the desert. Fortunately my countryman was “in the vein” for personal anecdote:—had not his humour of the moment seconded the wishes of the company, I much doubt if I should now have the satisfaction of communicating the following adventure, which was narrated in a tone that might have passed for bantering, but for the imperturbable and somewhat melancholy gravity of the speaker.

“For my poor part, ladies and gentlemen,” said he, “I regret that I cannot gratify you with a dissertation on the pleasures of Suspension or Impalement, never having personally experienced either of those high destinies. My fate was different and less exalted; and if you will condescend to relish a simple scene of drowning, a few artless details of suffocation by water, I have it in my power to contribute my mite to the general hilarity. Though I can only boast of having been drowned, the particulars of my death are rather strange. Not long since, in my rambles through France, I visited Lyons. Some of you who are acquainted with the environs of that city may recollect a charming landscape almost

close to its walls. To that spot I wandered on a smiling summer's morn. Through the clear warm atmosphere not an envious cloud could be seen skimming the blue vault, and the fragrant breeze that scarcely ruffled the foliage seemed to lull all nature to repose. Yielding to the soothing influence of the scene, I stretched myself lazily along the river-bank just where the Saone timidly unites its limpid waters to the current of the Rhone, and, like a coquettish mistress half-meeting the caress she seems to shun, first opposes the impetuous stream, then resists more faintly, till at last both rivers mingle their waves and lovingly roll together in the same broad channel. Hours glided on unnoticed, and the heat of the noon-tide sun rendered the cool transparent flood still more tempting. A species of rude mossy grotto lent me its partial shade,—the same that, if report speaks truth, once afforded a night's shelter to that phoenix of vagabonds, Jean Jacques Rousseau. Around me floated a thin veil of sultry vapours. I was, in short, in that condition between sleep and waking, in that state of beatitude, which an opium-eater may be supposed to enjoy; and as I gazed upon the sheet of water that appeared to me so peaceful and so calm, imagination presented to my view a fair and fantastic form—a youthful and lovely female seated on a fragment of rock at the bottom of the stream, and tempting me with a smile to her watery dwelling; while, mixed with the murmur of the rippling current, a soft plaintive melody was wafted to my ear—one of those sweet strains with which the Sirens of old wooed the heedless mariner to his ruin. The charm was inexpressible. The bright vision floated with graceful equilibrium in the clear mirror of the waves. A weeping willow that grew upon the bank seemed in amorous mood to kiss the nymph's fair forehead, while its green leaves encircled her form with a transparent robe. I lay in motionless enchantment, bound by one of those fairy spells whose ecstatic raptures scorn the aid of language. The dreams of my youth returned. I was transported to the world of imagination; and oh, how exquisitely fair appeared its visionary shapes, its wildest idealities! How far did this fragile but faultless creation of my fancy surpass the dull sluggish forms that jostle one another on the clod of earth to which mortal faculties are chained! I revelled for an instant in the bowers of this shadowy Elysium: I lingered for one bright moment on the threshold of a world which was not: I gazed on light which scarce had shone ere it vanished,

‘Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below!’

“Without hesitation, away I splashed into the stream; and neither its chilling coldness, nor the force of the torrent which hurried me along, nor even the sudden flight of the river goddess, could dispel my poetic illusion. Still entranced, I floated for a time on the surface of the waves, which disputed the possession of my person as if it had been their destined prey. Scarcely giving a thought to the dangers by which I was surrounded, I resigned myself without a struggle to the violence of the current. At one moment, like a truant nurseling, I felt myself gently rocked in the arms of the Saone; while, at the next, the Rhone bore me furiously away. Soon after, placed in a manner within the influence of the two rival streams which opposed a counterpoise to each other, I remained stationary, and at such moments the smiling vision returned. For an instant my divinity appeared so close, that, prompted by an irresistible impulse, I rushed forward to seize her in her flight: but she

eluded my grasp. I lost all consciousness of material existence ; I passed into a state of repose, of placid slumber, visited by a blissful trance—one of those fairy dreams too bright to last, too fleeting to be remembered. When I awoke, I found myself in a peasant's farm-house. The shades of evening already darkened the hills, the oxen lowed mournfully in an adjoining stable, and the rustic family were anxiously collected around me, whilst my head was supported by one of those comely and sturdy boatmen that are usually to be found on the banks of the Rhone.

"Such was my momentary exit :—a rapturous dream, nothing more. I perfectly coincide in opinion with the Italian and the Mahometan that death in its various shapes ought not to be regarded as an evil. The penal execution of Italy, the despotic butchery of the east, the systematic suicide of the west, are all alike devoid of terror. Since the day that afforded me a glimpse of the grisly monarch's dominions, I have been a convert to the doctrine of the philosopher who wisely contended that life and death were the same thing ; and I can only add, that since I was once fairly and soundly asleep, they who took the trouble to awaken me performed a most ill-natured office."

So great had been the interest excited by the Englishman's strange confession, that even for some minutes after he had ceased speaking, the general attention continued unabated. When at length a renewed buzz announced the recommencement of the discussion on capital punishment, the question was argued as hotly as ever. The opponents of the measure, however, were hard-pushed. I repeat that nothing silences a tough disputant so effectually as a good story seasonably introduced. It is a knock-down argument. The partisans of legal execution returned with vigour to the charge. Proofs and illustrations were multiplied without end. Death was pronounced a mere bugbear. More than two-thirds of the company, by their own account, had at least once in their existence visited that supposed "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns ;" and yet, by way of belying the bard, were at that identical moment alive and merry, and ready for another trip. One gentleman perfectly recollected having been run through the body, and assured us that the introduction of cold iron into the regions of the diaphragm produced rather an agreeable sensation—a cool, refreshing titillation. Another had received "a bullet in the thorax," and had ever since been extremely partial to that species of aperient pill. A third had fractured his skull in several places with considerable advantage to its interior contents, as he had ever afterwards been remarkable for the liveliness of his fancy, and the pungency of his wit. A tertian ague was a mere bagatelle ; and could any thing be compared to the pleasurable excitement, the delightful delirium, produced by fevers of every denomination, typhus, cerebral, or intermittent ? As to hanging, my Italian brigand had settled that point, having proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that nothing could be more delicious than to swing into the other world on a windy day. It was soon decided by a large majority, that the numerous and estimable members of the Jack Ketch family, dispersed over various parts of the world, were really entitled to public gratitude, and, for their efforts to check the redundancy of population, merited the civic wreath which the ancient Romans in their ignorance adjudged to the ill-advised citizen who had warded the stroke of death from a member of society.

At this stage of the discussion, a fat abbé, "of fair round belly, with M. M. *New Series*.—VOL. X. No. 55.

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good capon lined," ventured to put in one word. During the greater part of the debate the worthy man had been buried in an arm-chair opposite to the Turk, to whose portrait his would have formed an admirable appendage, and had ruminated profoundly, in the attitude of a high feeder undergoing the tedious process of digestion. Rising with effort from his seat, and placing himself like an ample screen in front of the fire-place, while his little twinkling eyes peered complacently around,—“Gentlemen,” said he, “you talk this matter well: but if I were to describe the fate which I once narrowly escaped, if you could only for an hour or two experience the horrors of a surfeit, you would speak in more respectful terms of the grim king of terrors. Death has many doors—all of them, in my opinion, disagreeable enough; but take my word for it, it is no joke to be despatched into eternity by an indigestible Strasburgh pie!”

A VISIT TO CEUTA, THE SPANISH PRESIDIO ON THE COAST OF BARBARY.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.

At the time the fortifications of Tangiers were blown up, and that town abandoned by the English, Gibraltar was not an appendage to the British crown. Had the acquisition of that fortress been anticipated, it would have been a want of common sense to have parted with so valuable a prop of sustenance as Ceuta would be to Gibraltar. But our predecessors are to be blamed for a want of foresight, at a time when the Barbary powers were much more formidable than they are at present, in not retaining a possession on the coast of Western Barbary, from which the Moors might at any time be intimidated by marching a force into their country to frustrate their plans or punish their aggressions. It is useless to refer to the disasters which have happened on like occasions to the French and Spaniards of former times. The military power of the Moors is now next to nothing! The political state of the empire of Morocco has, as well as that of other countries, undergone revolutions, but change has brought them no amelioration; on the contrary, it has lessened their effective strength. The Turks in former times fought well, and were deemed a difficult enemy to cope with; that charm is now dispelled by the unopposed successes of the Russians!* The eyes of the world are now opened to the actual resistance which can be offered to a European foe by these powers. The possession of any point on this coast from which we could march an army into the emperor of Morocco's

* Ali Bey has well foretold where the Osmanli would be found in the hour of danger, and what would be the effect of unfurling the prophet's standard! That writer has justly pointed out the difference between real courage and the excitement of fanaticism which turns aside from the first check of opposition. The Turks now seek to bury their swords in the heart of the sultan, merely to get rid of one who is but too well acquainted with their treachery! If it were not for the greater danger Europe would incur by allowing Russia to extend her empire over Turkey, such a step would perhaps prove a service to mankind.

After the successes of Russia in the east and the entrance of her fleet into the Mediterranean, it would not be surprising if she should insist on a proper respect being paid to her flag by the Barbary States. The Moors tremble for the result of Russian projects; for, independent of their real causes of fear, they have a current superstition that the Mahomedan empire will not endure above 1200 years. The time already elapsed beyond the twelve centuries is considered “days of grace!”

dominions would be a terror that would force that power into a compliance with any thing we might dictate. The Moors have a perfect horror of a train of field artillery, and it is almost absurd to mention at what odds the English could fight with such weapons. They are the worst gunners in the world even on land batteries. They can neither fire with celerity, nor have they any accurate idea of simply adjusting the length of a fuse to the distance intended to throw a shell. Such is the known deficiency of the Moors in gunnery, that the Emperor of Morocco is obliged to send his subjects to Europe to have them instructed in that art. This necessity gave rise to a circumstance in which the ludicrous and tragic are so blended, that, notwithstanding the fatal part of the transaction, it is difficult to repress a smile at their superstitious prejudices.

Six Moors were sent to Gibraltar, to be instructed in the art of gunnery. Whilst practising at Europa Flats, under the command of an English officer, and assisted by a party of English gunners, one of the guns, from some defect, burst, and strewed the platform with the limbs of three of the unfortunate Moors. Strange to say, the English artillerymen all remained unhurt. The Moors looked upon this providential exception in favour of the English not exactly as the effect of chance, but rather as some invisible design to punish them alone; for, at a subsequent muster, they could not be brought to their work; they insisted on returning to their own country, exclaiming, "No, no! we see how your English guns refuse to kill Christians! we will not stay here to be sacrificed!"

There is some share of blame due to our Ministry to have given back Ceuta to the Spaniards, at a time, it was well known from experience, there existed a necessity of keeping a depot near to so important a fortress as Gibraltar, which is totally dependent for provisions (even vegetables) on foreign resources. It may perhaps be urged, that we could not retain a place which we merely held in trust during the Peninsular war, to prevent its falling into the hands of the French, who would thereby have contested with us the mastery of the Mediterranean. By the same rule that it would have been an annoyance to us in their hands, it may become so in possession of the Spaniards, with whom we might at one time have negotiated for its retention on very easy terms. Spain would readily have consented to any proposition of the sort; it would have been a rod, with which we could have chastised the Moors, and it would at all times have afforded the most valuable relief to the garrison of Gibraltar. It may not be so easy a matter as is supposed to retake it when required. There is scarcely any means so sure of keeping the Moors in subjection as to establish a footing on their territory, an advantage which perhaps we shall discover hereafter.

CEUTA* is only six leagues distant from Gibraltar across the straits. It lies midway between Tangiers and Tetuan, in the most charming and romantic country the eye ever beheld. From the "Hacho," or signal station on the top of the mountain, which forms the extreme end of the bay, the prospect is the finest that can be imagined. It commands an entire view of the straits east and west, and the opposite mountains of Spain, the Sierra Nevada. On the land side the view is bounded southward by the long blue line of the lower range of the Atlas mountains,

* Ceuta is supposed to have been built by the Carthaginians, and afterwards appertained to the Romans, by whom it was colonized. It next became the metropolis of the places which the Goths held in Hispania Transfretana, and was after that abandoned to the Arabs and the Moors by Count Julian. It was taken by the Portuguese in 1415.

which already in the distance leap into the skies. The beautiful azure of these mountains, the refracted hues which glitter and sparkle on their sides, the huge shapes they assume, look as if Nature had sported with these masses of earth to show man his vanity and insignificance! They already give the beholder a faint idea of their gigantic parent, the snow-clad Atlas, from whose refreshing breath in the plains of Morocco the languishing Arab inhales a vigour to support the exhaustion of that burning zone.

The fore-ground of this picture is the most verdant copse and cover, in which game lies as thick as in a preserve. At a short distance in the uplands is seen the solitary castle of the Moorish alcalde; and here and there are scattered Martello watch-towers, from whose tops the wild head of the Arab sentinel is now and then seen.

A Spanish escort of cavalry accompanied us to the Moorish lines, where we roused the guard from their tents. They arose from their straw as fantastically dressed as mad Tom in *Lear*. On seeing a party of English they exclaimed, "Ah good English, fine English!"—that talisman flattery not being forgotten even here, where so little occasion exists for bringing its power into action. We despatched one of the grisly messengers with a small present to the alcalde. He bounded over bush and heather to the lone castle like a wizard. In the distance we saw his emphatic explanatory gestures of who the strangers were, and what they wanted. He soon returned with the permission required to shoot over the country, and explained to us "that the land was all our own," a figurative Moorish compliment!

The town of Ceuta is chiefly of Portuguese and Spanish construction, and is extremely clean and healthy. The salubrity of the climate, and its total exemption from the fevers which ravage the opposite coast of Spain, is proverbial. It is infinitely preferable to Gibraltar, where the eternal Levanter darkens the sky, and covers the skin with a damp vapour; where the subtle white dust of the rock creeps into the closest recesses; and where the natural heat of the climate is augmented by a reflexion of the sun's rays from the stupendous sides of a perpendicular white mountain, rendering the temperature almost insupportable.

Some of the best regiments in the Spanish service are kept here in garrison, which amounts to about six thousand men—a force by no means too great to defend the place, to keep the prisoners in order and the Moors in respect. One particular part of the town is allotted to the residence of the Moorish inhabitants, who chose to remain here at the time of the conquest of Ceuta by the Portuguese. This quarter is the only part of the town not of European structure. The low flat-roofed Moorish houses are here preserved; and the Moors of Ceuta retain their costume, religion, and privileges, the same as in a Mahomedan country—privileges which have been secured to them by different grants of the Spanish monarchs. They, in return, are bound to furnish a guard for his Spanish Majesty's service, and are once or twice a year mustered as a matter of form. They are governed by their own alcaid or chief, whose dress on state occasions is very splendid, over which he wears a scarlet bernous* trimmed with gold lace. It is not generally the custom

* The bernous is a mantle with a hood or cap. In bad weather this hood is drawn over the turban; and then the mantle itself, which is generally hanging on the back, is drawn round the body. The wool is of cotton and silk, impervious to water from its close texture.

amongst Moors of distinction to wear splendid costume: those possessing rank or power have a sort of reliance upon their native dignity, which seems to suit rather more civilized notions than they are generally supposed to possess.

They have likewise amongst them a lady to whom they pay homage as their sovereign. They say she is a lineal descendant of the Abencerrages who were driven from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella after the conquest of Grenada. They call her the Princess Almansora, and acknowledge her as their sultana. Her appearance bespeaks any thing but royalty; for, from the princess down to the lowest of her subjects, they are all alike—poverty and dirt have despoiled them of all idea of grandeur!

The Moors regard those who reside in this town, and who have accepted of the protection of the Spanish monarch, as renegades, and would kill them if found in any other part of Barbary, where they durst not venture. The Mahommedan ladies do not here conceal their faces; and instead of their husbands' jealousy being thereby excited, they are flattered by any curiosity which leads a stranger to look at them.

Ceuta is by no means a disagreeable residence, though, from its being a presidio, a prejudice is generally entertained that it must be very dismal. It certainly tires the mind's eye to be perpetually doomed to view the same scene, however beautiful; but this reproach is equally applicable to Gibraltar, where the communication with Spain is subject to many restrictions.

The Alameyda of Ceuta is a very picturesque promenade, being a levelled space or walk between two mountains, and can boast its proportion of female beauty and grace with any town in Spain. The ladies of Ceuta have indeed always rivalled the Andalusians. Neither the Prado of Seville nor Cadiz can boast a greater proportion of fine forms and exquisitely small feet, that monopolized attraction of Spanish women. Their pride of carriage, and seeming haughty turn of the swan-like crest, to adjust the already but too well-posed mantilla, beneath which steals many a soul-searching glance, might almost pardon an episode from an anchorite's pen in praise of their charms. The beauty of the national costume of Spain is certainly highly becoming to their shape and features. In vain does any other nation wear the *basquiña* with advantage. English women appear as much out of their element in the *majo* dress as they would be at a *fiesta de toros* applauding the fierceness of a bull which gores the horse and endangers the *picador*, all of which a Spanish lady may do with impunity.

The contraband traffic of Spain, it is well known, fills the prisons of this place annually with an immense number of delinquents, who, when foiled in their smuggling speculations by the *guardias de rentas*, take to the "mountain and the glen" with as little remorse as if the transition were nothing more than natural to turn robbers when misfortunes overtake them.* These are confined in the lower part of the town, and are

* The reader may judge of the present disorganization of Spain, when he is told, that the diligence from Seville to Madrid is escorted through the province of La Mancha by the robbers themselves, whom the administration of diligences have been obliged to take into their pay. Mr. R——, an English merchant at Madrid, with whom the writer had the pleasure of travelling, pointed out one of the escort of the diligence who had robbed him professionally a year previous.

Amongst some of the means resorted to for getting rid of the robbers in Spain, the following has been recorded. A formidable band had for a long time infested one of the provinces, setting the menaces and efforts of the government at defiance. They had been smugglers,

obliged to work in fetters, in repairing the fortifications, cleansing the streets, clearing the port, &c.

The state-prisoners are not allowed any intercourse with the inhabitants of the town, the residence of whom is on the mountain. They are the only portion of the prisoners who really excite compassion, men of noble minds and great families, whole cargoes of whom were quietly shipped off from Barcelona, at the period of Ferdinand's late visit, for no other cause than suspicion of disaffection to the reigning government. The noble devotion of the wives of some of these men, who voluntarily share the captivity and sorrow of their husbands, affords an example of affection seldom surpassed.

The attempt at fraud, of an ingenious rogue now in confinement here, is not one of the least curious pieces of villany that has been devised in a prison. This man profited from the juncture of the Barcelona banishments to write to a merchant at Gibraltar (many of whom then interfered to protect the property of the exiles from confiscation), requesting him to take charge of a consignment of cocoa and sugar daily expected from the Havannah. He represented himself as unfortunately implicated in the Barcelona conspiracies, under the necessity of throwing himself on the generosity of a British merchant to preserve to him the remainder of his fortune. He stated the cargo to be worth 75,000 dollars, and transmitted the bills of lading, with an order to detain the ship at Gibraltar, at which port she was to touch on her homeward voyage to Barcelona. The letter concluded, as a mere secondary and unimportant consequence, by requesting an advance of 12,000 dollars on the bill of lading. This was a demand which no merchant in the world, on receipt of such documents, would have refused; but from excess of caution it was determined to advance no more than 5,000 dollars, and that not until it was in the power of the person to make inquiries concerning the truth of such vessel and cargo being bound for Gibraltar, which the arrival of another captain from the Havannah confirmed in every particular.

A person was despatched to the noble prisoner—for he was, in fact, a man of rank—with the 5,000 dollars, and an apology for the non-possibility of advancing any further sum till the arrival of the vessel. Already was the prisoner, at sight of the messenger, preparing to count the money which the welcome visitor had brought, when, to his great disappointment, he only received the sum above stated. He flew into a passion, vowed vengeance against the trembling messenger, whose position was rather a critical one; from the mystery and stratagem that had been employed to procure this interview with a state-prisoner, which is strictly prohibited.

Alarmed at his threats, the affrighted messenger in haste and agitation sought to retrace his steps to the port, in order to embark for Gibraltar. Before he could gain the felucca, the alarm was given, the envoy was brought before the governor, and, on what appeared to be the clearest

and had kept the revenue-officers in pay for years, who at last betrayed the hold where their merchandize was kept, and caused it to be seized. Desperation for the loss of their property drove them to the mountains, from whence they issued to bury their remorseless blades in the breast of the helpless traveller, whose unpitied shrieks resounded to the skies in vain. The government, in order to get rid of them, offered a reward, to every robber who should bring in the head of his companion, and a free pardon to the survivor. Nearly the whole of the banditti were thus exterminated by each other. Those who claimed the promised pardon were sent where they could not make their stories known.

evidence, was convicted of carrying on a communication with the prisoners and their political party in Spain. Explanation, or the offer of tendering proofs in favour of his innocence were considered an impudent aggravation of the offence; he was therefore thrown into prison.

It is almost unnecessary to say the bills of lading were forged, and that the whole was a deliberate plan of robbery, founded on an insight into some correspondence on the subject of this cargo, which belonged to another person, and which had accidentally fallen under the prisoner's observation. After a lapse of some time, the Spanish authorities were convinced of the fraud, and liberated the person who had innocently been exposed to the loss of his liberty, but no redress could be afforded to the unfortunate merchant for the loss of his money.

The fortifications of Ceuta, on the side towards the Moorish territory, are of immense height, and truly formidable. The numerous convicts have from time to time erected a range of batteries which "laugh a siege to scorn." Much has been added since the attack the Moors made to regain possession of this place about thirty-five years since. If all the embrasures were mounted with cannon, which they are not, it might on the land side be ranked as impregnable; but the poverty of the Spaniards, and the spoliations of different nations, have caused the loss of the most valuable bronze and brass artillery that any nation ever possessed.

The Emperor of Morocco, in his last visit to Tangiers, passed this fortress on his route from Tetuan, on approaching which he exclaimed, "Ah! that is the land of the Christians, who have given us so much trouble!" It is said he raised his eyes to the walls with a wishful look, but they defy the power of the Moors to make any farther efforts to take the place.

A deputation from Ceuta went out to meet the sultan in order to treat regarding the boundary of their different territories, which had never till then been settled. According to that invariable custom in Barbary, without which it is impossible to advance a step, the deputation gave the emperor some valuable presents, which induced him to settle the disputed point according to the wish of the Spaniards. His majesty refused to enter the walls of the garrison, into which his army would not of course have been admitted; but requested the deputation, which consisted of the principal military officers of the place to follow him to Tangiers, where the business was definitively arranged.

The Spaniards have a ridiculous jealousy on the subject of the fortifications of Ceuta. Whilst one of our party, the late Lieutenant O—— (who fell in the fever of Gibraltar), was sketching a view of the Barbary mountains from the deck of his little yacht, which lay at anchor in the canal which makes this place an island, we found ourselves suddenly under the unexpected care of an officer and his guard, who, from the ramparts above our heads, in the most violent and angry tone, hailed us to desist from taking a plan of the fortifications, threatening to fire if we attempted to move. The folly of such a suspicion was explained; which not being inclined to believe, he held us prisoners till our offence was represented to the governor, who politely sent his aide-de-camp in his barge to desire us to wait on him with the sketch. On being assured that it was but a view of the Barbary mountains, and that the plans of the fortifications of Ceuta were too well known in England to need any intention on our part to make fresh ones, he seemed satisfied with the explanation; but on producing the unfortunate sketch, an angle of one of the bastions had really been introduced in the fore-ground, which

angle caused an impediment to our liberation. A council was called, at the head of which the commanding officer of engineers presided. Sentence was however pronounced in favour of our innocence, and to the great disappointment of our accuser we were liberated!

Convicts often make their escape from this fortress into Barbary, which is not difficult at periods of low tide, which leaves the beach sufficiently dry to pass along the sea-shore to the Moorish lines, if they can escape the vigilance of the Spanish sentries. The only condition on which the Moors consent to protect the fugitives is that of their becoming Mahomedans: if they do not apostatize, they are delivered back to the Spaniards. Certain religious ceremonies render the adoption of his faith, an inconvenient and dangerous experiment at an advanced period of life; but there is no alternative for them: the punishment which awaits their return is more dreadful than the one proposed; they therefore generally consent to the latter, and make up their minds to settle in the country. Notwithstanding the change of costume, and the disguise of the shorn head and turban, it is easy to discover these converts from the genuine Moors. Such is the zeal of the Mahomedans to convert Christians that they are satisfied thus to force their faith upon them; but the moment the unfortunate renegade has submitted to all they require, they openly manifest their contempt, and give him to understand his progeny even to the third generation can only then be considered pure Mussulmen. They watch over him to prevent his escape from the country, any attempt at which would cost him his liberty, perhaps his life!

I recollect meeting with a renegade at work in the gardens of the American consul at Mount Washington near Tangiers. Beneath his turban there appeared features more Hibernian than Arabesque. In reply to a question asking him to what country he belonged, he answered in the true vernacular of the Emerald Isle, "that his country was that in which he found his bread." A tender cord was touched; but he continued, "that in his youth he had been a sailor shipwrecked on the coast; that a number of wild Arabs had fallen on the captain and the crew, whom they had murdered; but that his life had been spared in pity to his youth, on consenting to become a Mahomedan."

The real truth of Sidi Abdallah's shorn head, which I afterwards learnt, was this:—He had remained in Spain after the peninsular war, in which he had served. Some slight misdemeanors had caused him to be transported to Ceuta, from whence he had made his escape. On his way across the country he observed a woman washing clothes at a brook. Sidi Abdallah, then Tom O'Reilly, or some such name, boldly advanced towards her; but the nearer he approached, the more closely did the lady muffle herself up in her shawls. This, instead of serving him as a warning to retire, only tended to whet the edge of his youthful curiosity! He found means, by dint of money, to induce the damsel to exhibit her face; but soon regretted the expense he had been at, for she was one of those ugly, broad-nosed, thick-lipped creatures, with the complexion of a mummy, belonging to the half-castes. He turned from the sight in disgust, when he found his path intercepted by half a dozen Moors, who had witnessed his interesting interview with the lady, and had determined on making him pay the penalty of his impertinent curiosity! He was placed in confinement, and was doomed to die! On consideration of his inexperience of Moorish customs, he was however offered the alternative of marrying the woman and becoming a Mahomedan, which he thought proper to accept.

NAVAL AFFAIRS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

In resuming our discussion of the important subject which the pamphlet of Sir Charles Penrose has forced on the consideration of men in power, we are led to revert to the Admiral's practical suggestions touching the necessity of an alteration in the tonnage and artillery of our vessels. In order that this desired alteration should be made on a safe and satisfactory basis, Sir Charles recommends, as will have been seen in our last, a series of experiments.

"These experiments would necessarily lead to much of that increased exercise and experience afloat which I so strongly recommend. It is only by seeing ships of different classes together, in all the various circumstances of wind and sea, that any correct opinion of their real qualities can be formed; and many of our younger officers must necessarily be completely uninformed in these particulars. I should therefore try together one or more of our first-rates, new eighty-gun ships, *razed* seventy-fours, twenty-four and eighteen-pounder frigates; and as we have unfortunately a considerable number of almost new twenty-eight-gun ships, which in their present state are only calculated to disappoint and disgrace us, I should see whether, by converting them into corvettes, their sailing qualities might not be considerably improved, and they would at all events be reduced to their real denomination in point of force. A larger class of corvette, with sufficient breadth to carry heavy long guns, is however so indispensably necessary, that I should not rest until I had succeeded to my full satisfaction in this particular. Here such officers as Captains Hayes and Symonds, who are experienced seamen as well as excellent naval architects, would afford the greatest assistance; and I have no doubt that the second, if not the first attempt, would produce a most desirable vessel of this class."

Here we disagree with the Admiral. The measure, as regards the Eight-and-twenties, is an impolitic one, as we feel certain would be admitted by those scientific officers alluded to. To convert any one of this class of frigates to the description of corvette designated, is totally impracticable, inasmuch as the original structure is deficient in that breadth of beam indispensably necessary in the formation of the vessel proposed to carry such weight of metal as would be required. No, no; this is not the way to rid ourselves of those "fatal and perfidious barks," which, in the words of Sir Charles, are "only calculated to disappoint and disgrace us." Let us have no half measures: banish them at once from his Majesty's service, and, by so doing, give confidence to our captains of frigates, who, although proverbially brave and loyal, would scarcely feel themselves justified in meeting an American or French vessel bearing the same *delusive* name, but being, in point of fact, of nearly double force. Had it not been for this calamitous oversight, or rather obstinate resistance to improvement, on the part of our Admiralty board, the natural tendency of "Jonathan" to imitate the little self-flatteries of that worthy gentleman Captain Bobadil would have been useless for lack of matter.

Were we asked how we should propose to free ourselves from these miscalled frigates, which are the reproach of our navy, our reply would be, "Sell them to the merchants of the country, for they are just calculated for West Indiamen, or East India register ships." If our naval administration design to put our ships of every class on a par respectively with those of other nations, let us do as other maritime

powers have done and are still doing; that is to say, let us build *de novo*, for assuredly in no other way can we fairly cope with them. In speaking of the flush-deck vessels of the United States, Admiral Penrose informs us, that the Americans say, "that their corvettes, armed with long twenty-four pounders for chase guns, will be able to beat off our eighteen-pounder frigates; and certainly, if their superiority in sailing be equal to their extraordinary weight of metal, such an event is by no means impossible." This being the opinion of the admiral, whose inference is made by himself to depend entirely upon superiority of sailing, we cannot but wonder how he could recommend the conversion into corvettes of a class of frigates, among whose miserable qualities that of bad sailing is notoriously not the least apparent, and which, as they must necessarily continue, in their metamorphosed state, with the same construction of bottom, would be as inefficient in one shape as contemptible in the other. Pursuing the subject, our author says:—

"The French, I hear, are building some of nearly equal force: and shall we, while these improved and superior vessels are rising up on all sides around us, obstinately persist in our old system, until defeat and shame too late convince us of our error?"

Yes, judging by experience, it is to be feared we shall do so; for our "defeat and shame" in the American war has not been productive of the good lessons usually to be learned of adversity. It would seem as if we were covetous of "defeat and shame;" for though our men in power cannot but be aware that the French are not only building, but *have* built and put into commission, frigates of superior force to any we possess (witness those employed in the present expedition to Algiers*), still no measures are taken on our part to place ourselves on an equality, in this particular, with other maritime powers. It was not until we lost three or four frigates in the American war, that we thought it might be *rather* advisable to cut down two of our seventy-fours (the *Majestic* and *Saturn*), and form them into what are called *razées*, that they might be sent out to the American coast to drive into their own ports those frigates of the United States which, until then, with no other opposition than our frigates of comparatively small size, had successfully swept the seas. It is hardly necessary to observe, that our heavy squadrons could have no effect on the fast-sailing frigates of America; and our own ships of that denomination, which could alone bring the enemy to action, had no chance from being so incomparably inferior in force.

With reference to another class of vessels, still more calamitous in their employment than the frigates just spoken of, namely, Ten-gun brigs, the use of which we deprecated in our last number, the admiral says,

"I further recommend entirely discontinuing our ten-gun brigs, considering them most inefficient vessels of war, and the expense they occasion a most complete waste of the public money. A certain number of the eighteen-gun brigs, on the contrary, *as brigs*, would, I have no doubt, always be found very useful as small cruizers when judiciously employed, and kept chiefly on those stations (the West Indies, for instance, and the Mediterranean) where enemies' vessels of their own class are principally to be found. To employ them indis-

* These frigates mount sixty thirty-two pounders, and each ship carries a crew consisting of five hundred men.

criminally in all parts of the world, or to keep them on the coast of North America, or in the Bay of Biscay during winter, could prove only that total want of consideration as well as professional knowledge which is most discreditable in the conduct of naval affairs!"

The Admiral's meaning is here not clearly to be understood. In one part of the foregoing extract, he alludes to the incompetent force of our brigs when employed on certain stations where enemies' vessels of their own class, but of superior size, are likely to cruize; in another part of the paragraph, Sir Charles seems to deprecate the use of these vessels, because they are not adapted to bad climates. Both these reasons are valid in themselves; but, to have due force, they should have been distinctly stated, and not confused in one observation. The admiral would have forwarded his object more effectually had he pointed out the dreadful deprivations necessarily suffered by those who are forced to embark in brigs indiscriminately "stationed." But the secret of having so many small vessels in commission is to be detected in the fact that opportunity is afforded thereby to give command to a number of youthful sprigs of nobility; for were the Admiralty to confine the navy to ships of real utility, the patronage of that body would be *fearfully* crippled, and the junior aristocracy would be entirely thrown upon the tender mercies of the army and the church. This system, it must be confessed, carries with it a bane and antidote; for if these young patricians are the cause of the superfluity of inefficient vessels, they, in their turn, do their utmost to reduce the number of such ships to its proper level, according to the notion of a certain sea-senator, who said, in the House of Commons, that until Ireland was brought to its proper level, by being twenty-four feet under water, no good would come to the country. In proof of our opinion as regards the unsought-for diminution of the craft in question, we may assert that more small vessels have been lost, in proportion, during the present peace, than have been destroyed in many preceding years of war. This has been long known to every naval man in the kingdom; and so frequent have the losses become that, at length, even the *land-lords* of the Admiralty have gradually opened their eyes to the fact. Indeed a recent court-martial has thought it might not be amiss to make a sort of example of one of our beardless captains; and, accordingly, *pour encourager les autres*, one of our young Admiralty aspirants has received a *check*, by losing his commission for having grounded one of his Majesty's brigs, himself not being well grounded in his profession. In this respect what was sauce for the goose was not sauce for the gander. The captain and not the vessel should have been well grounded.

It is remarkable, considering the care which Sir Charles Penrose has evidently bestowed on his subject, that he should have omitted to particularize a certain arbitrary exercise of power in the present administration of our naval affairs. We allude to the practice of "scratching off the list" the names of many valuable officers without court-martial, or previous investigation of any kind. Persons in office seem to think that an act, which converts a gentleman into a pauper, may be committed without the necessity of assigning any other reason than that "it is the pleasure of His Majesty;" whereas it is well known that His Majesty would be the last man in his own dominions to do an unconstitutional act; for martial law ought to be compounded of the same elements as civil law, one of the fundamental principles of which is, that no man

may be punished without trial! It may reasonably be wondered why some of our *soi-disant* patriots, in the House of Commons, do not demand a list of officers who have suffered dismissal without an official inquiry into their conduct; for the consultation between three lords of the Admiralty, who do not call on the party for his defence, cannot be designated an official investigation. We know that the principal cause of dismissal is to be found in the circumstance of our officers sometimes seeking employment in the service of our allies, rather than be forced into jail, or starvation on the miserable pittance at home, given as a remuneration for long and hard services. Instead of taking away the commissions of honourable men who have offended in the above manner, it would be wiser and juster to inquire into the cause which led to the necessity of their seeking subsistence abroad.

The Admiral's observations on the expediency of introducing steam-vessels in our marine for the purposes of war are, on every account, worthy of the most serious attention:—

"I observe that in the French navy-estimates for 1829, the minister of marine demands an extra sum of 7,000,000 francs for the express purpose of the construction of steam-vessels; but I have not yet been able to learn that our attention has been turned as seriously as the importance of the subject requires, towards any preparations for this new species of maritime warfare. Here I am afraid our old habits and prejudices again oppose the progress of improvement, and that, while we look back with deep regret on those golden days when an order in council directed that no two-decked ship should in future be built larger than the *Repulse*, and no frigate larger than the *Euryalus*, we cannot yet screw up our courage to try experiments with armed steam-vessels, trusting, I suppose, that sailing will last our time; but that in the event of any extraordinary emergency requiring it, we may be able to purchase a sufficient number of the Leith and Dublin traders to answer our purpose. It is very true this may be possible to a certain extent; but as it is the bounden duty of those entrusted with the conduct of public affairs to prepare against evident dangers, and not to lavish the public resources in guarding against those which no longer exist, why, may I ask, do we not reflect that we are misapplying the funds granted for naval purposes, when we employ them in the construction of vessels which are no longer required? and that half the sum expended since 1815 in *twenty-eight-gun ships and ten-gun brigs*, would have created a respectable *flotilla of steam-vessels*, and enabled us to try in time all those experiments with this new species of force, which appear now to be delayed until the emergency for its employment actually arrives? We have still every thing to learn with respect to their equipment for war, and how many invaluable days and weeks will be lost, while (with all the mistakes and miscarriages inseparable from the want of full information and experience) we are hastily arming and fitting out a number of vessels constructed for other service, and but imperfectly adapted to the purposes of war."

We are not unaware that a strong prejudice exists among professional men against the introduction of steam-vessels into the British navy. "Steam-jacks," as they have been termed, are the abhorrence of many; but when it is known that other nations are intent upon employing this powerful agent for warlike purposes, we should not be *astern of the lighter*, or behind our neighbours in making experiments to ascertain its eligibility. Though the French may be said to be "young in steam," they are not backward in attempting to satisfy themselves of its capability in hostile operations: indeed, we know that at this moment no fewer than seven "steamers" of one hundred and eighty horse power, and carrying from ten to fourteen guns, accompany the French expedition against Algiers.

But, as we have already said, the Navy, which ought to be the principal consideration of government, is scarcely ever thought of by our military rulers. Lord Byron said that—

Nelson was once Britannia's god of war,
And still should be so, but the tide is turn'd ;
There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,
'Tis with our hero quietly inurn'd ;
Because the Army's* grown more popular,
At which the naval people are concern'd ;
Besides, the Prince is all for the land-service,
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis."

It is, we suppose, to this decline and fall in the good graces of the high and mighty, that the peace establishment of our navy is suffered to continue in so shabby a state. Let us hear what was said on this subject, four years ago, by an able naval officer (Captain A. J. Griffiths), whose pamphlet on Impressment, from which the following passage is derived, has had little more than a private circulation, having, oddly enough, been published at Cheltenham, which is not precisely the kind of watering-place favourable to the sale of a work on maritime affairs! We shall be doing a public service, if we can contribute to raise the very able production of Captain Griffiths from unmerited obscurity. Mr. Hume, in particular, should "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it."

"It is self-evident that the demand for seamen on the commencement of war, must be in proportion to the numbers employed in the peace; and the effects of revulsion on the first burst of war, from the very great supply necessary to be taken from the merchant's service, must be so pressing, as to render it highly important to reduce its numbers as far as can possibly be done. Dependence on the impress to man our fleets, and the reduction of expense during peace, have induced the naval establishment to be placed on the *very lowest scale* which national safety, and the care of our numerous colonies, would possibly permit. Another reason also for an addition to our present numbers has also been given, in the chapter on "The Inefficiency of future Impress," among which the probably lessened number of foreigners in our service is a material consideration. We are not sanguine of obtaining consent to such an augmentation as in our opinion would be wise. The navy, which should be the last, has ever been the first service visited by reduction. Lulled in the security of peace, the *present saving* is all that is considered; forgetting the old adage of "penny wise and pound foolish." It is too self-evident to admit of a doubt, that every increase of numbers employed in the peace, correspondingly reduce the demand on the com-

* On this subject Admiral P. observes, "I am far from wishing to draw invidious comparisons, or to repine at the superior advantages enjoyed by our sister profession, which leads to, instead of excluding from, the highest honours of the state; yet I cannot but see that our naval departments are degenerating into political engines, and the smallest possible number of professional men permitted to take part in their deliberations.

"Let me only contrast this system with that pursued in our military offices. At the Horse Guards the commander-in-chief is a general officer; all his staff, adjutants and quarter-master-general, and their deputies, military secretary, &c. are exclusively military. The secretary-at-war is a colonel in the army; the whole of the Board of Ordinance, master-general, lieutenant-general, surveyor-general, &c. &c. are all military men; not a single naval officer is admitted, although all the alterations and experiments on *naval ordnance* are tried at Woolwich, and (as I have heard) very great unnecessary expense often incurred from the want of that information which professional experience can alone afford; all the minor branches, comptrollers of army accounts, &c. are equally filled by valuable officers, whose previous habits peculiarly qualify them for the duties of their station; but when we turn our eyes towards our naval departments, what an extraordinary contrast do they present!"

mencement of war, proportionally lessen the evil of impressment, and the pressure on the trade of the country. It appears that on war breaking out, thirty thousand additional seamen would at once be required: and it must be quite clear, if an additional thirty thousand were employed in the peace, none would be wanted; no call on those in the merchant's employ would be requisite. If then only an additional five thousand were employed, the demand would be reduced to the same amount, and the revulsion occasioned by change from peace to war would thereby be materially diminished. We would then propose an increase of at least five thousand to the present peace establishment. Expense being the great objection to overcome, our purpose will be to show how this augmentation may be obtained with the least pressure on the finances. The ships in commission have generally reduced complements. The cost of the wear and tear of the ships, rigging, sails, and ordnance, are the same, whether with the present short crews, or with the full ones. The wages and victualling would consequently be nearly the whole additional charge; and, further to reduce the amount, our proposition is to create this number of seamen, by employing five thousand well grown able-bodied youths, of the age of from sixteen to eighteen; to receive wages at the rate of eighteen to twenty shillings per month. If these lads were put into the tops, and after-guard, instructed in the duties of seamen, and duly taken care of, in two years they would become most valuable men. To induce them to enter, the time of the servitude should be limited to three years, and the promise of ordinary seaman's rating at the end of two, *if they put themselves forward*. The advantages of this plan would not be confined to the actual increase of seamen. From the ships being more efficiently manned, reduced discontent, too often the cause of desertion, could not fail to attend it, as well as the lessened necessity of impress which would consequently result. These men would, in all probability, stick to the navy through life. Those commencing their career, and brought up as it were in the navy, are little likely to prefer the labour and toil of the merchant's employ; precisely as the domestics of the wealthy, with little work and pampered feeding, are not found to return to the loom or the plough. Lads of this description, well selected, placed under the immediate care of the captains of the forecabin, tops, &c. and duly attended to by the officers, would speedily become most efficient and valuable men. That no difficulty would be found to procure them, may be fairly inferred from the fact before stated, that none is found to obtain workmen for any, even the most disgusting and unhealthy employs. Let justice be done to those who serve, let the abolition of the impress be seriously attempted, let the seamen and the population see, and feel, such was the conduct they may rely on experiencing, and a rational hope might be indulged of finding volunteers. One thing is self-evident, *that the abolition of the impress and a small peace establishment are perfectly irreconcilable!!* The utmost inducement the nation is capable of offering, could not produce the numbers wanted on the commencement of war, unless such numbers were materially lessened by a considerable increase of those usually employed in peace.

“PETTY OFFICERS.—These are unquestionably the primest men in the service. It has been shown, page 130,* that the portion of these classes now in the navy

* “The peace establishment is so comparatively small, and the system of withholding the pensions which have been granted, from men who serve, has at once driven away and excluded from the navy that important class of seamen—the petty officers. At the conclusion of the war, we possessed a proportion of these invaluable men for 115,000; while since the peace, the proportion we have employed is that of about the odd 15,000. You cannot expect men who had been boatswain's mates, gunner's mates, quarter-masters, &c. to come and serve in the navy as private seamen! Men of this description are worth their price *any where*, and nothing but positive distress would induce them to descend in the scale; besides that all these, and indeed *all our seamen* who from servitude receive pensions, could not be expected to enter. Where is the inducement? The king's pay, even since the last regulation, is not equal to that of the merchant service, and every pensioned petty officer and seamen losing these, while serving, it *bona fide* amounts to a prohibition. Instead, therefore, of their being won to the service, thus are they excluded, and by whom

cannot be an eighth of those we possessed at the conclusion of the war, and that, under the present system, they are actually driven out of the service. A set of good petty officers is an incalculable advantage to a ship: they may be said to give efficiency to a badly manned ship. We propose an additional number to be allowed to the ships during peace, say two hundred and fifty. There are now about one hundred and thirty men of war in commission, so that it would be hardly more than one to each. What a foundation for the ship's companies of twenty or twenty-five sail of the line these additional petty officers would be! On the breaking out of a war, with the officers, the marines, and these men, they might be said, in efficiency, to be one third manned. As such men would be comprised in the general number employed, the only additional expense these extra ratings would incur would be the little increased pay, above that of the able seamen; a perfect insignificance when compared with the high value of these men's services."

The above considerations, we think, should not be neglected by our senatorial seamen. Not that we have much hope from these honourable gentlemen, who, however independent some of them may be on other topics, are invariably acquiescent in any measure originating in the Admiralty, and who sit quietly and hear the grossest official mis-statements, aware of the existence of many official sins as well of omission as of commission. Why should this wretched subserviency be required? It is a bad sign when a public body cannot afford to permit persons who are in its power to speak their opinions honestly. This is not only hurtful to power itself, but is utterly destructive of that tone of mind in individuals without which neither public nor private good can long subsist. "The political liberty of the subject," says Montesquieu in his *Spirit of Laws*, book xi. chap. 6, "is a tranquillity of mind, arising from the opinion each person has of his safety. In order to have this liberty, it is requisite that the government be so constituted as that one man need not be afraid of another." It is nothing but the fear of loss of favour that keeps the professional members of the House of Commons from discharging properly their duty to their constituents and to the country. It is in vain for any of them to say, "I am no orator as Brutus is;" for oratory is not required of them, nor would oratory stand them in the least stead. What is wanted is a plain exposition of that which is wrong, an honest guidance towards that which may be right; and a service of this kind is better done in few than in many words. We have it from the competent authority of the Duke of Wellington himself, that the only object of long parliamentary speeches is to mislead and confound. But even should eloquence be once in a way necessary, the occasion will never fail to inspire it, if the speaker be familiar with his subject. A wise English writer has said that "What we know thoroughly, we usually express clearly, since ideas will supply words, but words will not supply ideas. I have myself heard a common blacksmith eloquent, when welding of iron has been the theme."

But we fear that independence is not to be expected from men who are under so serious a liability as are our naval officers. The evil is without a cure; and yet it is impossible not to lament, and difficult not to reprehend it.

are they replaced? In addition to our *own* observation, we have the authority of others whose opinions carry infinitely greater weight, that many sent to the navy now, are fit only for sweepers."

Sir Charles Penrose has "done the State some service" in writing the pamphlet before us. It is true that he is not always correct in his objurgations; but that he should be so for the most part is enough to warrant his friends in their determination to print what had been embodied by the pen of the veteran admiral. We have not hesitated to say openly that we coincide with him in most of the sharp rebukes directed against the powers that be; and we shall endeavour to be equally candid in opposing him where his strictures are not founded in justice. As regards naval discipline, for example, he says:—

"I had earnestly hoped, in common with many of my brother officers, that advantage would have been taken of this long period of profound peace, to digest and introduce some material improvements into our general system of naval discipline; and that while our civil and military codes have been gradually and almost imperceptibly assuming a milder spirit, and becoming more in unison with the altered temper of the age, and with the general disposition which prevails amongst enlightened men to govern, as far as may be possible, by reason rather than by force,—I had hoped, I say, that this important subject would not have escaped the attention of our naval administration.

"I am fully aware of the difficulty and delicacy of the task, and that any undue relaxation of the reins of discipline might be to the full as dangerous and pernicious as the opposite extreme; but I cannot believe that in this, as well as in all other human affairs, there is not a happy medium by no means impossible of attainment; and remembering, as I too well do, all the occurrences which led to the fearful explosion in 1797, I feel doubly anxious that our system of discipline afloat should be so regulated and mitigated as to prevent, as far as possible, those sad instances of individual harshness and severity, which I would gladly expunge from my memory, but which I have no doubt contributed very materially towards the subsequent discontents."

In this particular, we know that the Admiralty is not only not to be blamed, but deserves the thanks of the nation. The punishment of flogging at the individual will of a commander is now very rare; and the navy is not, as Sir Charles insinuates, behind either civil or military jurisprudence in the wise mildness of its punishments. Captains of men of war have, in late years, been compelled to make quarterly reports of all punishments whatever inflicted on board their respective ships, and it cannot be denied that this salutary regulation has had its origin at head-quarters. Sir Charles Penrose cannot, therefore, be borne out in his strictures on this head; more particularly when he speaks of the discipline of 1797, as compared with that at present observed. We shall not, after what we have said, be accused of undue partiality for the present naval administration of our country; but, in denouncing what we think is evil, let us not be tempted to overlook or misrepresent that which is obviously good.

AFFAIRS OF BRITISH INDIA.

THE second grand fallacy upon which our Indian reformers have mounted and careered—as witches upon fiery steeds, which “glamour” alone prevents the spectators from perceiving to be nothing but beanstalks—is built upon the truism that human nature is universally the same; and that, consequently, our conduct as the rulers of Hindostan, should be regulated by general principles, without regard to any peculiarities of national character, the in-grained habits of the people with whom we have to deal, or the unprecedented nature of the situation which we occupy.*

In other words, the argument of these philosophers is this: the mind of man is everywhere the same, but as, under a favourable combination of circumstances, men have obtained a far larger share of liberty, security, and social happiness in some countries than in others, it follows, as a consequence, that if we transplant the institutions under which the former people have flourished, nothing further will be wanting to raise the less favoured nation to the same level. We cannot force the oak to grow in India, it is true, nor can we raise the bamboo in England, for in those respects the differences of soil and climate interpose insuperable obstacles; but the mind of universal man is one, whether he dwell beneath the tropics or within the arctic circle; he loves liberty and plenty in every quarter of the globe, and we have not yet found a people who have a passion for taxation. *Therefore*, there can be but one mode of proceeding, deal with whom we may; and it is only reasonable, when we have a delightfully spacious field before us whereupon to erect a fabric of legislation, to build upon the model of that which has already been found so admirably adapted to the works and wishes of one of the branches of the great family of mankind. Trial by jury, for instance, is an institution to which Englishmen are extremely partial (though Mr. Bentham thinks it an unphilosophical prejudice), but human nature is universally the same; *ergo*, let the Hindoos be empanelled incontinently. Again, the unrestricted freedom of the press has effected more for England than all the wisdom of her senators, and all the valour of her warriors; and time and long habit have rendered even the worst excesses of the gigantic moral engine comparatively innoxious. But as the mental faculties and feelings of the natives of India are essentially the same as those of Englishmen, those who doubt that a free press would work wonders for our fellow-subjects in the East, must be influenced either by bigotry or self-interest.† The next step is the denouncement of the Company and

* “General principles” is the stock phrase of the day, which has succeeded to its equivalent, so much in favour with Philosopher Square, “the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things.” The value of both aphorisms consists in the vagueness which renders them equally useful on all occasions, and facilitates sophistry and evasion.

† E. g. “The same general principles which are applicable to Ireland, are equally applicable to India. There may be trifling differences in the modes of their application; but these will be found trivial and unimportant. Human nature is pretty much the same in all ages and climates. What is fundamentally true of it under a fair complexion, is equally so under a brown or black one. It cannot be transmuted to serve the interested purposes of patronage or party. When we legislate for the Hindoos, in short, we legislate for men, and not for creatures of a clouded and egoistical imagination.” *Free Trade and Colonization*, p. 55. Mr. Crawford has the grace to make some slight qualifications, but with those exceptions, every sentence is more or less a fallacy. It is a mere insult to our understandings

its servants, and the apotheosis of Messrs. Buckingham and Arnot, as martyred patriots.

Goddess of common sense! what would Mr. Hoby say if he were advised to make all his boots upon one last, because human feet were universally the same, and all his customers had heels and insteps? Could the most ingenious breeches-maker in this metropolis cut out a pair of leathern "continuations" upon such undeniable "general principles," with regard to the human form in the abstract, as that they should sit, with equal elegance and satisfaction to the party, upon Mr. Buckle, of Newmarket, and his Grace the Duke of Buckingham? We are rather inclined to think not. Is it an easier task to fit the mind, without individual or national measurement?

Our illustrations may be thought irreverent by those whose opinions we impugn; and, therefore, we will ask them a question of a more intellectual character. How would they estimate the understanding of a schoolmaster who should apply stimulants, whether of severity and encouragement, the same both in kind and degree, to one hundred pupils, on the ground that all possessed extremities formed by nature for the rod, and that all were alike under the influence of the fear of punishment and the hope of reward?

The fact is, that the human mind is universal, as the human face is universal—in its generic form and features. It may be that minds, as well as faces, had at one time much more affinity than at present: we know, indeed, that the Tartar, the Negro, and the Caucasian family, had one common ancestor. But, at present, the mind of the Asiatic bears no nearer resemblance to that of the European, than the features of Lady Jersey to those of the reigning Empress of Timbuctoo. Upon the face, climate alone, and, it may be, the personal peculiarities that distinguished the founders of the several races, have operated, yet we see how marked the distinctive differences have become; whilst the mind, under its full share of those causes of disagreement, has been subjected for centuries to the influence of hereditary national habits. Such habits of opinion and feeling time has woven into the very texture of men's minds; they are imbibed in youth, and, in a vast majority of cases, accompany him that has formed them to the grave; and as successive generations are dovetailed into each other, many must pass away before new habits are formed with regard to matters of importance. Not one man in ten thousand steps so much out of the roadway as to get rid entirely of national characteristics; and they are very few who ever doubt whether the institutions, manners, and customs, which they have obeyed and observed all their lives, be not the best that human wisdom could possibly devise.

But as it is a mere play upon words to speak of the human mind as something different from the opinions and feelings of men, it is an idle sophism to maintain the identity of universal mind, to back such arguments as those which our Indian reformers make use of, when it is noto-

to tell us, that what is *fundamentally true* of human nature, under one complexion, is equally so under another. Every infant knows that; but who is to tell us what are the fundamental principles of human nature, and what are factitious habits? A deeper philosopher than Mr. Crawford, we imagine. He tells us at page 49, that "the people of the East are, and have been in all ages, more passive and pusillanimous than the people of the West. The dark-coloured races are more passive than any of the fairer races of men." Now, whether is courage or pusillanimity to be predicated as the fundamental constituent of human nature?

rious to all that the mental habits and associations of the different families of mankind are widely, and, to all appearance, irreconcilably discrepant. Is the human mind more identical than the human stomach? There is but one structure for each; and all minds crave after happiness, as all stomachs crave after food. Why not act upon "general principles," and, as roast beef and plum-pudding are, to our tastes, at least, viands far preferable to rice and vegetable curry, force our national food, as well as our national institutions, upon the Hindoos? The intestines are everywhere the same: let the Indian be dieted on bread and fat bacon; and let us victual our seamen on boiled pulse, and the putrid fish of which our ultra-Gangetic subjects are so fond. It is vile bigotry to suppose that the natives of Hindostan will not relish that which is agreeable to us; but experiment has proved, that hard biscuits are at once more nutritious and more digestible than the soft unleavened cakes which the poor wretches, knowing no better, devour in such enormous quantities; therefore we shall abuse the trust committed to us, if we do not constrain them to change their food incontinently.

This is absurd; but wherein do such sentiments differ from the opinions of those, who, when we are called upon to legislate for a people at the further extremity of the globe, desire us to act upon "general principles," and abstract reasoning on mind and government, in utter disregard to the moral pulse, and the national idiosyncrasy of our subjects? "*A people*," did we say? There are nations under our sway as numerous and distinct in manners and feelings as all the inhabitants of Southern Europe put together; and yet there are professors of the art of government made easy who talk of subverting every thing that has been done, running counter to all their habits and prejudices, and introducing an uniform system of entire novelty, as familiarly as "maids of fifteen talk of puppy-dogs." And our warrant for all this pulling down and building up is to be the universality of the human mind!

We have said that this cant phrase, as applied by the writers to whom we refer, is a mere verbal clinch. The Bedouin Arab loves liberty, so does the Englishman: do they love the same thing? The Arab's notion of freedom is to rove the desert without control, and to rob by stealth or open violence all but his own tribe. An Englishman, we suspect, would give a different account of the object of his attachment. Again, there can be little doubt that filial affection has a place in the breast of the Hindoo, as well as in that of the Englishman. But how do the natives of each country severally manifest their feelings upon the occasion of the last great test? The Englishman sends for Sir Henry Hallford, or the most skilful physician whose attendance he can command, to prescribe for his dying parent; the Indian carries him down to the bank of the Ganges, and stifles his last gasp by filling his mouth and nose with the mud of that sacred river. Could a clearer illustration be given of the manner in which superstitious habits destroy the practical uniformity of human nature? Yet superstition is only one of the many agents which have been constantly employed, since the date of the confusion of tongues, in creating national individuality. The system of land-taxation which has prevailed from time immemorial in India, would, doubtless, be intolerable to the Englishman; but is it more oppressive and vexatious than his own Excise laws? Our philosophers argue, in the first instance, as if the feelings of the Hindoo were the same as our own, since mind is universal; and then propose ulterior measures because it is desirable to

create that assimilation. If mind be universal, that is, (for we will not be juggled by a quibble), if our Indian fellow-subjects think and feel as we do, they cannot possibly require any infusion of English colonists to change their habits, and raise them in the social scale. We shall pause upon this dilemma, until we are favoured with a definition which shall prove "mind" to be something distinct from habits of thought and feeling.

We shall close this branch of our subject with two anecdotes illustrative of the manners and character of the people of North-western India. The actor in the tragedy was a Rajpoot, a Hindoo of the military class. The hero of the second story was a Pitan or Affghan, a Mahommedan, a descendant of one of the soldiers of fortune, to whom the country on the left bank of the Ganges, between Oude and Hurdwar, was granted as a fief. They are known as Rohillas, and their grant was called, in consequence, Rohilcund. The first anecdote is extracted from a very able and unpresuming pamphlet published last year by Mr. Robertson of the Bengal Civil Service.

"Some fifteen years ago, a village in the district of Cawnpore being put up to sale for an arrear of revenue, was bought in by government. The arrear amounted to about seven hundred rupees. This arrear the villagers raised among themselves, by a general contribution, and carrying to the collector, procured the reinsertion of their managing partner's name in his books as proprietor. About a year after his reinstatement, this individual sold the whole property to an indigo planter, who, although a native in the eye of the law, on account of his maternal connexion, was in every other respect an English gentleman. This transfer the villagers very naturally resisted, and in the court of the district obtained a decree invalidating the sale. From this decision an appeal was made by the indigo planter to the provincial court of Bareilly. While the matter was pending in that quarter, a robbery occurred in the vicinity of the disputed village, on which, one of the parties benefited by the decision of the court of the district, mounted his horse, and, spear in hand, pursued and caused the apprehension of the robbers. Such unusual activity attracted attention, and the supreme criminal tribunal at Calcutta, in confirming the sentence passed by the judge of circuit on the gang, directed a handsome reward to be given to the person who had caused their apprehension. Before this order reached Cawnpore, the decision of the civil court of the district having been reversed in appeal by that of the province, the very individual who was to have received the reward, went, at mid-day, into the house of the man who had sold the property to the indigo planter, dragged him out into the street, cut his head off, and then fled across the Ganges into the territory of the king of Oude."

Mahommed Esuf Khan, a desperate fellow, who was deeply implicated in the insurrection which took place at Bareilly in 1816, and was, indeed, supposed to have killed Mr. Leycester with his own hand, fled to Oude, and was taken into the service of the prime minister at Lucknow. After he had remained in that employment for some years, he took deadly offence at the elopement of a dancing-girl, who was his servant, or under his protection, and her reception into the family of the vizier, one of whose ladies she had probably found means to conciliate. Esuf Khan felt himself dishonoured and wronged, and resolved to reclaim the girl at whatever personal hazard. He armed himself and a few determined

attendants to the teeth, entered the house of the vizier, whilst that officer was at court, and possessed himself of his two infant sons, whom he took into the garden, and threatened to put instantly to death if his terms were not complied with. Those terms were, the restitution of the girl who had fled from him, a sum of money equivalent to £5000, and a guarantee of personal safety from the British resident. On no other conditions would he spare the children's lives; he set no value, he said, on his own life when his *honour* was implicated, and the approach of any person within a certain distance of the spot where he held the infants, should be the signal for their immediate destruction. The vizier was summoned; but Esuf Khan would not trust his promises, unless they were backed by the word of the British resident. The father was in agony, for he knew the character of the man with whom he had to deal; Major Lockett, the resident's assistant, was sent for, and after a long negotiation, the vizier was obliged to submit to all the exactions. The money was paid down, and the girl sent for. She entered in a state approaching to distraction; for no one doubted that Esuf Khan would slay her on the spot. He smiled when she entered, declared that his *honour* was satisfied, threw her a bag containing 1000 rupees, (£100,) and told her that she was at liberty to go where she chose.

These anecdotes might be mated to any extent. Yet these are the people who are to be governed upon "general principles," either spun out of theory, or at the best, deduced from observations and experiments upon the motives of action which influence individuals or bodies of men, living in a state of society so dissimilar as not to afford the slightest materials for any sound analogical reasoning!

There is yet another sophism, which, although flagrant enough to frighten a schoolman, has been frequently resorted to, without any apparent sense of shame, by some of the most eminent among the writers who have girded themselves for battle, in the public cause, against the Hydra of Leadenhall Street. They have found the rapid and uninterrupted rise of our empire in the east, its enormous extent and vast wealth, its internal peace and prosperity, and its security from foreign aggression, grievous lets and hindrances to the free currency of the flippant charges of incompetence and mismanagement which they have brought against the Company. Great as was their desire to vilify and blacken that body, and to hold it up to contempt as well as execration, it was impossible to conceal or deny, that, through the agency of its servants, it had done mighty deeds; and had given, in the course of a long career of war, uniformly successful, and advantages acquired by conquest or negotiation, invariably improved, the most unequivocal proofs of political wisdom. "*Little more than fifty years ago*," says a cotemporary, "the East India Company's territories were comprised within a few factories at different points on the Asiatic coast, and the Indian subjects of the King of England might possibly equal in numbers the population of Liverpool. Now, the East India Company are lords of a country, which measures in extent of surface about ten times the surface of the British Isles, and which contains a population equal to not less than six times the population of England, Scotland, and Ireland." These territories afford a revenue averaging from twenty to twenty-two millions of pounds sterling per annum; and their acquisition by an association of merchants commenced at the very period when the government of the crown was suffering the magnificent colonies of North America to slip from its

grasp. Here was a difficulty that might have daunted partisans less experienced in the warfare of pamphlets and magazines ; but it is the part of great minds to find resources in every dilemma. Great emergencies call for bold measures ; and as the Company must be represented as feeble and impotent as all hazards, the notoriety of the facts left its adversaries no alternative but to dispute the supposed agency. It is true, they admit, that British India is the most splendid jewel that ever was set in the crown of any prince, and that those who annexed such an appendage to our empire have deserved well of their country. But not a tittle of this glory appertains to the Company. The valour of Englishmen has won the many hard fought fields of which our territorial acquisitions are the fruits ; the same agents have consolidated and improved these conquests, by the exercise of those milder talents and virtues, for which they are exclusively indebted to the moral and intellectual education received in their native land. So far from affording them any effectual assistance towards the amelioration of the state of society in India, or rendering its connection with this country truly valuable to either, the Company has acted the part of an incubus upon those energies which have been directed towards the attainment of these objects. All the good that has been effected has been brought about without their knowledge or concurrence, or even in direct opposition to their orders. They have silenced the voice of philanthropy in their dominions, and even banished those patriotic journalists, who alone " faithful found, among the faithless, * * * among innumerable false," have denounced their vicious system of government, and devoted themselves to the common interests of England and the whole native population of India. Whatever advantages either country has reaped from their mutual relations are solely ascribable to English merit ; whilst for every evil to which that connection has given birth, or which, though pre-existent, it has failed to eradicate, the Company are exclusively responsible.

All hail, Genius of British valour and wisdom ! for verily thou hast wrought great things for us ! The Greeks made Gods of their heroes, but we have so far improved upon the practice, that we have first formed a hero out of our own abstract essences, and then proceeded to idolize ourselves. We are really at a loss to determine, whether it be more wonderful that men should delude themselves with a fallacy so extravagantly absurd, or hold the intellects of their fellow-creatures in such mean estimation, as to entertain a hope of foisting it upon the understanding of a single reasonable being. Under this novel system for the appreciation of human actions, neither the head that devises, nor the hand that executes, seems entitled to any consideration. We have been all along in error. The great general who leads our armies to victory, the statesman whose wise counsels would appear, to vulgar eyes at least, to have saved his country from ruin, are alike unworthy of our commendation or gratitude : the national genius has achieved both triumphs, so let us praise and thank ourselves. Equal measure must be dealt to the philosopher and the poet ; for every individual owes as much to the advantages which his nativity has conferred upon him, as each of the many persons who collectively constitute the Company, and its civil and military services. But the Company has enjoyed great facilities in the establishment of its empire, from the nature and character of the nursery from which it has been able to draw its executive officers and instruments of government. So must every Englishman, or body of En-

glishmen that embarks in any enterprise. So has every British general from Richard the lion-hearted to Arthur the stoney-hearted; so have our descendants in North America; so did our early circumnavigators; so did Messrs. Peel and Arkwright. The proprietors of India stock could hardly be expected to fight Tippoo Saib or the Mahrattas in person; to form at the same time component parts of a general court, and to officiate as magistrates at Meerut or Allahabad, or as adjutants of their two hundred regiments of Sepoys; to man their pilot-vessels at the mouth of the Ganges, or to serve out the medicines at their dispensary in Calcutta. Yet unless it be supposed, that rulers, to deserve praise, are bound to perform every function of government for themselves, without the interposition of any agency, we can see no plausible reason why the glorious and beneficial acts and measures of their dependent and responsible servants should not be carried to the credit of the Company.

Where *evil* can be predicated, our reformers are far too generous to lay an unequal portion of the burthen upon the shoulders of either party, by contradistinguishing the acts of the Company from those of their servants. On such occasions, the utmost care is taken to couple them closely together. "It is the East India Company and their own servants," says Mr. Rickards, "armed as they are with power and instigated by jealousy, who have from the earliest times to the present hour, been involved in quarrel, disturbance, and war, with the natives of India; and who, to guard their own privileges, ascribe to others the outrages and disorders of which they themselves have been most guilty."* In like manner, the whole tenor of Mr. Crawford's Essay upon the "Free Trade and Colonization of India," is coloured by the assumption, that the Company, the local Government, and its agents, go hand in hand in their hostility "towards all the private enterprises of British subjects," and an anxious desire and constant effort to repress and destroy every germ or principle of improvement by which the condition of their subjects might be bettered. The theory, therefore, which these and other nameless writers profess to hold, and which the "*Dii minorum gentium*,"—their Neophytes,—implicitly believe, (upon the principle laid down in our first paper upon this subject, "*quia non intelligunt*,") appears to be this: the Genius of Britain is the Ormusd of India, whilst the Company enacts the part of Ahriman,—the great first cause of evil,—to baffle and counteract all the good offices which its disinterested antagonist is earnestly endeavouring to perform. Mr. Buckingham is supposed to be the incarnation of Ormusd.

Such are the fallacies of which the adversaries of the Company have made the most liberal use; and those who will take the trouble to analyse their writings, will not fail to detect them lurking in every argument, and colouring every statement,

"Taking all shapes, and bearing many names."

Examples may be found, "as plenty as blackberries," in the pages of the *Oriental Herald*; and those Franklins of literature, who may be bold and resolute enough to force their weary way through Mr. Rickards' voluminous Essays, will stumble upon them at every step. Whenever Mr. Crawford so far forgets the dictates of prudence as to turn from the details of commerce, which he *does* understand, to treat upon the government of

continental India, and the condition of its inhabitants, subjects with which it is impossible that he should be acquainted, dire necessity compels him to pick up and make use of the sophistical weapons of his allies. The armoury of the brotherhood contains no better, but a man of real talent should scorn to use such rotten staves; for though they appear the very spears of Goliath to Messrs. Buckingham and Rickards, Mr. Crawford is far too clear sighted not to be aware of their utter insufficiency. We thought at one time that it would not be an inappropriate punishment, if he were condemned to swallow all Mr. Rickards' paradoxes; but, on second thoughts, we were alarmed at the severity of a discipline, which nothing short of a moral ostrich could undergo with impunity. So we leave him to the conscious pride which he cannot but feel from the situation which the Edinburgh Review assigns him, as first member of the glorious confraternity, the brilliant triad, of which Messrs. Rickards and Buckingham form the other limbs.* Assuredly, there is a magic in great names; an honour in being associated with them!

Besides the engines of offence which we have described, the philanthropic reformers of the administration of British India have not condemned the employment of humbler and more direct means of misrepresentation and slander. We say "humbler," because whilst it requires some portion of ingenuity to invent a paradox, or to bolster up a sophism into plausibility, the mere hardy assertion of "that which is not," demands nothing more than a moderate stock of assurance. In this respect no deficiency is observable. Our library, unhappily, is not graced with any numbers of the Oriental Herald, bound in half Russia, and gilt and lettered, as would well beseem their worth; nor does our memory retain the statements of that periodical,—now, alas! but semianimate,—very deeply engraven on its tablets. We can recall, however, two of its veracious charges, the first of which possesses the peculiar merit of involving an impossibility. The public will be shocked to hear, from authority so unquestionable, that the Government of British India arrogates to itself nine-tenths of the *gross produce of the soil*. The second lamentable fact is, that the judges and magistrates appointed by the Company do not understand the languages in which they administer the laws. We are happy in being able to dry the tears of sensibility, by informing our readers, that Lord Cornwallis' Settlement professed, *in theory*, to secure to the State *nine-tenths of the Zemindar's, or middle-man's, collections from the cultivators*; but that, *in practice*, those persons, throughout the provinces to which that measure extended, enjoy net incomes fully equal, on the average, to the sums which they pay, from the gross assets of their several estates, into the coffers of Government. With regard to the other allegation, we can only say that we should be sorry to lower ourselves by giving it its real name.

We have only room to take very brief notice of Mr. Rickards' exploits in this line, but we shall enjoy ample opportunities of recurring to them, from time to time, for his refreshment. The following are some of the broader and more condensed misstatements. "A monopoly of a prime necessary of life to the poor, (salt,) is established in a pestilential climate, carried on by forced labour."† "The ryots are, down to the present hour, as much harassed, oppressed and drained as ever."‡ The police officers "appear to have been vested with powers equal to those of a jus-

* No. CI. Note to page 285.

† Vol. I. p. 647.

‡ Vol. II. p. 214.

tice of peace in England."* "Perfas aut nefas, the revenue is accordingly collected; and when defaulters cannot pay, it is taken from those who can."† These are but specimens: Mr. Rickards' Essays teem with passages conceived and published in the same spirit; charges to which, as we have said, nothing but respect for our own character prevents us from replying in the most indignant and contemptuous terms which our language affords.

It is a most melancholy spectacle for those who really wish well to their kind, whatever their nativity or colour, to contemplate the mischief which mere partisans or wrong-headed enthusiasts have done to the best and holiest principles and interests which tongue or pen ever advocated. Paley says, and most truly, of pious frauds, that "Christianity has suffered more injury from this cause than from all other causes put together." It is quite as certain that the march of improvement and the triumph of truth, in secular matters, have been more retarded by the ill-judged exertions of those who have professed themselves the most zealous philanthropists, by their intemperate language, their reckless employment of sophistry and misrepresentation, their hyperbolical descriptions of grievances and abuses, and their equally absurd anticipations of benefits and blessings, than by any direct opposition which interest or prejudice has arrayed against them. At least half of the professed "friends of humanity" have been fighting against the cause which they have pretended to buckler. They have done their utmost to render the most sacred principles ludicrous or contemptible, by the free and flippant use of the most unworthy auxiliaries. They have disgusted and alienated those who would go any lengths, in a direct and manly course, for the attainment of the objects which they profess to make their goal; but who cannot condescend to contaminate themselves by throwing filth at their opponents, by exaggerating or misstating facts, or by making common cause with those who resort to such measures. Thus the wise and good draw back from the front of the battle, where their very presence would, like the bugle-blast of Roderick Dhu, "be worth a thousand men," and leave the conduct of the controversy in sickness of heart and contempt, to three or four Thersiteses, with whom no temptation could prevail on them "to march through Coventry." Under such circumstances, it is not wonderful that little or nothing of good should be effected. The public hear a loud clatter of abuse and vehement assertions, and see a great dust which the worthies in question have stirred up with their own feet, and mistake for the result of their efforts against their adversaries, but in the mean time they advance not a jot. The detection and exposure of one of their fallacies or misrepresentations gives more strength to their opponents than all their puny hostility can countervail; and half, at least, of the ridicule which they have so justly merited, unhappily attaches itself to the cause which nothing but their advocacy could have contrived to defeat.

With the exception of Wilkes, no person, we believe, at all answering to our description, has ever conferred even an accidental benefit upon society, and verily his fame is now not the most eminent or enviable.

We leave the Indian reformers to take their station by his side, and shall close our article with a choice moral selected from a speech delivered at the Crown and Anchor at a late meeting convened to give the finishing

* Ibid. p. 210. † P. 133. referring to Zemindary form of settlement.
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stroke to the political existence of the East India Company. Hear, and perpend!

"In India, British subjects were oppressed beyond belief. They are, by a proclamation, prohibited from going ten miles beyond Calcutta without permission. One of the Company's servants, by interest, could get an order, and transport an unfortunate man without further process. No slave trade was equal in hardship to the sufferings of this oppressed people. Children, born British subjects, of native mothers, were outcasts. They could not acquire property in travel (?) or trade"!*

The orator who was delivered of this surprising nonsense was the great Daniel O'Connell.

"Antoni gladios potuit contemnere, si sic,
Omnia dixisset."

Which may be interpreted that Daniel would have been quite safe from the knotted lash of Mr. Doherty if he had always confined himself to balderdash so excessively absurd, and statements which Ferdinand Mendez Pinto himself would blush to father.

VOICE OF THE COUNTRY—ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

IN the circulars addressed to the colonial governors in 1828 by Secretary Sir George Murray, and in various despatches issued by his predecessors in office, it seems to have been considered necessary, or to have become customary, to urge the adoption of measures recommended for ameliorating the condition of the labouring population in the West Indies by constant allusions to the *voice of the people* of this country.

In whatever degree the colony addressed was or was not assumed to have incurred official censure, the "impatience of the people of this country" was mentioned to each of them in the same threatening manner by the new colonial secretary; and the instant adoption of measures, evidently emanating from persons inimical to the welfare of the Colonists, or conceived in ignorance of the actual state of the labouring population in those possessions, was stated to have become absolutely necessary in consequence of the state of "public opinion in the mother country."

We certainly think there is something ludicrous in this manner of treating the colonists; and that to approach them with injurious measures in one hand, and an apologetical threat regarding the necessity of enforcing them in the other, is not the manner in which a question of this important nature would have been put forth by a wise and decisive government!—We further presume to think that a very little previous examination and reflection would have shown to the colonial secretary that what was then successfully foisted upon him as "public opinion" was not the voice of the community at large, nor of the intelligent part of that community, but the mere clamour of a party principally composed of ignorant and fanatical sectarians, sustained by the most unworthy artifices of their vain-glorious or self-interested leaders, who by the most artful misrepresentations did then, and do still, continue to keep in their train not only many persons who are too idolent to examine both sides of an intricate question, but also others who from the strength of an igno-

* We have copied the newspaper report verbatim.

rant zeal are still less capable of forming an impartial judgment, although better qualified to support thereby *any* proposal which their plausible leaders may be pleased to dictate.

To enumerate even a tenth part of the mean stratagems, worthless manœuvres, and mendacious statements, which have from time to time been put in practise by the demagogues alluded to, for the purposes of attracting popular applause, and inducing a belief in the justice of their pretensions to extraordinary disinterestedness and exclusive philanthropy, would lead us much beyond the limits which we can, prudently, afford to any article however important; but as our attention has been called to this subject by recent meetings of anti-colonial societies, and by publications emanating from that party, we think it prudent to adduce a few facts to show the manner in which the vulgar clamour held forth as being "the voice of the country" has been raised, and is sought to be perpetuated. And before concluding we shall endeavour to give a short sketch of some of the consequences which up to the present time have resulted from the exertions of Mr. Wilberforce and his coadjutors "in the cause of humanity," leaving our readers to anticipate the afflicting results which would likely ensue were the Government and the colonists weak enough to give way to their designs.

We may here briefly notice how completely the predictions of Lord Castlereagh and other statesmen who, in 1806, recommended the *gradual abolition of the slave-trade*, have been verified. It was at that time urged in favour of "gradual abolition," that unless we first obtained the concurrence of other nations, they and their colonies would continue the trade to a much greater extent, and in a more inhuman manner, than at that period; and, accordingly, we find that notwithstanding all our negotiations, the gross misapplication of seven millions of public money, and the loss of thousands of lives, it has been, and is still, carried on to a greater extent than at any former time, and with a cruelty proportioned to the necessity of concealment—all this may be attributed to the intemperate zeal of Mr. Wilberforce and his coadjutors, who took upon themselves positively to assert that "no such thing could take place!" Others who were more under the influence of reason and common sense, in vain foretold that the abolition of the slave-trade, by Great Britain alone, would not put an end to it, nor promote the cause of humanity in Africa; but their local and general knowledge of the subject was despised or overborne by the headlong ardour of their antagonists. We now find, that, contrary to the opinions then confidently asserted by the present Lord Lansdowne and others of the anti-colonial party, recent accounts from Badagry and other parts of the African coast state that the most savage and sanguinary barbarism is still prevalent to, if possible, a greater extent than at any former period, and that blood continues to be spilt like water; *—but we cannot perceive that the philanthropic William Wilberforce, the friend of Africa and Africans, or any of those persons who, under pretence of advocating the cause of humanity, have made the slave-question the means of their own worldly advancement, make the slightest movement in mitigation of these horrors, although they are active enough in their endeavours to promote measures which, if adopted, would reduce the slaves in the West Indies to a state of similar anarchy! It was also, at the period alluded to, urged that the fur-

* *Vide Lander's Travels, &c.*

ther introduction of Africans was not necessary for keeping up the population of the colonies ; but the great inequality of the sexes seems to have been studiously kept out of view by the abolitionists, and the subsequent diminution of numbers which has, in consequence, taken place, has been very adroitly turned against the planters as a proof of their inhumanity, although their antagonists are well aware that any decrease has been owing to the unavoidable decrement of human life in such an unequal state of the population, and that this apparent falling off has been increased by *manumissions*—a circumstance which the anti colonial party carefully exclude from their comparative calculations.

The late Joseph Marryat, Esq., M. P., has given us many instances of the palpable falsehoods, gross impositions, and suppressions of the truth, which distinguish the proceedings of the abolitionists ; and before saying any thing respecting the late anti-slavery meetings, we shall extract from one of his pamphlets, published in 1816, the following account of one of those exhibitions, *got up* by Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Stephen, and their compeers, for the purpose of influencing “ the voice of the people.”

It having been announced by advertisement that the members and friends of the African and Asiatic Society would dine together at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the day the Report of the African Institution was read, *and that a number of Africans and Asiatics were expected to dine in an adjoining room*, Mr. Wilberforce took the chair. After dinner the company drank the usual toasts ; the King, the Prince Regent, the Queen, and the rest of the Royal Family (*but without rising from their seats*).

“ Mr. Stephen then arose and apologized for addressing the meeting, which he was induced to do as being more accustomed to speak in public than Mr. Prince Saunders, a man of colour, who had just returned from a mission to St. Domingo, and whose communications from thence he would lay before them.” “ Mr. Stephen addressed himself in a great degree to the Africans and Asiatics, who had only been separated from the company by a screen drawn across one end of the room, from behind which they had by this time emerged, and *were standing round the tables*. He dwelt upon the infamy of supposing, that the difference of colour in the skin could occasion any inferiority in the mind. From a warm eulogy upon blacks as contrasted with whites, he slid into a panegyric upon Christophe, whom he described as *an ornament to the African name, and an honour to the human race*—as the friend of the immortal Toussaint—the *patriot, liberator, and exalter* of his fellow-creatures—*liberal, enlightened, beneficent, merciful*—and, above all, **A SINCERE AND PIOUS CHRISTIAN !!**

“ Mr. Saunders corroborated every assertion of this harangue by bowing assent from time to time. Mr. Stephen distinctly asserted that King Henry of Hayti, the name by which he always spoke of this person, was one of the most august sovereigns in the universe ; the glorious founder of a new dynasty, which he predicted would, in no distant time, subvert the relations of the western world as at present constituted, and give Africa its natural rank, if not superiority, in the scale of mankind !!”

The health of this blood-thirsty negro was then drank with three times three and enthusiastic acclamations, *the whole company standing!*

“ Mr. Prince Saunders confirmed the details of Mr. Stephen. He repeated the earnestness with which Christophe longed for religious instruction, and his disdain for the trappings of state. He particularly

dwelt on the assurances he had given his majesty, his court, and his people, of the *sure alliance* and aid they might expect from Mr. Wilberforce and his associates in this country !*

"The secretary of the society next congratulated the company on the display of African talent which they had just heard ; and said he would favour them with another specimen of its superiority, by calling on Mr. Paul for a speech."

This Mr. Paul repeated a *composition*, something between a speech and a sermon : but by this time the party-coloured children had made their way to the table, and were delivering their sentiments so loudly on the relative merits of the nuts, figs, and oranges of the desert, as to give no small interruption to Mr. Paul, and render much of his narration inaudible. It appeared, however, to consist principally of a mixture of religious instruction, more connected with the mysteries of the Christian faith than with moral advice, and of fulsome compliments upon Mr. Wilberforce, interlarded with texts of scripture. He congratulated himself "on the happiness he never expected to enjoy, of seeing face to face the saviour and benefactor of the blacks, the friend of the *whole* human race,"—by which we presume the orator meant not merely the negroes in the West Indies, but also those in the foreign colonies, in the United States of America, in St. Domingo, and in Africa, for whose benefit he and his associates are doing—what ? strenuously exerting themselves ? No ! neither they nor the other philanthropists of the present day include these unhappy beings, nor the numerous uninstructed and starving poor of Great Britain and Ireland in the narrow pale of *their* humanity.

Mr. Wilberforce, who sat "attentive to his own applause, declared when another of the company wished to address the chair, that he was glad to find it was one of his own countrymen ; for after the admirable specimens of eloquence they had just heard from their brethren of colour, *he began to be apprehensive they had monopolized all the talents*, and that he should feel ashamed of his own complexion. Mr. Stephen determined to take the lead in this gratuitous contest of humility, intimated that *he actually felt* (the hypocrite !) *that shame* which Mr. Wilberforce only began to apprehend.

"Dr. Stoddart prefaced the health of Mr. Wilberforce by an eulogium upon that gentleman ; according to which Mr. Wilberforce was the greatest living being in this hemisphere, as King Henry of Hayti was in the other ! The world was full of their fame ; and nothing but the universal conflagration, which is to devour the universe, would prevent its continuing to resound with their praises !!"

Mr. Wilberforce then praised Mr. Stephen, Mr. Stephen praised Dr. Stoddart, Dr. Stoddart returned the compliment with interest, and translated an address, composed by a French gentleman present—who, like King Henry, had not, we suppose, studied English—in praise of Mr. Wilberforce. But enough of this nauseous humbug !

We shall only add, that in the early part of the entertainment a *black man led in a white woman*, with a *party-coloured child*, the fruit of their

* Mr. Mackenzie in his "Notes on Haiti," gives among other documents a fac-simile of a letter addressed by this *enlightened* monarch, as king, to "Baron de Dupuy, Secrétaire, &c. de S. M.," in which there is the following amusing specimen of his progress in English composition and orthography :—"You no me, and of sufficient and of to no I alway keeping good what, and no you too fare men alway keeping good what." The signature is fully as unintelligible as that of some members of parliament !

mutual loves. This interesting group paraded round the room, as a proof of the happy result of that union of colours and races, which all true philanthropists are so anxious to promote.

When the Africans and Asiatics introduced themselves from behind the screen, which at first separated them from the company, a medley of blacks and mulattoes appeared, *MANY OF THEM MENDICANTS, whose faces were recognised, as constantly plying at their respective stands in the public streets;* and in the true spirit of equality and fraternity, wine was handed about to them to drink with their benefactors.* We appeal to our readers whether any thing can be more disgusting to every sincere friend of humanity than such trumpery exhibitions as these; yet, by such pharisaical proceedings, it has been, and it is still—attempted to influence “the voice of the country.”

Had such exhibitions been discontinued, we might not at present have found it necessary to bring the name of Mr. Wilberforce again before the public; but when we perceive that the actions of societies calling themselves “for the abolition of Slavery” are still marked by the most acrimonious hatred against the colonists;—that they persist in forcing upon the attention of the public—measures which, if carried into execution, would ruin our colonies, and every one of our countrymen connected with them; and which would counteract all that has already been done, or is now doing, for the improvement of our colonial labourers;—that these labourers, who are gradually acquiring feelings, habits, and property, to enable them to fulfil hereafter the duties of industrious freemen, would, by the accomplishment of such plans be, as in Haiti and Mexico, thrown back into a state of barbarism;—and that since Mr. Wilberforce has again allowed himself, in his feeble old age, to be dragged from his easy chair to preside at a public meeting, called in support of the pernicious views of the anti-colonists, he and his injudicious advisers must not expect their proceedings to pass without scrutiny and exposure.

The malignant spirit by which the anti-colonists are evidently actuated, is too clearly evinced in their public writings, to require any elaborate exposition on our part. When we see it asserted in pamphlets, published and given away by the hundred, under their express sanction, that the colonists are “daily and hourly proceeding in a series of crimes, any one of which, if perpetrated in this country, would call for the gibbet and the executioner to do their duty on the felons and murderers,” when we see the mild system of religious instruction and improvement now going forward in the West Indies, *under the safe superintendence and guidance of our established church*, stigmatised as “a bloody and atrocious system,” “a mass of abomination;” and when we see it asserted that “the many excellent men who compose the governors of the Christian societies for converting the negro slaves, and for propagating the gospel in foreign parts,” are “ranged on the side of falsehood, imposture, irreligion, and impiety”—what opinion can we form of the intentions and designs of the anti-colonial society? When we further see lauded to the skies such incendiary writings as the following, viz.:—“Have we forgotten how long a few Maroons defended the central mountains of the island (Jamaica) against all the effort of disciplined valour?”—that “a similar contest, on a larger scale, might be protracted for

* More Thoughts, &c. by Jos. Marryat, esq. M.P.—Printed for Ridgway.

half a century ;"—that "not a soldier or officer is sent to the colonies who does not know, that the only way of reconciling his service with the duty of an honest man, or the honour of a gentleman, is by considering himself as the guardian of the great acts of justice which must speedily take place," and that "in any other light he might as well be invited to patrol Hounslow, in aid of the knights of the road, or form a cordon round the houses of the Marrs, and the Williamsons, while the man with a hammer did his office inside!" When we further see it asserted, under the sanction of the same society, that "when West-Indian magistrates apply the term "wretch" to a negro, who is put to death for having failed in an attempt at resistance, the people of England do not consider him as a "wretch," but as a good and gallant man, dying in the best of causes, and would "stand by and cheer on their dusky brethren to the assault!" When we further see the promulgation of such sentiments applauded, and are told by the humane "Society for the mitigation and gradual abolition of Slavery," that they *envy* "the writer's power of producing on the public mind the effects which the popular talents where-with the great Author of these talents has endowed him, enables him to produce, were it not that we should almost shrink from the heavy responsibility both to God and man, which they impose upon their possessor—how is it possible to form any favourable opinion of their intentions?"

Heavy, indeed, might be the responsibility incurred by the publishers of such sentiments, were it not that the only effect produced by them is a feeling of pity and contempt. Well may every honest man shrink from communion with any society capable of avowing and putting forth such infamous opinions; and it raises "our special wonder" to see that many honourable and well-meaning persons still allow their names to remain on the lists of this society. One good purpose, however, these declarations do serve, namely, to put our countrymen in the western world firmly and decisively on their guard against the machinations of insidious emissaries; for, although, as we shall shortly have occasion to notice, the colonists are partly prepared against the artful proceedings of the sectarian preachers, and have, in some measure, been able to check their dangerous designs and shameful rapacity, to the repulsion of which may be attributed, in a great measure, the late virulent proceedings and petitions "from some places in Yorkshire," "from congregations of dissenters," &c.; yet it is well for them to know the length to which the society at home, and, of course, their missionaries in the colonies, are, under the cloak of religious philanthropy, avowedly ready to go; and that, in the words of Mr. Canning, "instead of diffusing gradually over those dark regions a pure and salutary light," these persons are more likely to "kindle a flame only to be quenched in blood!"*

It is very well known to have been entirely on account of the precautionary clauses introduced into the wise and humane slave act passed by the Assembly of Jamaica in 1826, for restraining the practices of the missionaries, that that bill was rejected at home. One of the most offensive of these clauses commences thus:—"And whereas, under pretence of offerings and contributions, large sums of money and other chattels have been extorted by designing men, professing to be teachers of religion, practising on the ignorance and superstition of the negroes in this island, to their great loss and impoverishment: and whereas an

* *Vide* Death-warrant of Negro Slavery, "printed for the Society," &c. pp. xi. 22. 32, 33.

ample provision is already made by the public and by private persons for the religious instruction of the slaves, Be it enacted," &c.

Alexander Barclay, Esq., a gentleman well known as a man of honour and probity, in a letter addressed to Sir George Murray, recently published, states, that "many benevolent persons in England accustomed to read the Anti-Slavery Reports, will find difficulty in believing that any portion of comfort, much less of wealth, can be in the possession of "a race of beings degraded to the level of brute and inanimate nature—driven by the cart-whip to excess of labour, and stinted of necessary food, even to the shortening of their miserable days." As the colonists deny the existence of any such wretchedness amongst their dependents, the question is, which of the parties is to be believed? The Reverend James Coultart, a baptist minister in Jamaica, in a letter addressed to his patron, Dr. Ryland, and published in the Baptist Magazine, speaking of the means for providing a new chapel, says, "When I consider that by my own feeble exertions, *one thousand pounds have been collected in two months among poor slaves or negroes in our own small church*, I hope, allowing a little time for the rest, that we shall, if God should spare life, and bless succeeding efforts, obtain our wishes.* * * What church in England would have done so much in the time, notwithstanding their superior circumstances?" Mr. Barclay justly observes, that if a thousand of the Jamaica *planters* had sworn to this fact, they would not have been believed in England!—but here it comes from more undoubted authority.—Another of these preachers, the Rev. Mr. Barry, states that at the opening of a new chapel in December last—"some person put a gold ring into the plate. Previous to making the evening collection, I took notice of the circumstance, and said, I thought there were many such superfluous ornaments then in the chapel which might be devoted to the same purpose, and should, if given, be sacredly applied to that use." (?) Here is the fact, not only that their money is taken, but that even the little trinkets of the coloured or black females are actually called for with all the powers of persuasion, and all the denunciations of such ornaments being sinful and forbidden. But it appears that the sectarians of Jamaica go even a step farther, and rival the Catholic clergy of old—"Among the most extraordinary, and, as many think, most objectionable modes resorted to by the sectaries for raising money among the slaves, is that of selling 'tickets' to them, which is practised, I believe," says Mr. Barclay, "by all the sects, with the exception of the Moravians, whose disinterested conduct in their holy calling forms a striking contrast to that of their brethren. *These tickets are small slips of paper, with a text of scripture written on them.* On what grounds the money is asked by the different sects from the poor ignorant creatures who buy them, I know not; but their value in the minds of the negroes may be understood from the following little anecdote related by a clergyman:—"at the conclusion of worship, last Sabbath," said he, "an aged man and woman came to me and asked for tickets." The reverend gentleman, after some conversation, told them that he would always be glad to see them at worship, and would willingly explain any thing they did not understand, but that he had 'no tickets to sell,' and assured them that tickets would be of no use in taking them to heaven.' This information they received with considerable indifference and incredulity, from which it appeared that they had been too deeply impressed with a belief in the merit of

the tickets." The poor deluded creatures had mistaken this clergyman for a baptist preacher, who had settled in the place, and who, as it appears, was *exchanging his tickets for ten penny pieces every Sunday.*"

According to the Wesleyans, a ticket is "the certificate of continued membership given or withheld as the character for morality and industry is satisfactory or otherwise. What idea the slaves have of "membership, I know not," says Mr. Barclay; "but a certificate of moral character from the ministers of God (for such the ticket is described) for which they pay money, can hardly be otherwise viewed by such ignorant creatures than as a passport to Heaven, if they should die within the current quarter!" No person acquainted with the implicit faith placed by the superstitious natives of Africa in the efficacy of amulets and charms (*gris-gris*), can for a moment doubt the accuracy of this conjecture; and we would ask the "philanthropists" of England whether these artifices for raising money are not rather more likely to perpetuate than to expel the Pagan superstitions of Africa? And whether this is a proper method of dispelling pagan darkness by the pure lights of the gospel? Mr. Barclay gives several examples, showing that comparatively enormous sums of money are extorted from the negroes in this manner! Yet it was for endeavouring to check such practices, and to preserve the health and morals of the negroes, that the humane laws enacted by the legislature of Jamaica in 1826, were rejected at home.

We consider it necessary to notice these things at the present moment, because from the renewed activity of the anti-colonial party, we have reason to apprehend some new attempt, under the usual pretence of vindicating the rights of humanity, about to be made upon the property of our already impoverished colonists. Meetings of anti-slavery societies have been held in various parts of the country, and although the "saints" have been very chary about publishing all the slanderous and often refuted charges habitually brought forward on these occasions, enough has been printed to indicate their intentions; and it has become necessary to put the public on their guard against their deceitful representations. Whenever the saints have made specific and tangible allegations, they have been as promptly met as the distance between this country and those communities whom they habitually slander will admit. For instance, a statement which appeared some time ago in a London Journal, entitled "*Cruelties of West India Slavery at this Moment: by an Eye-Witness,*" has been investigated; and the slanderer, a Mr. George Hamilton Smith, a custom-house officer in Jamaica, discovered, and forced, at a public examination, to acknowledge that his whole statement was a gross falsehood and fabrication, and that alterations were even made *at home* upon his letter before it was published and circulated, under the patronage of the anti-colonists, who still defend it on the ground of *verisimilitude*. A statement made some time ago by Mr. Clarkson in his correspondence with Mr. Green, published in 1829; namely, that "several aged, worn out *slaves*, would have *died of hunger* in Antigua, if it had not been for a committee in London, which supports them annually," has been fully investigated and successfully refuted. It turns out that Mr. Clarkson has been deceived by certain designing knaves of his own party, who had embezzled the money, and who, on the institution of a regular inquiry, acknowledged that they had never known any slave in distress, who did not receive

instant and effectual relief in the manner provided by the laws of the island; and that, in fact, there were no *slaves* in the island requiring any such eleemosynary aid! It must be obvious, however, that between the promulgation of these statements and their refutation from the West Indies, a considerable time must always elapse; and the anti-colonial party are well aware of the advantage which is thus given to them. Moreover, many persons see these slanderous charges which, as in the latter instance, are sometimes put forth not in a fugitive shape, but in octavo volumes, and thus perpetuated, who do not see their subsequent refutation.

The London Anti-Slavery Society also held a meeting lately; and as this society has been rather falling into bad odour with the public, it became necessary to make some effort to collect the usual audience; and it was therefore announced, by previous advertisement, that Mr. Wilberforce was to take the chair.

The room being quickly filled, the chairman supported by Mr. F. Buxton, Mr. Macauley, jun., Lord Calthorpe, the Rev. Daniel Wilson, and the usual squad of abolitionists, after a few words from Mr. Clarkson, commenced the business of the day, by making a long speech, wherein instead of candidly taking blame to himself for the hasty and precipitate zeal with which he had originally hurried forward the abolition of the slave trade, or lamenting the great extent and additional cruelty with which it is carried on by foreigners, mainly in consequence of that precipitancy; he complained that *nothing* had been done, and expressed his fears that nothing could be done for the final abolition of slavery, except at a very distant period. He adverted to the measures of 1823, which he asserted were brought forward by Mr. Canning, with the concurrence and by the suggestion of the West Indians! who had, since then, pertinaciously refused, "one and all," to adopt these proposals.—Now we assert, and we need only refer to documents quoted in former numbers of our Magazine to prove the assertion, that with the exception of *compulsary* manumission, a subsequent measure, against which the colonists have indeed, "one and all," from the very first, opposed themselves; and with the exception of a very few of the resolutions of 1823, which they consider dangerous or premature, almost every one of these recommendations have, in effect, been adopted.*

He then proposed to take the whole authority out of the hands of the colonists, abolishing their legislatures of course, and to proceed in the work of emancipation *without* their concurrence! He concluded by praising the high mindedness of the blacks, and asserted that "should England proceed as she had hitherto done—making free with the rights and liberties of those whom Providence had placed under her protection—the time of retribution could not be far distant; for she could not expect in that case that a great and just God would continue to her her own abused blessings which she had so long enjoyed with so little gratitude." We do not presume to interpret the inscrutable decrees of Providence, but we certainly do think that if England were to give way to the indiscreet zeal of the anti-colonists, and to replunge the negro population into that state of barbarism from which they are gradually emerging, she would add much to the responsibility of her present position.

* *Vide* An Abstract of the British West Indian Statutes for the Protection and Government of Slaves.—Ridgway, 1830.

Mr. Wilberforce was followed by Mr. Buxton, Lord Milton, and that "precious youth," Mr. T. B. Macauley, who amused the meeting by comparing the "high minded" negroes to post horses!—Mr. Hunt endeavoured to procure a hearing for the poor paupers of England, and reminded the meeting that in some parishes they were forced to draw waggons in the depth of winter, or starve; but as these unfortunates were merely "free-born Englishmen," with *white* complexion, he was hooted down and could not obtain anything like a fair hearing.—The Rev. Daniel Wilson next took in hand the motion intrusted to him, which was in reference to "the moral and religious bearings of the question," and, in the course of his speech, censured "the great religious societies of the church of England, especially in reference to the Codrington estates in Barbadoes, which, though in the hands of the 'Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts,' for 120 years past, were still worked by slaves, whose condition for a great part of that time differed little from that of the slave population around them, and was still a reproach to the church of England,"—for which we shall have a word with him by and by! Mr. Wilson was followed by Mr. Bennet, Mr. Brownlow, and others; and the meeting having talked themselves into a fitting state to second any measure however violent,—Mr Pownall proposed, as an amendment to one of the resolutions, that "from and after the 1st of January, 1830, every child born within the king's dominions shall be free"—Mr. H. Drummond seconded the motion—affirming that "there were subjects on which it was disgraceful to speak coolly, but if he controuled himself now, and if he conjured those who heard him to controul themselves also, it was that they might *keep smothered within them a more intense fire*,—it was that they might keep from dissipating in idle speeches in a tavern, what was yet to be called into *action in a more efficient place*. In his conscience, however, he believed and feared, that this question would never be carried *until some black O'Connell, or some swarthy Bolivar was found to take it up!*"

Mr. Brougham and Mr. S. Rice, who must have felt ashamed of these unseemly ebullitions of spleen, demonstrated the impracticability of the amendment, and opposed or qualified it. They were followed by Mr. Dan O'Connell, who seeing the meeting inclined to be placable, and not having the fear of Mr. Doherty before his eyes, manfully declared that "*he had served three apprenticeships to agitation*," and that "*if we were to go to battle, the sooner we began the fight the better*." After a good deal of further *blarney* he talked of "*a voice of thunder in the glens and valleys of his native land*" that had made itself heard already, and "*should ere long be heard again!*"—meaning, we suppose, that he is to raise a rebellion in Ireland for the benefit of the negroes in Jamaica.—After Mr. Buckingham and others had delivered their sentiments, the thanks of the meeting were voted to Mr. Wilberforce, and the audience dispersed.

The most prominent feature in the resolutions of this meeting is that which pledges the abolitionists to have a day fixed after which all the children of slaves shall be born free; but whether they mean to take this question out of the hands of Mr. Otway Cave, or whether that gentleman has given it up, and joined Mr. James Salt Buckingham, (as would seem to be indicated by a paper put into our hands at the door,) in schemes for encouraging the trade and civilization of *China*, time must show! To revert to the charge of the Rev. Daniel Wilson against

"the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts"—an accusation originally brought forward in that repository of mendacity, the Anti-Slavery Reporter, and successfully refuted, as Mr. Wilson ought to have known, in the tenth number of the British Critic (pp. 435 to 454), we would refer in further refutation of this charge to the annual report of the society itself, and also to the report of another society, viz. the Negro Conversion Society, for 1828, pp. 90 and 91, from which we make the following extract:—

"Upon the estates held in trust by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, under the will of the late General Codrington, 'for the erection of a college on the property, established as a public institution for the advancement of learning, and to be maintained by the labour of slaves,' there is a regular chaplain, whose views are exclusively directed towards the promotion of christian knowledge and christian habits among the slaves. He performs divine service twice on the Sunday, and gives catechetical instruction to 25 scholars for two hours in the body of the chapel previously to public worship; and out of crop season on one day of the week. The chapel is open to the neighbouring properties, and is attended by many free coloured persons and slaves from them.

"The society also maintains a school for the younger children in a small neat house, situated between the two estates, in which there are 48 scholars. They are taught to read on the national plan, and remain under the tuition of their governess, Miss Davies, from 9 till 1 every day, Saturday excepted.

"An ample provision is thus made for the religious instruction of the negroes on these estates. Their number is 366, in which there was an increase by births of 53 within 7 years, exclusively of 3 who had purchased their freedom."

Further details of the management of these estates are contained in a printed letter addressed by Mr. Forster Clarke to the Rev. A. Hamilton, from which we extract the following passages:—

"You have no doubt received the fullest information respecting the school, and plan of religious instruction pursued on these estates, from the chaplains who have resided on them. Every child on the estate, from six to ten years of age, attends the daily school, argeably to the instructions of the society, (but in no instance are they removed too young, many remaining until they are 14 years old); and after that period they are taken into the Sunday-school, and are carefully instructed in the knowledge of religious duties and christian principles. They are also compelled to attend the chapel on Sundays, when a large portion of the adult and older slaves also assemble, and where divine service is performed twice a day on Sundays, with a lecture by the chaplain at each service: and the society have been most fortunate in the appointment of persons to fulfil these duties, which have been performed by their late and present chaplain with an uncommon degree of zeal and assiduity.

"My observations are confined to the system pursued on the Codrington estates, where the continued and regular increase of the population is an evident proof of the welfare of the slaves, and of the benefit of these regulations."

And to sum up the whole, Mr. Coleridge, in his Six Months in the West Indies in 1825, pp. 60 and 61, states that—

"The trustees of Codrington College comprise a large portion of the learning and virtue of England; their disinterestedness is perfect—their intention excellent—their care commendable. Their disposable funds are ample, and the trust estates remarkably flourishing. They deserve this prosperity; their zeal for the welfare of their slaves is most exemplary, and they have gone to the utmost bounds of prudence in advancing the condition of those negroes whose happiness and salvation have been committed to them. A chapel and a school have been erected almost exclusively for their use, and a clergyman, (the Rev. J. H. Pinder,) fixed amongst them, whose talents, kindness, and simplicity of man-

ners, are not more remarkable than his judgment and his piety. The attorney and manager are both of established character, the buildings, and especially the hospital, in good order, and the negroe huts comfortable."

If, therefore, these estates are "still a reproach to the Church of England" we would ask what proprietor of property in the West Indies can escape censure? and, if the labourers upon them "differ little" from the surrounding population—whether there is any just ground of complaint—especially in regard to religious instruction? In short, it must appear evident that the *Reverend* Daniel Wilson has either been grossly deceived,—or, if the anti-slavery report be correct, has disgraced his holy calling by publicly uttering a base and scandalous libel!

To return to the anti-slavery meeting—the arts usually resorted to on these occasions for attracting public attention were not lost sight of. Negroes, whose personal appearance gave no very favourable idea of their progress in civilization, were posted at the door, or carried placards in front of Freemason's Hall, with an inscription round their hats, "*Am not I a Man and your Brother?*" These fellows had been hired for the occasion—one of them is said to have declared that he and his brethren in attendance knew nothing of the objects of the meeting—that he was a Roman Catholic, originally from Guadaloupe, "that he worshipped St. Joseph and the Virgin Mary, but knew nothing of our Saviour! Such," says a respectable contemporary, "was the confession of this poor black man, hired by the Anti-Slavery Society to parade before the door of a meeting-house, wherein Mr. Wilberforce and his colleagues were complaining that their missionaries have not full scope for instructing the slaves in the West Indies!"

Notwithstanding that constables were in attendance, many persons had their pockets picked; and altogether, on a calm review of the whole affair, it is quite clear that the day for this kind of humbug has gone by, and that the friends of Mr. Wilberforce acted very injudiciously in again exhibiting the old gentleman to the gaze of a mob, and the scrutiny of the public. We do not hesitate to tell them that however loudly they may halloo in his ear that he is the benefactor of the human race, the friend of the negro, and the regenerator of Africa—they cannot stifle the still small voice which whispers to him that his philanthropy has been of a holy-day and pharasaical cast; that, owing greatly to his indiscreet zeal, the slave trade is carried on by foreigners with much greater cruelty now than when it was a regulated trade, under humane provisions—the necessity for concealment having brought hundreds of thousands of poor creatures to a cruel end;—that his friends, particularly at Sierra Leone, have disgraced the cause of humanity by their selfishness;—that seven millions of public money has been uselessly wasted, our own colonies injured, and the number of slaves in foreign colonies immensely increased; and, finally, that all the future exertions of his party, even if they were to succeed in throwing the British West Indies into confusion, could only end in ruin and massacre similar to that which has come upon St. Domingo, and the sugar districts of Mexico; together with a similar obliteration of all the benefits which our West India labourers have derived, and are daily deriving from the present system of religious education, and gradual amelioration.

In conclusion, we would seriously recommend to the colonial legislatures, and to every one interested in the prosperity of the West-India colonies, to use every means in their power to second the views of Government *for Improving the Condition of the Negro Population*—so far as these views may be practicable, and not dangerous to the welfare of all,—standing up at the same time *firmly* and *decisively* against every attempt at encroachment or interference on the part of the anti-colonists and their objectionable missionaries, whose interference should be promptly checked, even to the extent of deportation, the instant it exceeds the bounds properly assignable to their functions as ministers of religion.

The number of manumissions, principally originating in kind and benevolent feelings, and the gradual increase of knowledge amongst all classes, is the best guarantee for the abolition of slavery; and in the event of any convulsion caused in this country, from bad counsel, or otherwise,—the colonists cannot for an instant doubt that, from one quarter or another—prompt and efficient protection would, without much difficulty, be obtained for them.

THE SUGAR CANE.*

THE author of this instructive and entertaining work very justly observes, that few subjects are of greater consequence to the commerce of the British empire than the sugar-trade, whether considered with reference to the vast amount of capital which it employs, or the extent of the public revenue which it yields.

He observes that during the past and present centuries it has increased in an eight-fold (he might have said almost in a *twenty-fold*) degree, and that the class of merchants to whom it gives employment is second in respectability and intelligence to none of the great mercantile interests in this country.

Under these circumstances a good account of the nature and properties of this useful plant, the *saccharum officinarum* of Botanists, and of the best methods of manufacturing its products into sugar, a food equally pleasant, nutritious, and medicinal,—was a desideratum which has been opportunely supplied at the very moment when the attention of the public had been attracted to the subject, by the present parliamentary discussions on the sugar duties, and by the depressed situation of our West-India interests.

The author commences with an account of the first culture of the sugar-cane, which he affirms was known, and its produce scientifically manufactured by the Chinese, two thousand years before it was introduced and enjoyed in Europe! That sugar, chiefly in the candied form, was known as an article of commerce long before the cane began to be cultivated in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean; and that it was not planted, even in Arabia, until about the thirteenth century, having up to that period been brought from the islands of the Indian Archipelago, in the kingdoms of Bengal, Siam, &c. From

* The Nature and Properties of the Sugar-Cane, with Practical Directions for the Improvement of its Culture and the Manufacture of its Products. Smith, Elder and Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

Arabia-Felix its culture passed into Nubia, Egypt, and Ethiopia; thence to Sicily, the Canaries, and St. Domingo. It spread so rapidly in the latter island, and sugar quickly became an article of such importance, that we are told the cost of the palaces of Madrid and Toledo, erected in the reign of Charles the Fifth, was defrayed by the proceeds of the port duties on the sugar imported from Hispaniola.

Once introduced, its culture was rapidly extended in the western world; but our limits will not admit of our entering upon the discussion whether it was or was not indigenous to the West Indies. One rather curious fact seems to militate against the former assumption, namely, that although it flourishes in the West Indies, its organs of fructification appear to be without the power of fecundity. "A whitish dust, or rather seed, is sometimes produced from the flowers; yet this being sown, has never been known to vegetate; while in the East, canes may be raised from seed." (p. 16.)

The Venetians' seem to have been the earliest refiners of sugar in Europe. "At first they imitated the Chinese, and sold the sugar which they purified in the shape of candy; clearing and refining the coarse sugar of Egypt three or four times over. They afterwards adopted the use of cones, and sold refined sugar in the loaf."

Dr. Dutrone, in his *Histoire de la Canne*, "states the period of the sugar plant's arrival at its full maturity, to be from twelve to twenty months; but he was unacquainted with the Otaheitan variety, which was introduced into the West Indies about the end of the last and beginning of the present centuries. This is much larger and finer than the Brazil cane, and comes to maturity in about ten months, in the elevated parts of the older settled West India Islands; but in vales, and in the low alluvial soils of the colonies, where the land has not been much cropped, the plant is oftener from twelve to sixteen months, and even longer, in becoming full ripe" (p. 17). The cane contains three sorts of juice, one aqueous, another saccharine, and the third mucous. The relative proportions of these, and the quality of the two last, depend upon a great number of particular circumstances, a knowledge of which is of the greatest importance in regulating the judicious care required for the cultivation of this plant."

Accurate and minutely descriptive drawings are given of the cane. "The roots are very slender and almost cylindrical; they are never more than a foot in length; a few short fibres appear at their extremities." The number of joints of the stalk or cane, vary from forty to sixty, sometimes even eighty in the Brazilian cane; but there are much fewer in that from Otaheite, its joints being much further apart, some of these being eight or nine inches long, while the finer specimens of those of Brazil, are from two or three inches in length. There is on every joint a bud, which encloses the germ of a new cane."

"It would perhaps be tedious minutely to follow the plant through all the different shades of its developement and growth. Its juice is, of course, variously modified in all its different stages: in its first formation it has all the characteristics of that of unripe mucous fruits; after awhile it very much resembles both in taste and smell the juice of sweet apples; by degrees it loses this, and takes the smell and taste peculiar to the cane.

"The first joint requires four or five months for its entire growth, and, during this time, fifteen or twenty joints spring from it in succession, and the same progression continues as by degrees each joint arrives at the period of its growth, which is ascertained by the decay of its leaf. • • • The last joint, which is

called the arrow, is four or five feet long; it is terminated by a panicle of sterile flowers, which are eighteen or twenty inches high.

"In new and moist land, such as the colonies of Dutch Guiana, the cane grows to the height of twelve, fifteen, or even twenty feet. In arid calcareous soils, it sometimes does not attain a greater height than six feet, and one of ten feet is considered long."

The cane originally brought from the Island of Bourbon, and reported by the French to be the growth of the coast of Malabar, seems now to be the favourite. It and the Otaheite cane are similar in growth and appearance. They are much larger than the Brazilian, the joints of some measuring eight or nine inches long, and six in circumference. They are ripe enough to grind at the age of ten months; they appear to stand the weather better, and are not liable to be attacked by that destructive insect the borer. They are considered so superior to the old canes, that their adoption has nearly banished the original Brazilian plant from our islands. "A mixture of clay and sand, or what has been called brick-mould, seems to be generally acknowledged as most favourable to the growth of the cane; and, although the effects of rain on this soil are apparently soon over, the inner portion retains a considerable degree of moisture, even in the driest weather, and it has the advantage of seldom requiring trenches to be made even in the wettest season."—(p. 33.)—Next to this the favourite soil is a black mould. We must, however, refer to the publication itself for much valuable information on this subject, and also regarding manures, the application of which the Chinese are said to understand better than most of our planters.

In planting canes the use of the plough is recommended, and is frequently used on lands that are suitable for its operations.—"In about a fortnight after planting, the young sprouts appear a few inches above the earth." The holes are filled up with earth as the plant rises, and care is taken to extirpate weeds, and also to clear away the off-shoots, which draw off the nourishment from the main shoot.—"When the skin of the cane becomes dry, smooth, and brittle; when it is heavy; the pith grey, approaching to brown; the juice sweet and glutinous; then it may be considered in perfection. It is of great advantage that the canes should be cut in the dry season, as they then always produce better sugar than those cut in the rainy season, when they are more replete with aqueous juice, and require more fuel in evaporating it."

The ratoons are the developement of the buds which form the secondary stole of a plant that has been cut. These are called first, second, third, &c. according to the age of the root from which they spring; they are found annually to diminish in length of joint and circumference. "It is found, from observation and experience, that the juice from the ratoons is much easier clarified, and its essential salt requires less care in concentration, than that of the plant cane, the sugar obtained from which is also of an inferior quality." (p. 49) On some soils it is found to be advantageous to depend chiefly on ratoons.

When vegetation appears too active, it is then advisable to take off the decayed leaves from the cane, that the plant may receive the uninterrupted rays of the sun, otherwise its juices will be poor and aqueous. This is called trashing the cane, and it requires great judgment to know when to have recourse to it. Various kinds of vermin do considerable injury, and the usual methods of destroying them are pointed out.

The canes, being ripe, are cut, and tied into bundles for the convenience of taking to the mill.

Chapter fifth contains many valuable observations on the vegetable economy of the sugar cane, and concerning the juice of plants in general. "In the last modification of the juice (of the sugar cane) the saccharine mucous juice is entirely deprived of its yellow colour and balsamic smell, while its saccharine taste is much more developed. This last state is that which constitutes the essential salt of the cane. It is enclosed in cells, and appears beautifully clear. As each cell is absolutely isolated, and as there is no communication between them, this juice only escapes when it is pressed out by the mills; it can never flow out of the cane either in the shape of syrup or concretion."

When the canes or ratoons are ripe they are cut and carried to the mills in bundles, and are there submitted to its action. They are compressed twice between the rollers, by which means they are squeezed perfectly dry. In this process the juice carries with it some of the bruised cane, and the whole forms an homogeneous product which the author denominates the *expressed juice* to distinguish it from that what is subsequently *clarified* and concentrated.

By simple exposure to the air and sun the watery parts evaporate and leave sugar in the crystalline form; but unfortunately the quickness with which the juice passes into fermentation, makes this operation totally impracticable on a large scale, and hence promptitude in boiling the juice is absolutely necessary; and it is also necessary to use an alkali to assist in separating the feculent part. The expressed juice of the cane deprived of its feculency, contains the sap and mucous juices, united with mucilage, forming together the *cane liquor*, a clear, transparent fluid of a yellow colour.

The saccharometer is recommended for ascertaining the specific gravities of fluids, thereby to conduct the process of sugar boiling with greater certainty and precision. A table is given of the quantity of sugar contained in 100 lbs. of good juice; and also of the quantity of water that must be evaporated to reduce the same to the state of saturated syrup taken at each degree of the saccharometer.

This part of the work contains much valuable chemical information regarding the boiling process and comparative value of the juice at different periods, and under various circumstances, well worthy the notice of sugar planters, especially at the present moment, when it is so necessary to adopt every possible method for increasing the quality of the produce of their estates, and for saving manual labour.

"The result of an examination into the actual produce of a considerable estate in Jamaica, during eleven years, gives 122 lbs. of sugar as the highest produce of 100 gallons cane juice; 96 lbs. as the lowest, and 108 lbs. as the average produce (p. 73, 74.) but this varies very much in different soils, islands, and seasons. Alkalis are injurious in proportion to their activity in separating the mucilage from the feculent parts; and in the necessity of employing them to clarify the expressed juice we should carefully seek for every means of judiciously conducting the operation. *This delicate and important office is, however, generally performed in the most slovenly and careless manner.*"

In the manufacture of the juice into sugar, *cleanliness* is strictly enjoined, the buildings and utensils minutely described, and valuable practicable improvements indicated. "When the work of the boiling-

house is about to commence, a busy and cheerful scene ensues. Negroes are employed in cleaning and washing out the coppers, preparing the quicklime, and making lime-water. The mill is put about, and every one is actively employed." Our limits will not permit us to give even a tolerable idea of the various operations previous to the sugar being ready for *potting*, or putting into hogsheads. The molasses are allowed to drain through holes in the bottom of the cask. "It is a good plan, and will abundantly repay the trouble it occasions, if, previously to heading up the hogsheads, the portion of sugar which is least perfectly cured is taken from the bottom of the cask, and its place is supplied with dry sugar. The portion thus removed may then be returned to the cooler; and if hot liquor from the boiler be then poured upon and mixed with it, the subsequent curing will be more perfect than the first." Attention to this, and similar matters, appear to us of great importance, as, on many estates, more serious loss is occasioned by drainage previous to shipment, and during the voyage, besides consequent deterioration of quality than many planters are aware of. The sugar made in this way is the *raw* or *muscovado* sugar, commonly used in this country.

In the foreign colonies an additional process is resorted to for forming what are called *clayed sugars*. It is put into conical earthen vessels, two feet or upwards in height, and thirteen or fourteen inches in diameter at the base—the vortex pierced with a hole of about an inch in diameter, through which the molasses are, in the first place, allowed to drain. To deprive the sugar of the greater part of its remaining impurities, the sugar is pressed down, and a diluted argillaceous earth, or clay, put on the base of the cone or loaf of sugar. The clay performs the office of a sponge, allowing the water to percolate slowly through the sugar; the syrup which it contains is thus diluted and rendered more fluid, and descending through the chrystals to the lower part of the form, drains into the pot placed beneath to receive it. The clay, having parted with all its water, is taken off the base of the loaf, a second and third repetition of the process takes place.

The sugar is then left in the form for twenty days longer, that the sugar may be entirely freed from syrup. It is then taken out of the form, and exposed to the heat of the sun. Afterwards it is well dried in a stove, pulverized in wooden trays or troughs, put into hogsheads, and sent to market.

In Cuba and Brazil, where larger cones are used, the loaf, after stoving, is divided into three portions: the base is called white, the middle yellow, and the small part brown. These portions are pulverized, packed separately, in wooden boxes, for sale.

"It is calculated that about one-sixth of the chrystalline sugar is dissolved, and runs off in the operation of claying; this, together with the extra labour and utensils required, are not thought to be sufficiently counterbalanced by the improvement in quality. Sugar is, therefore, very seldom clayed for exportation in the English colonies." (p. 92.) The syrup which runs from the sugar during the operation of claying is re-crystallized and re-undergoes a similar process.

The author enters into a full statement of the French method of manufacturing sugar, and of the improvements suggested by Dutrone, from which the British planter may derive some useful hints.

"Syrups when concentrated beyond the point of solution, assume, in cooling,

the crystalline form. Experience shows us that the molecules (or small parts) of similar bodies, in taking this form require to move more freely in the fluid which holds them in solution, in order to their exercising upon each other their mutual attraction. These molecules take, in their union, a form much more regular in proportion as the water in which they unite themselves is more considerable. When the mother water exists in a great proportion compared to the sugar which is to be crystallized, very large and regular crystals are formed; in this state it is called sugar candy. We know that salts are much more pure and perfect as the forms they take approach nearer to those which nature has assigned to them. Sugar candy is in the most perfect state that can be desired, and the means that it is proper to employ to extract the essential salt of the cane, ought, therefore, to be founded on this principle of chemistry;—*to crystallize in a considerable quantity of water*, a principle fully ascertained and established for all bodies which crystallize in cooling.”—(P. 142.)

Some interesting chemical facts are stated under the head of “Analysis and Properties of Sugar.”—480 grains of sugar decomposed by heating them gradually to redness, showed the following products:

Acetic acid and oil	270 grains
Charcoal	120 „
Carburetted hydrogen and carbonic acid gas	90 „

480

If pieces of sugar be rubbed against each other in the dark, phosphorescent sparks are clearly visible.—(P. 165.)*

The clamminess observed in West India raw sugar kept for some time in the warehouses in this country is attributed to the action of the lime.—“It is a common error to suppose that highly refined sugar is less saccharine than raw sugar; the fact being that, in the most refined sugar, the saccharine taste is more developed than the sweet taste, and thus, although more saccharine it sweetens less. It would be a work of supererogation to enumerate all the various uses of sugar. “*It affords*,” says Dr. Rush of Philadelphia and other eminent physicians, “*the greatest quantity of nourishment in a given quantity of matter of any subject in nature*”—and its numerous medicinal properties confer incalculable benefits upon all who are able to use it in any quantity†: yet our government and political economists who profess to study so much the comforts and health of the people, load it with such enormous duties that the lower orders cannot, by any possibility, consume the tenth part that they otherwise would do.

Plans and descriptions of the most improved sugar mills are given; and also some account of the various patents for improvements in the manufacture of sugar, principally with a view of purifying the juice, regulating the boiling process, and for expelling the molasses; most of these

* “Lavoisier was the first who discovered that sugar is a vegetable oxide composed of oxygen, carbon, and hydrogen. The following are the results of analysis by different chymists:

	Lavoisier.	Gay Lussac and Thenard.	Berzelius.	Prout.	Ure.
Oxygen.....	54	50.63	49.856	53.35	50.33
Carbon	28	42.47	43.265	39.99	43.38
Hydrogen	8	6.90	6.879	6.66	6.29
	<hr/> 100	<hr/> 100	<hr/> 100	<hr/> 100	<hr/> 100

† *Vide* pp. 161 to 171—for many interesting facts in illustration of this part of the subject.

are liable to objections on account of the great risk of derangement of the apparatus in a country where engineers are not very numerous, and where few, if any, can lay claim to much ingenuity; this circumstance together with the general carelessness of West Indian labourers, renders it absolutely necessary that every improvement should be recommended by the simplicity of its machinery. Amongst those for regulating the boiling process, the patent of Messrs. Beale and Porter seems least liable to objection; and that of Mr. John Hague, (now the property of John Innes, Esq.,) for expelling molasses from sugar by an atmospheric pressure—has been partially introduced in Grenada, Demerara, &c. with very considerable advantage. We happen to have seen both in operation, and consider them, although perhaps susceptible of further improvement—well worthy the attention of every scientific planter.

The author has collected much interesting information regarding the culture of sugar and the very imperfect mode of manufacturing it in India. An expedient for protecting the cane during high winds is to bind several of them together with their own leaves (p. 216). One part of the process for *whitening* in India is rather repugnant to the taste of the people of this county—namely, “the sugar is spread on a piece of coarse canvass in the sun, where it is trodden by people with their *naked feet*, till all the lumps are broken, and the grain of the sugar appears white and smooth, which will in a great measure be in proportion to the time and labour bestowed upon it.” (p. 226.)

It appears from the most authentic statements “that in every particular connected with the manufacture of sugar, our West India Colonists are very greatly in advance of the agriculturists of the East, whose processes are at once less productive and more laborious than those employed in the West Indies:—disadvantages which can only be met by the comparative cheapness of labour, arising out of the state of oppression and abject poverty in which the miserable peasantry of India are kept.”

We are far from attributing this state of misery to the Company's government. We believe it arises entirely out of the inveterate and unchangeable superstitions and civil institutions of the country.

The culture of the sugar-cane, and manufacture of sugar, is carried to a considerable extent in Java, China, and various eastern countries. The immense increase, of late years, in Mauritius, owing to the employment of English capital and improved machinery, is a proof that it might be produced by the application of similar means in the eastern world, in any requisite quantity. “In a report made by Major Moody, which was printed by order of the House of Commons in February, 1826, there is a statement of the comparative number of days' labour required in different countries, for the production of equal quantities of sugar, viz.

In Guiana	206 days.
Barbadoes	406
Tortola	653
Bengal	1200”

The wages paid to labourers in India are said not to exceed *twopence-halfpenny per diem*!

“On the art of refining sugar,” and on “patents for improvements” in that art, there is much interesting information; but our limits do not permit us to go into that part of the subject.

The distillation of rum is closely allied to the manufacture of sugar. In the work before us the utensils and process are fully described, and

various improvements discussed and pointed out. Molasses, scummings from the clarifiers and evaporating coppers, and sometimes even raw cane juice, purposely expressed, are the matters subjected for distillation; these must be diluted with water; the lees or feculencies of former distillations are likewise added to supply the necessary ferment or yeast. When the fermentation has proceeded favourably, it will generally be completed in from five to seven days; the liquor is then conveyed to the still. Cleanliness is as necessary in this process as in that for producing good sugar. It is usual to obtain about one hundred and thirteen gallons of *proof* rum from twelve hundred gallons of wash. The relative proportion which the rum, produced on an estate, bears to sugar, varies much according to circumstances, but may be averaged at about 200 gallons of rum to three hogsheads of sugar, each 16 cwt. Considerable improvements in the apparatus used for distillation have of late years been introduced, with the view of obtaining a strong spirit at as little expense of fuel and labour as possible. Of two stills which have been generally considered great improvements in this way, we prefer that of Mr. Corty (or Shears and Sons), on account of the greater simplicity of its construction. The other, viz. that which has been patented by Mr. Winter, is, perhaps, capable of yielding a more concentrated spirit, but we fear there are few proprietors who have servants sufficiently careful to ensure its efficiency during successive years.

We would observe, in conclusion, that every thing tending to improve the quality of the produce of West India estates and supersede manual labour, is yearly becoming of greater importance to the planter. The unequal manner in which the very high duty on sugar falls upon inferior kinds: the great change which has, since the abolition of the slave trade, taken place in the efficiency of the labourers on West-India estates, and the unequal competition which he is now obliged to sustain with foreigners, can only be carried on by superior science, capital, and machinery.

The work before us contains such valuable scientific and practical information on these subjects, that we have no doubt it will find a place in the library of every planter and person connected with our sugar colonies.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

"Pensions to Ministers, Privy Counsellors, &c.—Sir J. Graham rose, pursuant to notice of motion, to move for an 'Account of all salaries, pay, fees, and emoluments, whether civil or military, from the 5th of January 1829, to the 5th of January 1830, held and enjoyed by each of the members of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, specifying with each name the total amount received by each individual, and distinguishing the various services from which the same is derived.' In the course of his speech Sir James Graham said that the total number of Privy Counsellors was 169; of whom 113 received public money.—(Hear, hear.) The whole sum distributed annually amongst these 113 was 650,164*l.* and the average proportion of that sum paid to each yearly, was 5,752*l.*—(Hear.) Of this total of 650,164*l.* 86,103*l.* were for *sinecures* (loud cries of "hear, hear"); 442,411*l.* for active services, and 121,650*l.* for pensions, making together the total which he had stated.

Of the 113 Privy Counsellors, who were thus receivers of the public money, 30 were *pluralists*, or persons holding more offices than one, whether as sinecurists, or civil and military officers. The amount received by the pluralists was 221,133*l.* annually amongst them all, or 7,321*l.* on an average to each annually. (Hear.) The whole number of Privy Counsellors who were members of both Houses of Parliament was 69, and of those 17 were Peers, whose gross income from the public purse was 378,846 (hear, hear), or upon an average to each, 8,065*l.* a-year. (Loud cries of "hear.") The remaining 23 were of the House of Commons, and the gross amount of the receipts was 90,849*l.* or, upon an average to each individual, 4,130*l.* a-year.—(Hear.)"

Documents like this account for all the phenomena of British legislation. Out of 169 Privy Counsellors, who of course comprehend the most influential persons connected with parliament and public affairs, 113 are pensioned by the public money; every man of them having incomes besides, and the pension being neither more nor less than a retaining fee; the fifty-six who receive nothing (*at present*), being for the most part connected with Opposition, and only waiting the opportunity of a change to lay hold on similar emoluments, the pensions of the chosen amounting to more than half a million of pounds sterling, which supplies those pure, independent, and high-principled personages with average allowances of above 5000*l.* a-year each.

No wonder then that men should like to push themselves into the way of government; no wonder that politics should be a regular profession; no wonder that elections should be contested; no wonder that the minister for the time should be applauded to the skies, as the brightest, best, wisest, most everything that ever minister was or will be. No wonder that great politicians dine on gold plate, and keep race-horses, and worse things than race-horses, by the dozen; that the wives of great politicians have opera boxes, flourish in britchskas and barouches round the town, and fill the columns of the *Morning Post* with gazettes of the parade of ministers, princes, and moustached monsieurs that crowd their "at homes."

But of all this there must be an end. The nation which pays for this extravagance has a right to inquire for what services it is lavished? The investigation must come; and we shall rejoice to see patriotism, then only worthy of the name, defying the clamour of the whole host of "Gentlemen-pensioners," pauper Lords, and Treasury alms-seekers, probing the evil to the bone, and curing the most fatal disease of the country.

"*The Steam Engine.*—In the steam engine the self-regulating principle is carried to an astonishing perfection. The machine itself raises in a due quantity the cold water necessary to condense the steam. It pumps off the hot water produced by the steam, which has been cooled, and lodges it in a reservoir for the supply of the boiler. It carries from this reservoir exactly that quantity of water which is necessary to supply the wants of the boiler, and lodges it therein according as it is required. It breathes the boiler of redundant steam, and preserves that which remains fit, both in quantity and quality, for the use of the engine. It blows its own fire, maintaining its intensity, and increasing or diminishing it, according to quantity of steam which it is necessary to raise; so that when much work is expected from the engine, the fire is proportionally brisk and vivid. It breaks and prepares its own fuel, and

scatters it upon the bars at proper times and in due quantity. It opens and closes its several valves at the proper moments, works its own pumps, turns its own wheels, and is only not alive."

All this is true; and yet, as if in shame to "science," as it is called, every particle of all these curious inventions is due to clowns. Watt was a working mechanic in Glasgow, and his discovery of the new condenser was mere accident. Every subsequent improver has been like Watt, a mere mechanic, and every subsequent discovery a mere accident. It would be a pleasant rebuke to University pride, of all prides the most self-sufficient, to enquire how many discoveries have been made within the walls of any English University since the days of Friar Bacon? All has been the work of the clown, "the lean, unwashed artificer," the mechanic patching the crazy machine, and thus taught its strength and weakness, or the fire feeder trying to relieve himself of a part of his trouble. All has been the work of mere practice, nothing the work of theory; and until our superb wranglers, and high capped doctors follow the course of the clown, and take the machine itself into their hands, they will never furnish any thing more practical than some clumsy translation of some foreign algebraist, to this hour the grand achievement of the philosophers of Cambridge, some tenth transmission of Venturoli, or La Grange, or some bungling commentary on Euler.

"*Newspapers in Paris and in London.*—The total number *per diem* of the daily journals printed in Paris exceeds 60,000. The number *per diem* of all the journals printed in the same city during the month of April amounted to 91,982! The Opposition daily prints circulate 32,929; of which number the *Constitutionnel* alone sells 16,666; the copies of royalist journals amount to 27,866. The daily press of London consists of twelve journals, six morning and six evening, which circulate altogether about 25,000. Paris has a population of 700,000; London, of 1,500,000. If the demand for newspapers in the one town were as great as in the other (and if the tax were a penny instead of a groat, there can be little doubt that it would be greater), the sale *per diem* of the London daily journals would not be short of 125,000; to say nothing of the hundreds of daily papers that would start up in every respectable town in England, which at present are compelled to depend for their earliest intelligence on a journal printed at one, two, or three hundred miles distance."

This comparison is formidably against the London press in point of figures. But it is a fallacy after all; for one London paper ought to go for half a dozen French; it has, in fact, a measureless superiority in information, variety, and interest. The very best French papers are a pitiable compound of wearisome essays on politics, and endless extracts from books that no one but the extractor will ever open. The actual news is generally confined to half a dozen paragraphs, purposely mystified in all the government papers, and as purposely mystified in all the opposition. What human being can read the *Moniteur* through? or what human being ever ploughs through the dreary diatribes of the *Constitutionnel*? The question of expense, too, ought to be taken into consideration. The expense of a single daily paper in London would pay for half the journals in Paris, editors, annuitants, pensioned ministerial secretaries and all.

Nor do we feel more inclined to be of our contemporary's opinion, on

the advantage of having three or four newspapers to the present one in our country towns. Too great facility in setting up newspapers is as great a nuisance as a neighbourhood can conceive. In America there is that facility. Every fellow who can command the price of a printing machine sets up a newspaper; and as his object is to make money, money is hunted after by every insolence and art of low-cunning and privileged dexterity. Libel, as being the boldest display, and scandal, as being the most poignant, are always the first distinctions of the rising paper; and by this system, private character is perpetually on the rack.

We hate monopoly and taxes as much as the freest Yankee that ever squatted in the Illinois, and defied the armies of the earth to lay hold on his naked hide. But we are fully satisfied that excessive ease in excoriating our neighbour's character, or the magnificent privilege of libelling religion, law, and government, are not to be reckoned among the advantages of society; and so far we have no objection to see the Press retained in hands that, if not altogether perfect, are yet not completely trained to dip for lucre into offence and insult to every name, honest or honourable in the empire."

"*New Power of the Moral Licensor.*—It is said that a bill is to be brought into Parliament by Lord Ellenborough, enacting that in future the length of the petticoats worn by the Italian Opera-dancers, is to be sent to George Colman, previously to his licensing any ballet at the King's Theatre."

George Colman may be fairly laughed at on this occasion, or on any other. He has made too many people laugh, in another place, as the parliamentary orators say, to object to the broadest visitation of ridicule. Lord Ellenborough is pretty much in the same condition, and notwithstanding his official five thousand pounds a year, his carmine and his curls, he is a very laughable personage. But, for all that, the Opera costumes might, not indecorously, undergo some regulation. If complete exposure of the figure in flesh-coloured silk be meritorious, the Opera ladies have all the merit of the most utter absence of disguise. Yet George Colman must, we fear, content himself with nibbling at love speeches, and "angelic" interjections in melodramas, at least until his powers as licensor are enlarged, and the morals of the opera *coulisses* can be entrusted to the writer, who has, for the last forty years, done such wonders for the morals of the Green Room.

"*Steam Boats.*—In 1814, the United Kingdom boasted 11 steam-boats, averaging 50 tons each, and manned by 65 men. In 1829, the port of London alone had 167, averaging 100 tons each; and the whole number in England amounted to 342; the tonnage to 31,108; and the crews to 2,745.

"The number of steam-boats in France is thirty-five. The first boat possessed by the French (in 1819) was an old vessel named the *Rob Roy*, that used to ply in the Firth of Forth. It has been rebaptized the "*Henri Quatre*," and is employed at present as mail-boat between Calais and Dover. Five of the French boats are not yet launched—they are intended for the service of the expedition to Africa. The Russians have two steam boats. There are six on the Rhine. One plies between Seville, Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Carthage: it formerly belonged to Sir J. M. Doyle. There are two at Calcutta—the *Enter-*

prize and a country-built vessel. In 1812, the Americans had 170, mostly small; in 1829 the number was 320, nearly all of them large vessels."

In this enumeration, we must observe that almost the whole of the English external commerce is still carried on by sailing vessels, while nearly the whole of the internal is on canals, in which steam-vessels are not used. The American internal commerce is, almost without exception, carried on by steam. In fact the English steamer is little more than a passage boat, or substitute for the stage coach, which, however, it has scarcely in any instance put down. Yet the number of the English steam-boats is greater than that of the American. So much for the luxury of England.

The contrast with France is still more striking. The Rhone, the Garonne, the Seine, and the Loire, all navigable to a great distance from the sea, and traversing the finest part of France, have on them all scarcely more steam-boats than belong to the port of Glasgow. The enormous expense of building the British steam-boats is also to be remembered. A Thames steam-boat costs from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds, and probably the value of the whole is not much less than a million and half. But the most attractive purpose of the system is now the shortening of the East India voyage. If any man had ventured to say twenty years ago that letters from Bombay would be delivered in London within six weeks, he would be laughed at as a visionary. Yet this has been nearly done within these few days, and the calculation now is that it may be effected in little more than a month; in other words, that Bombay may be brought as near London as Rome, for the practical effect of increasing the speed is to shorten the distance. If the railway system shall spread through England, Edinburgh will be brought within a twelve hours drive, or be as near as Bath is now, and Bath be scarcely further than Richmond. The advantages of this accessibility, for trade and intercourse of all kinds would be beyond all calculation, and would almost entirely change the face of society. If the railway were to be also adopted on the continent, the furthest point of Europe would be at a trivial distance; yet even the railway may be exceeded. We do not despair of seeing the steam engine applied to ballooning. It requires only to be made on a lighter and more compact principle, and to require less fuel than at present, to be made the directing and moving power of the balloon. Then difficulty and distance would vanish, mountain and sea, climate and cloud would be no barrier. The intercourse of nations might be carried on at a height above mountain and storm, and the world would for the first time since the patriarchal age be one great family, one brotherhood, rejoicing in the interchange of all the bounties of earth and heaven.

"*Boxing*.—The fight between Perkins, the Oxford Pet, and Alic Reid, for 100*l.* a-side, took place on Tuesday, near Chipping Norton. On Saturday the London coaches brought into Oxford a large number of the Fancy, including Dutch Sam, Dick Curtis (seconds for Reid), Jem Ward, Harry Jones the Sailor Boy (seconds for Perkins), Ned Neale, Tom Gaynor, Stockman, Oliver, Sampson, and others. Betting 7 to 4 on Reid. The fight lasted an hour and nine minutes, during which 34 rounds were fought. Reid won. Both the men were severely punished."

Such is the detail of one of those collections of every vice and atrocity of London, that take place perpetually in the presence of a whole host of

overpaid magistrates and constables. We should wish to know what the Oxford authorities were doing, when those coaches of "gentlemen of the fancy" were pouring in among them. As to boxing-matches, every one knows them to be nothing more than the contrivances of low ruffianism to raise money on the public—a combination of pickpockets, swindlers, and keepers of gin-shops. Three-fourths of the fellows who regularly attend those exhibitions, are known to the police as common thieves; and if we are to estimate the profession by the practice, their patrons are little better. The pretext that boxing-matches keep up the courage of the people, or prevent assassination, has been long exploded. The bravest nations of the ancient world would have considered a free-man disgraced by a practice which they suffered only among criminals and slaves; for the game of the *Cæstus*, or the *pancratiast*, among the Greeks, was a general display of strength and dexterity, and even this was not in repute; the Roman boxer was generally taken from the jail, to which place we think that the English boxer and his patrons should in all cases be consigned. Some murders have been lately committed at those scenes of brutality; and it is to be hoped that neither rank nor money will be suffered to screen the delinquents, one and all.

"Mr. Croker, the Secretary to the Admiralty, one of the Stewards of Hampton races, and who occupies a cottage at Moulsey, which, for the comfort and accommodation of his friends, he has recently enlarged, kept a sort of *open house* during the past week. The right hon. gentleman's dinners were most luxuriant; turtle, venison, and choice wines in abundance. The company consisted of many noble lords, and one of the most brilliant wits of the day, who on the occasion was too happy to sing "Dear Ally Croker."

When the unlucky Marquis of Worcester took upon his hussar shoulders the office of Lord of the Admiralty, the caricaturists immortalized him as the Horse-marine; and the noble marquis was so much affected by the resemblance, that he instantly vacated the office, changed the Board for the stable, and dismounting his dolphin, remounted his charger. However, we hope a secretary of the Admiralty, commanding in chief at a horse-race, is less amenable to the Cruickshanks of this world, and that he may escape with no further detriment than the conversation of the noble lords whom, as the paragraph says, he is treating so *luxuriantly*. The name of the wit who is recorded as singing the well known English ballad, is whispered about. But to prevent trespass on the manors of original genius, we must say, that it is neither Keppel, Luttrell, nor Horace Twiss.

"It is said that, in the event of Mr. Whitbread's retiring from the representation of Middlesex, there is some intention of starting Mr. Hume as a candidate."

We do not believe a word of this. The Greek loan affair has let the world so much into the secret of Mr. Hume's financial feelings, that the Middlesex people will not give him a smile. The gleaning of his fifty-four pounds three shillings threepence three farthings, has settled him for life as a metropolitan candidate. He may flourish in some rocky outlet of creation in the Highlands, where men eat oats, and know nothing of loans: but in Middlesex, they will have nothing to do with the costive purse, notwithstanding the most generous effusion of promises that ever

flowed from the lips of candidate patriotism. Hume, as a politician, is an absurdity.

“*Philharmonic Society*.—Their eighth and last concert was a good one, and went far to redeem this series from the inferiority which has pervaded, with one or two exceptions, the performances this season. It opened with Beethoven's splendid *sinfonia*, No. 7, and concluded with his overture to *Coriolon*, a very fine composition. Malibran, Donzelli, and Lablache sang, but nothing very new. De Beriot gave a concerto on the violin. As far as execution is concerned, this gentleman is unrivalled. He also plays with consummate taste and expression. Spagnoletti led, and Bishop conducted.”

Notwithstanding all this panegyric, the philharmonic is going to the vault of all the capulets. “*Sinfonias*” have been its death. The shortest *Sinfonia* of Beethoven is an hour long, and half an hour of such trial to the ears is enough to occasion death to any human being, who does not take refuge in sleep, which is a serious difficulty, as the *Sinfonia* is generally as loud as it is long. Beethoven's fame is rapidly perishing in this country. Professional musicians are zealous for his compositions, because they completely answer the purposes for which alone nine-tenths of professional musicians are fit; they are difficult, and, of course, require manual dexterity, but there the merit ends. The composition is a chaos; through the mortal hour the keenest ear can scarcely detect a touch of melody, all the finer part of composition, the soul of the art, is buried under an endless toil of tiresome science, and the only perception of pleasure that ever reaches an audience, is when every fiddler is resting upon his fiddle, and the whole Gothic confusion is at an end.

The praise lavished on De Beriot, too, is absurd. He is a *neat* performer, and no more. He has not discovered, nor will he ever discover, the power of the violin; one of the most extraordinary instruments in the whole range of human invention. In the hands of genius, the violin is scarcely less than a prodigy. It was such in the hands of Giardini, of whom our fathers still speak with wonder; it was scarcely less so in the hands of Jarnovick: it is said to attain the same rank in the hands of Paganini. But De Beriot, though possessing the most accurate skill in the mere manipulation of the instrument, wants the genius of the violinist. He amuses and pleases; he never delights nor astonishes, and for the wonders of the art, we must wait for Paganini. As to Spagnoletti, he is a fiddler, and, we suppose, does well enough to accompany a song.

“We stated on a former occasion, that Sir Matthew Tierney had not been consulted by the King during a period of twelve days. This intelligence excited the utmost astonishment. We now positively assert, upon the best authority, that Sir Matthew signed the bulletins during a period of at least seventeen days, without having been consulted by the Royal sufferer. It is, indeed, asserted that the presence of the worthy knight appeared to produce so much irritation and distress in the bosom of his Majesty, that it was thought prudent to request him to withdraw, and he thus signed the bulletins without examining the subject of them, trusting to chance and ‘invisible’ influence for their accuracy. The three ‘Sirs’ are said to have acted towards each other

with great delicacy and kindness on this momentous and perilous occasion. Various reasons have been alleged for his Majesty's displeasure, but the report of its having been caused by the flippancy of tongue often noticed in a certain lady, is not true."

So says the "*Lancet*," and its saying has gone the round of the newspapers. We acknowledge that we must believe it to have been misinformed. Yet if the news be true we cannot understand how the matter should escape investigation. It would leave the country dependant on the opinion of a single physician for the most important interests that could affect it—the health of its king. We of course have no idea that if any one man were to be confided in on such occasions, Sir Henry Hallford would not deserve as full confidence as any of his compeers. But still we have no right to run risks, and the possibility of a dangerous precedent ought to be avoided as much as its reality. The King's whole illness had undoubtedly been a curious example of the dexterity of court language. The bulletins were mere variations of the same language, day by day. To this moment nobody outside the palace or the cabinet knows the exact nature of the royal illness, for the bulletins and the private accounts were in perpetual contradiction. The physicians say one thing, the ministers another, the attendants whisper another; the newspapers combining the stories of all make another addition to the public perplexity. In the mean time, the only fact that transpired amidst this confusion and racing of couriers between Downing Street and Windsor, is that the King did not get better. And on this we had a pure practical comment in the courtly baseness of some of our fashionable names. These people were already dropping their cards at Bushy Park in profusion; discovering that the Clarence portion of man and womankind are every thing that is kingly, queenly, and so forth, and already commencing that system of contemptible and shameless prostration to the heir apparent, which on the same terms they would offer to Beelzebub.

"The Swiss Cantons, according to the last census, contain a population of very nearly 2,000,000. The federal military contingent consists of 33,758 men, with a reserve of double that amount, and the armed landweyr consist of 140,000; forming a total of 207,518 men, exclusive of the federal staff. The Swiss troops in the service of foreign powers, but subject to be recalled should their country be engaged in war, amount to 18,136 men. It is observed by a French Journalist, that if France could adopt the military organization of Switzerland, she might have, at an expense not exceeding 30,000,000 francs, a disposable force of more than 500,000 men, and a reserve of the same amount, and a national guard army of 2,200,000 men."

All our romancers lavish all their eloquence on the Swiss. Simplicity, modesty, independence, and pastoral scorn of the gross pursuits of worldly gain, an Alpine Arcadia, make up but a water-coloured portraiture of the blissful population of the land of Tell. Yet in all ages the Swiss have been notorious for their passion for lucre. In all ages they have been the disturbers of the neighbouring countries, and in all ages have been guilty of the enormous baseness and crime of hiring out their soldiery to execute the rapine and murders of foreign nations. For shedding the blood of a fellow creature there can be but one excuse—self-defence. The Swiss, defending his own country, is a patriot, but fighting the battles of France, or any other stranger, for his pay, is a mur-

derer. The old apology of the cantons is superfluity of population, and the desire to provide for their people. But no ground can be valid for sending out yearly multitudes to commit slaughter for money, on men against whom they can have no possible cause of quarrel. In the various foreign services the Swiss are generally employed in guarding fortresses, or the persons of the government, but they are liable to be ordered into the field, and actually do take the field on the order of the government which pays them; one only stipulation being made, that they are not to be opposed to their own countrymen in the various services. A stipulation, however, which has been often broken in the exigencies of the field, and sometimes voluntarily by the Swiss themselves, who have opposed each other, regiment by regiment, and perished by mutual slaughter. It is remarkable that the Swiss have been the only nation who have habitually hired out their troops; the German principalities, in the few instances in which they attempted it, having been in general shamed out of so atrocious a practice by the outcry of Europe. But the Swiss still persevere, and with all their pretended virtues, are the only mercenary butchers of Europe.

“Mr. Wood and Miss Paton are announced to perform together at the Dublin Theatre. It was hinted, we understand, to the gentleman, that in the modest capital of the Sister Kingdom it would be necessary to be very circumspect, as if the Irish moralists find that in their case plurality of lodgings may be dispensed with, not even hisses will suffice for the expression of their virtuous indignation; *crim. con.* being considered, as Mr. C. Phillips expresses it, ‘an imported vice.’”

We see no possible reason why the virtuous pair should not be met by the strongest national scorn. Knowing nothing, and condescending to know nothing of such people but through the public prints, we hold it to be a stigma upon public decency that their “imported vice” should be tolerated in their instance, unquestionably one of the most daring and rankest that has ever come before the public.

As to the affectation that the public have nothing to do with the conduct of actors and actresses, the whole affair is nonsense. How can the public help knowing their licentiousness? And how can they help forming an opinion upon it? They see before them a wretched creature whom every newspaper in the country declares to have committed, within the last twenty-four hours, some vileness that would drive any other woman out of all society to the last day she had to live. They see this miserable culprit brazening out the public scorn, exulting in her crime, and defying the natural disgust and abhorrence which every one must feel at voluntary profligacy. And how is it possible that an opinion must not be formed by the audience within a theatre, as well as by the same individuals under every other roof?

We are called on largely to pay public respect to an actress of character, and public respect is unquestionably at all times paid to character on the stage. But if we are to exercise judgment in the one instance, we have an equal right in the other. And what has been the result? While Siddons remained upon the stage, it was the public custom to exact propriety of manners from the players, and the natural consequence followed; they were singularly well conducted, the few instances in which ill conduct evinced itself, were instantly marked by the public, and the degraded actress served as a warning to her profession by her loss of patronage. But of late years a new system has been

adopted; the cry is that the audience have no question to consider but the theatrical ability of the performer; and the consequence is, that in the memory of the stage the life of actresses has never been so openly vicious. At this moment almost the entire number of the principal actresses are public scandals. Of the foreign actresses and opera people we say no more, than that the system of making no inquiry as to the moral conduct of performers, has produced its full effects there, the whole number of them being perfectly understood to have no scruple of any kind. In England it had been otherwise. But now we have a set of people puffed and panegyricized as delicate, delightful, divine, and so forth, for whom six months' bread and water and the treadmill in the House of Correction, would be the true regimen and the fitting reward.

“ The votaries of Port wine will be alarmed at hearing that the trade which has so long subsisted between this country and Portugal is seriously called in question. It, however, seems very clear that the Methuen treaty, as it has now for many years been acted upon, is any thing but beneficial to England. An overgrown company governs the wine trade, and a monopoly, odious in itself, and fatal alike to the interests of importers and consumers, is said to have long exercised its baneful influence.”

We differ from our contemporary. The votaries of Port wine can feel no alarm on the subject, though the votaries of sloe juice at the price of Port wine, may. Mr. Villars's speech told the House of Commons only what every man who had inquired into the subject knew already, that an immense quantity of “ Port wine ” was no more grown in Portugal than Madeira is grown in Middlesex. The whole trade is a process of fabrication. The Oporto Company being monopolists, and of course taking the advantages that all monopolists take, in the first place sell their good wine at ten times its value, and in the next mix their good wine with their bad, which they thus sell at fifty times its value. But the process does not end there. This medicated wine is again mixed and medicated in Guernsey, and every where that it is warehoused before it comes to the table of the English consumer, a mixture of Portuguese brandy, British sloe juice, and American dye stuffs. Such is the history developed by Accum, and now more fully opened by Mr. Villars. And for this we pay six times the price that the best claret would cost, if the foolish Methuen treaty were abandoned, and the Portuguese wine makers were left to make their market on fair terms.

We should not have a drop of Port wine the less, if we wished for it. The only difference being, that we should have it six times as cheap and infinitely better. The Portuguese nation, too, would be better pleased by the abolition of the monopoly, for the wine market is now restricted to a certain district and a small corporation; it would then be thrown open to the country. But the true question is with ourselves. Is it consistent with common sense or rational economy to pay six times as much for a bad material as for a good, for the heady and unhealthy wines of Portugal, as for the fine vintage of France? The old notion of reciprocity is narrow and childish. Our statesmen tell us that the duties must lie on French wines until the French take our manufactures in return. But what treaty will bind nations unless their interests coincide? We want the wines of France. France does not want our woollens or our cutlery or our smoke-jacks. Why then should she be

compelled to take them, or, if she did promise to take them to-day, can we doubt that if she found their taking injurious, she would find means to make it practically null and void to-morrow? It is no question of rival manufactures, for we have no wine manufacture; and if all the wines of France were poured into England, the only result would be that we should have excellent wine cheap, and that our lowest population would enjoy a luxury now restricted to the superior classes. It would not shut up a single workshop, nor cause a single pair of scissors the less to be made. On the contrary, it would probably cause a great many more workshops to be opened, and a great many more pairs of scissors to be made; for every means of rational and natural enjoyment brought within the reach of the labouring classes, naturally stimulates their exertions to possess it. On France, the first effect would clearly be, to conciliate the commercial interest, now the most powerful interest of France, to this country. Merchants seldom volunteer a quarrel with their best customers, and the grand staple of France is the vine. Wealth flowing into the hands of the French merchant would also produce its effects in the purchase of foreign produce, and the direct result would be a demand for those articles of luxury and use which can be furnished by no country but England.

The common arguments for the Methuen Treaty are now grown childish. Portugal will not throw herself into the arms of Spain an hour the sooner or later because we pay dear for bad wines. Portugal hates Spain, and will hate her though we were at the bottom of the sea. The friendship of Portugal is worth nothing to us. The friendship of France is of the highest importance; and when the former, too, cannot be had but by a heavy tax, and the latter costs nothing, but is joined with our indulgence in one of the finest luxuries of nature, the man or the politician who would pause on the subject must be a simpleton, even though he were the president of—the Board of Trade.

“Five or six thousand pounds, in addition to the amount already subscribed, is now wanted to carry into effect the *new street* from Waterloo Bridge across the old *site* on which Mr. Arnold's theatre originally stood, and thence to Gower-street, Bedford-square, where the communication with the high north road is already effected. Surely, this plan of such admirable utility will not be permitted to fall to the ground for the want of so paltry a sum. Is the government asleep?”

“The strain at a gnat and swallow a camel” system is curiously exemplified in this business. The Pimlico palace, a monster of architecture and extravagant expenditure, has already cost nearly a million; and will cost half as much more before either King or Regent will ever drink a cup of coffee within its walls. Here a few thousand pounds would effect a most desirable public object, but no money is forthcoming.

By driving a street through the Seven Dials and the whole district north of the Strand, a mass of moral evil as well as physical would be broken up; a great addition made to the comforts of the metropolis, and no trivial one made to its beauty. Yet Government shrinks from the attempt. The Waterloo Bridge people have already suffered too much for further experiments. Arnold's Theatre cannot wait for the slumbering wisdom of our potent, grave, and reverend Seniors of the Treasury; and the possibility of securing this admirable line of communication between the North and South of London will in a week or two be at an end.

Mad Dog-alarm.—"Mr. Editor,—It was only last Sunday I was taking a walk, accompanied by my pointer, who was going an innocent trot before me, when a ladies' school broke rank and file, and ran across the road: my Juno, unaccustomed to revolt, seconded the movement by following them, which caused a complete consternation and rout; and which was not appeased till I got up to and assured them that my dog was not a 'mad-dog.' A passer-by consoled with the ladies on the 'awfulness' of my sane Juno going without a muzzle, and recommended them not to venture out again during this season till *all* dogs were muzzled, which advice the ladies' preceptor stated her intention of obeying.—This circumstance shows the excitement of the public mind at the present moment, and I believe such a feeling is universally abroad; but until Parliament tax all dogs as rigidly as horses, the evil will continue.—"W. F. M."

"Camberwell."

This letter is a specimen of the thousand and one sillinesses which have filled the papers since the first alarms of hydrophobia this season. Every cockney who promenades with "a pointer" prides himself on his philosophy, and wonders that any body should be alarmed at being hunted after by a dog. But if the police of Camberwell did their duty, this coxcomb and his "pointer" would have been speedily put out of the way of pursuing their frolics on the high road. The fact is, that the public, instead of exhibiting any unjustifiable alarm, have rather exhibited an unjustifiable apathy. What can be a greater impeachment of public common sense than the popular exposure to the most horrible and most incurable of all diseases, when its possibility might be almost extinguished by a few municipal regulations? The streets are suffered to swarm with dogs, while we know that the first week of hot weather will render one half of them dangerous to human life. Every shop in every lane has its mongrel, ready to spread death; every hut in the suburbs has its nuisance of the same kind, sufficiently hazardous to the passers-by, at all seasons, but in summer, as much to be dreaded as a wild beast. A snap from one of those curs may inflict the most dreadful of all the dreadful shapes in which death can assail the human frame. The heartlessness and utter disregard of human injury evinced by the keepers of those animals, whether they be foolish old maids, making love to their poodles, as a proof that they are capable of the tender passion for something on this earth; or sauntering coxcombs, who, with all their pointers, would probably not know a pheasant from a barn door fowl, are unpardonable. We only wish, that every owner of one of those animals should first feel the advantages of its keeping, in a rabid snap to teach them to feel for others.

But the evil is so formidable, the chance of incurring it so frequent, and the prevention so obvious, that the Home Secretary ought to take instant measure to awake the slumbering activity of the magistrates and other persons attending to the public welfare. At present it is not safe to walk the streets. In scorn of all the placards ordering dogs to be kept at home or muzzled, there are hundreds of dogs roaming about unmuzzled. The provisions of the Grosvenor Act extended through London would be a public benefit. A heavy fine inflicted on the owner of every unmuzzled dog in the first instance, with damages to the amount of the injury inflicted on any individual in the next; would be essential to make the dog-lovers feel that they owed a duty to the community. But the only security for keeping down the increase of the hazard in every season to come, would be a *heavy tax laid upon all dogs in towns*. Much as taxes may be disliked, this would be universally welcome.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Life of Bentley, by Dr. Monk, Dean of Peterborough.—The Dean of Peterborough is no novice in literature; but we never gave him credit for talents which the work before us proves he possesses. Much, indeed, of the bulky volume is occupied with the rights and customs of the University of Cambridge, and its administration for nearly half a century—a subject which will interest few, perhaps, but Cambridge, and especially Trinity men; and much of it also is taken up with controversial topics, the interest of which, though once universal, is now gone by, and will not be revived; but all of them are intimately connected with Bentley's story, and Dr. Monk's narrative interweaves the whole with as much felicity as care. These are matters, however, which could not, with any regard to a full and distinct view of Bentley's character, have been omitted; and though general readers, as light readers are called, will care little for University annals, the living generations of Cambridge men will alone amount to no inconsiderable number. In addition to great labour of research, Dr. Monk's book affords abundant proofs that every subject which came within his purview has been well considered, under the guidance of sound sense and vigorous judgment. He has not flinched from a free expression of censure; and Bentley's conduct, it must be confessed, gave frequent occasion for it. With this freedom we have been, above all, well pleased, for we fully expected some attempt to wash the Ethiop white. The dean—and we thank a man of his station for the avowal—sees neither justice nor expediency in biographers suppressing errors and frailties—truth is the paramount consideration, and the failings of great men are as well calculated as their virtues to point a useful moral. Contrast Nares, in his life of Burghley, with Dr. Monk, in this respect. The same bullying temperament which plunged Bentley, in his literary pursuits, into intemperate conflicts, prompted him to tyrannical acts in the exercise of authority. As Master of Trinity, he broke through all established rules and rights, in a resolute determination to indulge his passion for autocratic power. He was a perpetual torment to the senior fellows of his own college, and kept the University in a flame for almost forty years—cool himself, and enjoying the conflagration he had kindled around him. Neither the suspension of his degrees for five or six years, nor even a sentence of deposition, broke or bent him; he set all at defiance—baffled all, the Vice Chancellor's court, the diocesan, the King's Bench, the Privy Council, the House of Lords, and to his dying hour kept possession of his dignities and appointments.

Bentley's career, however, was one of the good old English kind—the result of ability, M.M. *New Series*.—VOL. X. No. 55.

and the friends whom that ability secured. The son of a Yorkshire yeoman, he was brought up at Wakefield school, and graduated with distinction at St. John's, Cambridge. As early as twenty, he was made master of Spalding school, the patronage of which had lapsed to his college; and, luckily for him, after a twelvemonth's pedaguing, accepted the happier appointment of tutor to Stillingfleet's son, to reside in the family, and accompany his pupil to Oxford. Stillingfleet's connexions thus became Bentley's; and, what occurs to few, he had thus also the opportunity of extending his acquaintance among his cotemporaries at both Universities. Bentley entered the church at rather a later period of life than usual; but within the first year of his ordination, Stillingfleet, then become Bishop of Worcester, made him his chaplain, and procured him a stall in his own cathedral. Other occurrences, in quick succession, brought his name in *ora virum*, and marked him out as a man qualified, and at the same time destined, for higher employments—his Ep. ad Millium, a learned letter upon scores of learned topics with which the professed object had nothing to do; his appointment as King's Librarian; and, above all, the Boyle lecture, to which he had the distinguished honour of being the first appointed, and in which, by the way, he was the first person who attempted a popular account of Newton's recent discoveries. The Phalaris controversy established his reputation for unrivalled sagacity in learned criticism.

Stillingfleet died when Bentley was thirty-seven; but he was then able to stand on his own legs. The very next year he was made Master of Trinity, and, almost immediately after, Archdeacon of Ely, and a short time would doubtless have seated him quietly on the episcopal bench, but for his own official intemperance, which at times made it discreditable for his friends to assist his farther advancement. Nor was he to be easily satisfied. At one time he refused the bishopric of Bristol; and being asked by the Duke of Newcastle what would satisfy, he replied, What would not make him wish for more: and, at a later period, and one of less expectations, he declined the deanery of Lichfield, because a prebend of Westminster was not to go with it. The Regius Professorship of Divinity, however, he seized by main force, or, rather, by a sort of trickery that would have sunk irrecoverably to the lowest depths any other man living. Encroaching, at last, beyond endurance, upon the rights of the fellows of his college, they appealed to the visitor, which gave Bentley an opportunity of raising the question of *who* was the visitor, the Crown or the Bishop of Ely, which led the way to endless litigations. In the mean while, Bentley pursued his own

measures, and first or last, by fair means or foul, carried every point, and, especially, built his magnificent lodge at the cost of the college. Deserted as he seemed to be at times by almost every body, he was never for a moment daunted or diverted. His enemies were bitter, inveterate, implacable—he had only himself to thank for it: but he cared for no one; his confidence in his own resources rendered him reckless of offence; he indulged his whims, and gave way to the violence of his temper, in contempt of common justice, and to the sacrifice of the rights he was bound officially to protect. His opponents, as he had foreseen, were finally worn out—many died, and the rest compromised; and the last four years of his long life were spent in tranquillity, farther annoyance on his part being prevented by the management of his friends. Yet, with all this infirmity of temper, no man had firmer friends, or more devoted, or more admiring. For this he was indebted, we must suppose, to his abilities and his power: some sided with him from the hope of patronage, and others in reliance on his dexterity, or from despair of effectual opposition; and even his disinterested friends, if he had any, must have been influenced more by awe than attachment.

Through all the stormy periods, which consumed a large portion of his time, he never abandoned his studies, though he seems never to have pursued them consecutively, or with a definite object. His works were, most of them, written on the spur of sudden motives—the results of accident, and many of them acts of revenge. Hare's Terence piqued him to the production of his own; and his Emendations on Menander and Philemon were published to confirm a flippant remark of his own, and prove Le Clerc an ass. Of his editorial works, the Terence is decidedly the most valuable. His Horace, Dr. Monk thinks, and we agree with him, has been unduly depreciated: certainly it is not to be classed, as some have foolishly pronounced, with his atrocities upon Milton. The Phalaris is beyond any praise of ours—it is an unequalled piece of critical acumen.

Three Courses and a Dessert.—The punning decorations of this handsome volume must be the first thing to attract attention. The "Whims and Oddities" are the suggestions, or rather the inventions, of the magnificent host himself; but they have been dished up, and put into a presentable shape, by that prince of cooks, Cruikshank. In his preface, the paterfamilias, after making his best acknowledgments to the artist, squeezes out a deprecatory sentence or two to his guests, for his own temerity, and winds up characteristically with a *crocodile* erect in a pulpit, shedding tears.

The Three Courses are of course three sets of tales, entitled, successively, *West Country Chronicles*, *Neighbours of an old Irish Boy*, and *My Cousin's Clients*; and the Dessert

consists of a few bonbons—short, sweet, and crisp. The *West Country Chronicles* are told chiefly in the Somersetshire dialect; and so pat and perfect in it is the author, that it may be presumed he is to the manner born. One of the pieces of this course—a *pièce de résistance*—is so remarkable for strength and pathos, that we pick it out of the ludicrous, to give the reader a taste. It is called *The Braintrees*. Braintree had been a country gentleman's gamekeeper, and had been hastily turned out of office through the insidious dealings of the man who took his place. He had been till then an honest fellow enough; but the loss of his place drove him to poaching, and the loss of character stung him to revenge. No single act seemed capable of soothing his exasperated feelings; and he laid a scheme which took time to mature, and all the while too fed and fostered his vengeance. His wife was nursing the squire's son and heir, and he commanded her to substitute her own child in his place. Affecting to yield to his wishes, her maternal feelings forbade her to execute them; and Braintree fondly cherished the conviction that he held the squire's happiness in his hands, and gratified his hatred by ill-treating the child. Every blow he gave the boy, as he grew up, seemed to him inflicted on the squire. In the meanwhile, he took all possible pains to win the affections of the young squire, whom he believed his own son, by initiating him in the mysteries of sporting. The young men were now eighteen years old, when accidentally encountering the keeper in the woods in the night, and quarrelling with him, Braintree shot him dead, and then exulted in the success with which he contrived to throw the appearance of guilt upon the youth he had so long harshly treated. He had not, however, managed the matter so cunningly as not to leave some shades of suspicion, which caused his own arrest. In this unexpected embarrassment, he sent for the young squire, and, breaking to him that he was his father, commanded him to assist him in escaping, by cutting the rope which bound him. Confounded at the discovery, and torn by conflicting emotions, the youth cut the rope, and then gave himself up to the most torturing thoughts: he was attached to Braintree's daughter, and she now seemed to be his sister. Meanwhile, Braintree takes flight; and, in his farewell interview with his wife, discovers that the exchange of children had never taken place, and that he has all along been acting under a delusion. Horror-struck, he hastens back to the magistrate to exculpate his son; and he is, at last, killed in a desperate attempt to escape. The scene at the little ale-house, where the villagers discuss the murder, is a most felicitous piece of painting.

The Bachelor's Darling has some capital scenes of low life. We shall quote a most vivacious account of a London life of business. The speaker is a merchant: he is on a visit to a brother, a country baronet,

after an absence of many years. In the course of conversation, the baronet, hearing his brother talk of engagements, exclaims, "But you must have *some* time to kill."

"Kill! kill time!—Oh, dear! no," replied Archibald; "you know nothing about the matter. Time travels too fast by half to please me;—I should like to clip the old scoundrel's pinions. The complaints which I have heard, occasionally, of time passing away so slowly, *ennui*, and what not, are to me miraculous. Time seems to travel at such a deuce of a rate, that there's no keeping pace with him. The days are too short by half, so are the nights; so are the weeks, the months, and the years. I can scarcely get to bed before it's time to get up; and I haven't been up but a little time, apparently, before it's time to go to bed. I can but barely peep at the Gazette, or any matter of similar interest in the papers, and swallow an anchovy-sandwich, and a couple of cups of coffee, when its time to be at the 'counting-house. By the time I have read the letters and given a few directions, it's time to be in a hundred places;—before I can reach the last of them, it's time to be on 'Change;—I don't speak to half the people there, to whom I have something to say, before it's time to reply to correspondents; and my letters are scarcely written before it's post and dinner time. Farewell business!—but then there's no time for enjoyment: dinner, wine, coffee, supper, and punch, follow in such rapid succession,—actually treading on each other's heels,—that there's no time to be comfortable at either of them. It's the same in bed; a man must sleep fast, or time will get the start of him, and business be behindhand an hour or two, and every thing in disorder next morning. If I accept a bill for a couple of months, it's due before I can well whistle: my warehouse rents are enormous; and, upon my conscience, Lady-day and her three sisters introduce themselves to my notice, at intervals so barely perceptible, that the skirt of one of the old harridans' garments has scarcely disappeared, before in flounces another. It's just as bad with the fire-insurances, and a thousand other things,—little matters as well as great: a man can scarcely pick his teeth before he's hungry again. The seasons are drawn by race-horses; my family has barely settled at home after a trip to Buxton, Brussels, or elsewhere, before summer comes round, and Mrs. H. pines for fresh air and an excursion, *cheque* again. I can scarcely recover the drain made on my current capital, by portioning one daughter, before another shoots up from a child to a woman; and Jack This or Tom T'other's father wants to know if I mean to give her the same as her sister. It's wonderful how a man gets through so much in the short space of life; he must be prepared for everything, when, egad! there's no time for anything."

Humane Policy; or Justice to the Aborigines of New Settlements, &c. By J. Bannister, late Attorney-General in New South Wales.—Though applicable in principle to all our settlements, the immediate object of the author's remarks is the Cape and its neighbourhood. No British settlements are at this time in so much jeopardy, from the resentments of the natives, as those of Southern Africa. The causes are obvious enough. More injustice and cruelty have been committed in those regions, and less pains been taken to cover and colour usurpations, than elsewhere. Nothing of the kind

will, of course, be acknowledged. The fault all lies at the door of the miserable natives—the Hottentots are stupid, the Caffres ferocious, the Bushmen implacable—they can none of them distinguish friends from foes. The colonists, though meaning nothing but good, have all their kind views counteracted by the insensibilities or the atrocities of the savage; and as to governments, they have, of course, but one cure for all sores—the sword. New lights break in, however, by degrees. A little common sense at home infuses gradually a belief that every thing in the human form has passions and feelings in common; and that if superior intelligence does not work its natural influence, the fault is probably in the unskillfulness with which it is employed. We must not expect gentleness for violence, or, when we encroach upon others' rights, hope that the owners will turn round and thank us, and not rather seek opportunity for vengeance. That the African of the Cape is not the unimpressible being he has been represented is proved from the intercourse of the missionaries, and still more satisfactorily from the experience of the few colonists who have tried gentle methods, and treated them on the footing of human beings with human feelings.

From the first conquest of the Cape we find governors affecting to recognize the principles of common equity; but their measures, down to the very last year, prove the recognition is one of words only. The project of seizing Gaika, the Caffre chief, in 1822, and the Griegans, in Beaufort Town, in 1820—the killing of the Ficani in 1828, and the seizing of the neutral ground, and Macomo's land, in 1829, would surely have never been devised, if those principles had really operated; or if, as Mr. Bannister justly observes, such measures were liable to be submitted to public opinion. A free press at the Cape, apparently, could do no harm, and might check the *abuse* of power.

No doubt the habits of the people interpose numerous obstacles to any project of civilizing them; but *civilizing them* is not, and cannot, be the first object of colonizing, if it be even the secondary—it is rather, perhaps, not one at all directly and by special effort, but only one that is likely to follow from the neighbourhood of *good* example, and one that is desirable. If any thing can be done, it must be more by forbearance than by any thing else. In tracts of country either unoccupied, or but thinly peopled, difficulties have rarely been found in prevailing upon the natives to cede considerable portions upon *terms*. These contracts, it may be, the natives occasionally break; but the melancholy truth is, Europeans *always* break them, and no faith has been kept at all with the people of the Cape.

The object of Mr. Bannister's book is to show the means that are in our hands to secure at once the well-being of the colonists,

and to promote the improvement of the natives: and these are, to dispense justice; to distribute lands and prevent encroachments; to protect trade; to keep up political intercourse; to support the well-disposed colonists; to encourage the well-disposed natives; to impart instruction, civil and religious; and expend money, not in making war, but in maintaining peace. Under each of these heads the indefatigable and earnest writer has collected a vast deal of information calculated to show the weakness and the wickedness of the old system, and the indisputable grounds that should urge us to enforce a new one. The acquisitions that have been made by usurpation have cost, within these few years, sums treble their worth in military expeditions to secure them. Some of the money thus uselessly spent might be usefully employed in sending agents beyond the frontiers. "The very least advantage to be gained from such persons would be that we should know what our neighbours are doing. Instead of adopting this advice, the old state of ignorance is allowed to exist; and the natural consequences are, that in 1827, large districts were stripped of the inhabitants to be sent, for weeks together, to the frontier, in search of an enemy never seen. In 1828, a far greater disturbance of our domestic affairs takes place (pressing most heavily upon the neediest class, the Hottentots); and we attack a people who would have joined us against the enemy we were seeking, and whose great sufferings we ought to have alleviated instead of aggravating. In 1829, the same unacquaintedness with much nearer neighbours, the Caffres, again fills the whole colony with alarm and disturbance, accompanied by the usual array of armed men, and expensive military arrangements."

Two things at moderate expense may, the writer thinks, be proposed with advantage to promote a better course. First, the adoption of the settlement at Port Natal; and, secondly, the appointment of a single commissioner for the interior. His usual residence might be at the head of the river Key, near the Moravian station in the Klippart branch; but he should visit the great chiefs, and be the organ of communication with all the tribes from Natal to Lattakoo. It is believed that 600,000 souls would come within the immediate influence of his duties; and that an impression would be made through such an appointment, calculated to lead these Africans, eager as they are well known to be for improvement, to high civilization in a very few years. The special duties of this commissioner may be proposed in a few words. He should represent the king to the tribes subject to the governor at the Cape. He should negotiate treaties with the chiefs; assist them in advancing the civilization of their people; report all their complaints; reduce their customs to writing; organize common laws between them and us on all points, subject to the approval of the Cape government; promote the union of tribe after tribe with us; acquire their language, and print annual reports concerning the interior, in addition to making reports to the governor of the Cape every week upon all points concerning his post, and upon the state of the tribes.

If his yearly reports were published in the Cape newspapers, it would be the best guarantee for his efficiency; and, every year, ten-fold his salary would be saved in the improvement which his influence must extend among the tribes, and also the colonial border authorities.

The Family Cabinet Atlas, Part I.—The numerous publications of maps of all sizes indicate the general feeling of their importance, not only as aids in the education of youth, but for the use of all ages. Maps have been too much neglected. They are potent helps in presenting historical and geographical relations clearly to the understanding, and fixing them in the memory. By far the greater part of people read histories and travels with little or no reference to maps; and the consequences are general confusion, and a fast fading away, for the want of that binding quality which they peculiarly possess:—they are the mordents of literature, and of equal virtue with chronological tables and biographical charts. The *Family Atlas* is destined by its size to accompany the many periodical works on all sorts of subjects now publishing, and which show better than any thing else how rapidly and extensively the demand for books is spreading. The scale of these maps is of course very small, but the engraving is distinct and neat. To avoid the crowding of names, the principal places only are inserted in the plates, and the less important are thrown into alphabetical tables on the opposite pages with latitudes and longitudes affixed, by which their relative positions in the maps may be readily ascertained. The first portion has two plates, with the relative lengths and heights of the principal rivers and mountains in the globe.

The Fortunes of Francesco Novello da Carrara, Lord of Padua, an Historical Tale (not a Novel) of the 14th Century, from the Chronicles of Gataro, by David Syme, Esq.—The house of Carrara is identified with the story of Padua throughout the fourteenth century, and the fortunes of Francesco Novello, the last lord of the name, have all the variety and interest of a romance. The Carraras were Guelfs, and of course in political conflict with their opponents, the predominant faction. In 1389 Francesco Vecchio, by the treacheries of his counsellors corrupted by Galeazzo, the Lord of Milan, was induced to resign and withdraw to Treviso. The family, however, had friends still staunch to their interests; and his son, Francesco Novello, was immediately recognised chief of the state. Novello was then about forty, and a man of considerable experience; active and resolute besides, and not of a disposition to abandon readily his rights. They were, however, soon lost, and won and lost again.

The story is circumstantially told by Gataro, a name distinguished among the chroniclers of Italy, and whose work constitutes a portion of Muratori's invaluable col-

lection. (By the way, how is it we have no English Muratori? The materials abound; and Mr. D'Israeli—is he not the very man for the editor?) Gataro's narrative is full of interest, though unmercifully prolix; but Mr. Syme has wisely clipt a little of its luxuriance, or, taking his own metaphor, he has melted down the original narrative, and recast it in a smaller mould, preserving as much as possible the fashion of the workmanship.

The Count of Milan, though surprised, we do not know why, by the appointment of the younger Francesco, was not to be readily baffled. Contracting an alliance with the signory of Venice, he forthwith despatched a hostile message to Padua. This the new lord endeavoured to elude, by telling the herald the message was meant for his father, no longer Lord of Padua, and that he himself was desirous of living at peace with his neighbours. Poh, poh, cries the count, when the reply was reported, sons of cats are fond of mice; and no farther time was lost in verbalities. Francesco too bestirred himself, and made all possible preparations to repel the coming invasion; but his utmost efforts were vain against the force of his enemies and the treacheries of his subjects. Terms were accepted, and Novello retired to Milan, ostensibly under the protection of the count; but soon discovering some further stratagems, especially a plan of assassinating him, and failing himself in an attempt to be beforehand with his oppressor, he found escape was the only chance of security. This, though not without difficulty, was successfully accomplished, in company with his wife, a very dainty dame; and the details of their embarrassments and perils, by the way of Vienna, Avignon, and the Genoese coast to Florence, are calculated to give a very lively conception of the state of the country, and the accommodations for travelling in those days. At Florence it was no part of Novello's purpose to sit down quietly: he quickly got up a little alliance, and being aided by his wife's connexions from Germany, in a few months took Padua again by storm, and found himself firmly established in his old seat. Some time after this happy event, the Count of Milan, under the sanction of the emperor, assumed the title of duke, and the year 1395 was distinguished by the splendour of his inauguration. According to the honest chronicler, "there were present, besides the representatives of Christian powers, those of the Grand Turk, of the King of the Tartars, of the Great Soldan, of Prester John, of Tamerlane the Great, and of many other heathen princes." At this splendid spectacle appeared also Da Carrara, but of course with nothing like cordiality. He still hated the duke, and longed for more complete revenge. A new war was soon kindled against the aspiring duke; Francesco was the chief instigator and conspicuous leader; Padua, in consequence, bore the brunt of the storm, and the horrors inflicted

upon the country surpassed the common atrocities of the age. Failing completely in his object, Francesco finally fell into the hands of his conquerors, and was conveyed, with his two sons, prisoner to Venice, where all three perished by the bowstring in the dungeons of St. Mark, at the command of the signory. The noble family was thus extinguished.

Divines of the Church of England, with Lives of the Authors, &c. by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B. D. Bishop Sherlock.—This is a very desirable set of reprints, and we are glad to see the superintendence of them placed in the hands of so respectable an individual as the late Christian Advocate of Cambridge. The greater part of our old church divines have not for very many years been reprinted, a fact which bespeaks something like indifference, and betrays a censurable, because a careless neglect of the sources of theological sentiments current in English pulpits from their days down to our own. The commencement is made with the younger Sherlock; and a complete edition of his writings, which singularly enough has never been published, is now contemplated. We like, notwithstanding a little incumbrance of bulk, complete editions, because we like complete judgments to be formed of character and talent, and fair estimates of effects produced by the union, which cannot be accomplished without. In the prospectus we observe some names, the republication of whose works would be quite superfluous, as Paley; and some quite unimportant, as Ogden and Hurd; while we miss others that cannot be dispensed with, as Tillotson; but the plan is not yet perhaps matured, or at all events may yet be modified. Of those who are usually classed as reformers, we see only Jewell's name.

The first volume contains a life of Sherlock by Mr. Hughes, and twenty-four of Sherlock's sermons, the characteristics of which are sound sense and safe theology. "I shall first explain the text, and then make some useful remarks," is the usual preface, and nobody can fairly complain of any breach of promise. Though an able and prominent man, professionally and politically, the materials for his biography, either in the shape of correspondence, or scattered notices in contemporary writings, are not very abundant. He was born in 1678, and educated at Eton and Cambridge. At Eton he was in friendship with Townsend, Walpole, and Pelham; and at Cambridge was of the same college with Hoadley, with whom he clashed at lectures, the source probably of some of the bitterness which is visible in his subsequent conflicts with him. Upon his professional life he entered with the most favourable auspices. His father was Master of the Temple and Dean of St. Paul's, and had interest enough, on his resignation of the Temple, to get his aspiring son appointed, at the early age of 26. Though vacating his

fellowship at Catherine Hall, on his marriage in 1707, he kept up his connexions there, and in 1714 was elected master of his college, and the same year, while vice-chancellor, came into collision officially with Bentley. On the accession of the Hanover family he obtained the deanery of Chichester, through the personal favour of Lord Townsend; for Sherlock himself was a man of tory principles, though not of the sternest cast; at least they were found susceptible of occasional flexibility, and only retarded his advancement. In 1716-17 appeared Hoadley's tract and sermon, which, as every body knows, involved the divine rights of the clergy, and their claims to independence of the civil power. These were brought before the convocation, and Sherlock, as chairman of the committee, drew up the report, denouncing the tendency of both publications. Measures of some intemperance would probably have followed, but for the prompt and peremptory step the whig ministry took of proroguing the convocation, and never suffering them to debate again. The question, however, was taken up out of doors; and among above a hundred combatants who first or last engaged in the fray, Sherlock became conspicuous, and was considered, more from his station than his exertions, as Hoadley's leading opponent. For a time he suffered the honours of a confessor, and had his name erased from the list of court chaplains. This, however, was but a passing eclipse. Walpole was a personal friend, and on the accession of George II. he made Sherlock Bishop of Bangor, and subsequently removed him to Salisbury. In the House of Lords he had an opportunity of obliging Walpole, in full consistency with his tory feelings. Whigs in office are Tories of course. Walpole suffered the pension-bill to pass the commons, being sure of the peers, where Sherlock magnanimously opposed his friend and patron. On Walpole's final defeat, however, Sherlock stood forward in defence of his friend in a manly way, whatever may be said either of his consistency as a party-man, or his virtue as a patriot. Though much engaged in secular politics, he was at the same time professionally active, and that in more important and less acrimonious controversies than the Bangorian one with Collins and Wollaston, on the topics, respectively, of prophecy and miracles. He was now getting old, and so much enfeebled by disease as to decline the primacy on the death of Potter; but rallying again a year or two after, he accepted the bishopric of London, and held it twelve years, to his death.

Sherlock died very wealthy, a fact with which his memory has been upbraided a thousand times. Charges of this kind are lightly adopted and rarely scanned. To throw a little more weight into the scale, he was said to have left the palace at Fulham in ruins. Mr. Hughes has collected some evidence which qualifies the matter considerably. In a letter still extant, written upon

his new appointment, Sherlock says,—"I find there is a very bad old house. I must repair a great deal of it, and I am afraid rebuild some part. It is late for me to be so employed, but somebody will be the better for it." The present Bishop of London informs Mr. Hughes by letter that Sherlock *did* build a dining-room (which is now the kitchen) with bed-rooms over it. Sherlock had considerable property from his father and brother, who were both rich. His large possessions fell to the Gooches of Suffolk. Gooch, Bishop of Norwich, married Sherlock's sister, from whom the Suffolk Gooches are descended.

Influence of Climate in the Prevention and Cure of Chronic Diseases, &c., by James Clark, M. D.—There is no quackery, at least, in Dr. Clark's book. He makes little attempt at theorizing, keeping almost wholly to what appear matters of fact. His main object is to exhibit the results of observation—to state the physical characters of particular climates, and the effects experienced under them. From these two sets of data he occasionally ventures to express what he terms the characteristic or medical qualities of climates—so far only as they warrant, and that to be sure is but little. The physical characters alluded to seem to mean no more than *temperature* and perhaps *hygrometry*, and the effects no more than the *apparent* ones. Of course no deduction made from such imperfect premises can be adopted with much confidence. It is idle to talk of any law, which governs the effect of climate upon disease, when climate itself is not yet defined; and of course nothing can be more hazardous than to pronounce peremptorily upon supposed effects. In the present state of our knowledge, the matter is wholly one of experience, almost a tentative matter. The more diseased persons are found to be relieved upon a residence at a given spot, the greater becomes the probability as to the fact of the medical qualities of the place (call it climate, or what we will) for specific diseases; or, at least, the greater will be the belief in them, and the more confidently will recourse be had to them. Dr. Clark has traversed the whole line of the south and south-west coast of England, and ascertained the differences of temperature in most of the frequented spots: their range is not considerable. Some places he finds also drier than others; but his statistics have not yet their requisite nicety. Generally the south coast is less dry towards the west than towards the east. Undercliff, a spot of about six miles on the S. E. of the Isle of Wight, seems to Dr. Clark to be the Madeira of England. It is more sheltered than Hastings, with the advantage of a considerable space of protected country for rides and drives, while two or three hundred yards are the utmost extent of the skreened part of Hastings.

After this survey at home, Dr. Clark takes a similar glance along the coasts of France

and Italy, Madeira, and the West Indies, collecting his informations, when his personal knowledge fails, from his medical friends, and persons whose evidence he relies upon. He has chiefly in view diseases of the lungs and the digestive organs; and as to the former, he ingenuously confesses no benefit is to be hoped for from any known change of climate in any of the specific stages of the disease. There are indications of approaching disease, which are probably the disease itself in its incipient state, when a change of scene is found sometimes to be efficient. But at Madeira itself, diseases of the lungs are common. Dr. Clark's book is very intelligibly and sensibly written, and calculated to contribute materially to the important print of medical statistics.

Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets, by H. N. Coleridge, Esq. Part I.—The very useful and intelligible aim of this little publication is, by suggesting sound and eternal principles of criticism, to encourage a free and manly exercise of the judgment upon the productions of the Greek poets of antiquity. These precepts are of a general cast, and applicable alike to old and new, and independent of all that is adventitious or accidental. Imagination, fancy, good sense, and purity of language, are the characteristics of excellence in all ages and countries. In his general introduction, Mr. Coleridge takes a distinction between fancy and imagination for which Stewart might have envied him. On the principles of Scotch philosophy, meaning the Stewart school, Mr. C. finds them to be two distinct faculties; though he might with the same reason split what the same school calls the faculty of attention into two or a dozen, according as the mind is exerted on problems or poems, facts or fables. Queen Mab's equipage is an exercise of pure fancy; the mad scene of Lear and Edgar, one of imagination. The first presents objects of nature or art as they are—mere pictures, to be looked at, but not to be felt for or with. The images of imagination are transfigured, the colours and shapes are modified, as passion mixes with them. He illustrates his meaning by a reference to different sets of similes: those of the fancy are like to the sense, and those of the imagination to the mind's eye. Virgil likens a fair body stained with blood to ivory stained with a purple dye. This is a resemblance to the eye—not existing in the nature of the thing. The same poet compares a beautiful boy suddenly killed to a bright flower rudely cut from its stalk, and withering on the ground. This is a resemblance to the mind—not existing in the nature of things. Catullus, in the same way, compares the crush of his love by the infidelity of its object to a flower cut down by the plough. All this, it will be seen, is a distinction founded on the objects of sense, and feelings arising from moral relations, and not resting on distinct

mental faculties. They are merely classes of objects, and the mind that contemplates them the same, one and indivisible.

Homer is of course the poet whose works, genuine or reputed, are discussed in the present volume. Mr. C. inclines to Heyne's conclusion as to the origin of the Iliad, and aptly adds—

There are thousands of old Spanish romances on the Cid, and the heroes of Roncesvalles, undoubtedly the productions of various authors, which yet might be arranged in order, and set out as several heroic poems, with as little discrepancy between them in style and tone of feeling as can be perceived in the rhapsodies of the Iliad. The same may be said, with even more obvious truth, of the ancient English ballads on Robin Hood and his famous band. We know that these little poems are from different hands; yet I defy any critic to class them under different heads, distinguishable by any difference of thought or feeling.

The Odyssey, Mr. C. considers, on the general tone of the thing, and on divers small particulars, as the production of a later age—in a different state of society—one of advancing refinement. We doubt if this is not *refining*. The scenes of the Odyssey are chiefly domestic, while those of the Iliad are on the battle field:—the heroes are in temporary huts, at a distance from domestic accommodations, and in a situation adverse to domestic habits. The age, we think, might very well be the same; the difference consists only in scenes and circumstances. The hymns, usually assigned, for want of another name, to Homer, though ancient, do not correspond in theology with the principles of the Iliad; and the frogs and mice are evidently of a later period, that of Aristophanes probably.

We are glad to find a gentleman like Mr. C., engaged in an active and laborious profession, one often alien from the muses, turn with pleasure to the studies of his youth, and bring a cultivated and matured intellect to bear upon imaginative matters.

Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. VII.; Cities and Towns.—This seventh volume professes to be the first of three, devoted to a description of the "cities and principal towns of the world;" and very much dissatisfied we are, not so much with what is done, as at what is left undone. The volume must be taken as a specimen of the geographical department of the Cyclopædia; and it obviously does not accord with the large professions of the editor. According to his announcements, the Cyclopædia is to "embrace every subject necessary for a work of general reference, and, moreover, all the conveniences of alphabetical arrangement," &c. The volume before us, however, will serve none of the purposes of a work of reference, for no one can guess *what* specifically he is likely to find. The title expresses Cities—a word which with us is definite; or at least every episcopal see is a city, if every city be not an episcopal see. But of English cities, only eleven, we believe, are noticed, and certainly

it would require an *Œdipus* to detect the principle of selection for the greater of them. What criterion, again, determined the "principal towns," is equally puzzling. The ancientness seems to have been the ground of selection in some cases, yet we have no account of Chester or Durham: sometimes manufactures appear to have been the cause, yet nothing is said of Leeds, or Nottingham, or Leicester, or Coventry; sometimes commercial importance, yet no notice is taken of Newcastle or Hull; sometimes the mere fashionableness of a place has prompted a notice, yet not a word have we of Brighton or Cheltenham. In Scotland the author finds only four, and all in the south, and five in Ireland. In the Netherlands, sixteen are described; in France eleven, but no notice of Toulon, Bayonne, Brest, Dieppe, Nantes, Pau, Metz; and in Spain thirteen, but not a word of Xerez, Valencia, Valladolid, Tarragona, &c.

The wood-cuts, of which there are a great number, are many of them clever and competent sketches; but others are miserable even in design, and generally in point of execution below, if not the promise, yet certainly the style of neatness with which the book is in other respects got up. The view of London is pitiful; and Canterbury Cathedral, that magnificent structure, is dwindled to a parish church; and the crows that cluster round Bell-Harry Steeple only make the matter more contemptible. King's College, Cambridge, looks like a card-rack, or a toy, cut in papier machié; and Warwick Castle is shorn of all its strength: the view should have been taken from the bridge, or some part of the river. Some few are very tastefully drawn, such as Bath. The Netherlands are generally fair; but the best things are among the Spanish buildings.

The textual descriptions are respectable: the whole is mere outline, but more could not be accomplished within the limits, and more, perhaps, is not desired.

Family Library, Vol. XIII.; Cunningham's Lives of Artists, Vol. III.—Mr. Cunningham's are by far the most welcome volumes which the Family Library has hitherto produced. More, we hope, will follow, though three was the limit announced. We have as yet had no architects, and may, therefore, look for a fourth. The nine sculptors, whose biography fills the present volume, have been selected mainly as presenting a kind of historical sketch of the art in this country; but they are also the most distinguished among those of whom it can scarcely be said any have reached a very lofty eminence. Many artists make excellent single figures, while their groupings are almost always inferior and often execrable. Allegories and personifications, though intolerable in statuary, still disgrace our monumental sculpture. St. Paul's is full of the most revolting absurdities. Sculptors are continually forcing their art upon services which

it cannot execute. They do not know where to stop, and seem absurdly to think what painting can do, sculpture can do. It has a much narrower range.

Grinling Gibbons comes first. Whether Dutch or English, he was early known in England, but rather as a carver than a statuary. Nothing has ever equalled his fruits, and game, and flowers, and feathers, masses of which in wood still survive in some profusion at Chatsworth and Petworth. The prevalence of Grecian architecture checked the career of carving: Mr. Cunningham wishes she would cover her nakedness with an ornamental leaf or two. At Whitehall there is a statue of James II. from Gibbons's chisel or his modelling, and a bust in bronze of James I., and a very noble one; that is, unlike, as Mr. C. remarks, the portraits of the British "Solomon;" but feeble as was James in character, he was no fool. Of Gibbons personally little is known: his flowing wig and extravagant cravat indicate vanity enough.

Of Cibber, notwithstanding the volubility of his clever son Colley, not much more is known than of Gibbons. He was a Dane by birth, and came to this country, according to his son, some time before the restoration of Charles II. Mr. Cunningham says *revolution*; but that must be a slip of the pen or the printer. And by the way there are many such. Archbishop Tennison is printed Jamison, and Mr. Hope's Anastasius is turned into Athanasius. After labouring at a stone-cutter's, he at length set up for himself; and at a time when the fashion prevailed of filling groves and lawns with satyrs and fawns, and gods and goddesses, as naked as they were born, he became a distinguished manufacturer of figures in free-stone, finally, at 35*l.* a piece, a price with which the artist was well pleased, and proposed to maintain. These are gone with the change of tastes; but some of his statues made for public buildings still remain—the kings to Charles I. and Sir Thomas Gresham in the Royal Exchange. The Phoenix over the south door of St. Paul's has considerable merit, and his Madness and Melancholy are of a still higher character. Of these well-known statues, the younger Bacon has, it seems, restored the surface. Mr. Cunningham discovered poetry in them, he tells us, at the first glance. When he was yet a stranger to sculpture, he felt the pathetic truth of the delineation: they gave him his first feeling for art, and led him to expect better sculpture than he afterwards found. Every body remembers Pope's lines upon these 'brainless' statues, and Flaxman depreciates them; but public opinion bears down, says the author, all solitary authorities, however eminent, and in this case it has been pretty strongly expressed for 130 years. One of the figures is said to have been taken from Cromwell's giant porter.

Roubilliac was a Frenchman, and came into England about 1720. He proved something of a reformer in our monumental sculp-

ture, or rather he introduced a new taste, that of allegorical personages, or, as Mr. C. puts it, poetic personations of sentiment and feeling, which it is now perhaps high time to get rid of again. His monuments in honour of Admiral Warren and Marshal Wade, however beautiful in point of workmanship, are mere conceits of the most contemptible description. His Trinity busts are among the best of his performances, but especially the statue of Sir Isaac Newton, in the chapel of the same college. The Shakspeare now in the British Museum does not match it. It was a commission from Garrick, who bargained with the sculptor for a price barely sufficient to cover the model and the marble; nor was Roubilliac left to his own conception. Garrick, it is said, put himself into countenance, and then into posture, and desired the astonished sculptor to model away—"for, behold," said he, "the poet of Avon." Roubilliac had much of the vanity and vivacity of his nation; and this, and his indulging in the vagaries of enthusiasm, occasioned many curious little anecdotes, which Mr. C. delights to retail.

Wilton, undoubtedly an Englishman, was born in 1722; and though educated in Brabant, Paris, and Rome, with every advantage of professional instruction, turned out but a one-eyed monarch among the blind. His independent circumstances enabled him to resist the control of architects, who before tyrannised over sculptors; but the emancipation gave no buoyancy to the leaden wings of his genius. Some copies of the antique showed he could copy; but the best specimen of his own productions is Wolfe's monument in Westminster Abbey, with lions below and angels above, &c. He was a very successful man, gave good dinners, and was highly respected. His beautiful daughter became the celebrated Lady Chambers.

Banks was born in 1735, and was a man of a higher order. He had genius and poetry in him, and made, as usual, but a very indifferent man of business. The royal academy, then recently instituted, sent him to Rome with 50*l.* a-year, and there it was he executed his exquisite figure of Love pursuing a butterfly. In pursuit of patronage, which he did not find at home, he went, when fifty years of age, to Russia, where he met with nothing but disappointment. The empress gave him a subject—the armed neutrality! when he was thinking of nothing but Homer's heroes. He soon left Russia, probably expecting, says Mr. C., to be called upon to do into stone the last treaty with the Turk. Returning to London, he modelled his Mourning Achilles, which was smashed to atoms by the overturn of a waggon, but afterwards put together again, and now stands in the entrance of the British Institution. In the latter years of his life, he was very much with Mr. Johnes at Hafod, and some of his most beautiful pieces perished in the destruction of that building a few years ago. Banks was the first English sculptor who gave him-

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self up soul and body to classic subjects. That he felt poetically, the results prove; but his cold description of the Venus de Medici contrasts curiously with his own glowing executions. His daughter, Mrs. Forster, is still living, and has written a very agreeable account of her amiable father.

Nollekens's life is made up of Smith's "ungentle" memoirs; but though a little softened in the detail, the effect remains pretty much the same. Nollekens was a mere matter-of-fact copier: he had an eye for living forms, and copied them faithfully.

Bacon, though a self-educated man, was thoroughly a mechanical sculptor. His inventiveness was shown in mechanical matters, in improving the "pointing-machine," by which the figure of the model is transferred to stone with an accuracy before scarcely conceivable, though his machine has been still farther improved by Chantrey.

To enrol Mrs. Damer in the list of distinguished and executive artists is merely a compliment. Her vanity, says Mr. C., led her into the labyrinth of art: pride forbade her to retreat; but the fortitude of her perseverance cannot be too much admired. The memoir is a very agreeable one; though but an indifferent artist, her beauty, talents, and spirit, with her rank and wealth, make her a singularly interesting person.

But the chef-d'œuvre of the volume is Flaxman's life. Mr. C. estimates him very high as an artist; something above the mark, we think: but we have not space for another word.

The True Plan of a Living Temple. By the Author of Farwell to Time, &c. 3 vols. 12mo.—With a fixed conviction that we are destined for a consecutive and superior state of existence, the purpose of the very earnest and eloquent author of these volumes of enlightened devotion is to determine in what light we should regard the occupations and pursuits of *this* life. Strange notions on these matters seem everywhere prevalent. In the minds of the most serious, there is a perpetual struggle between the interests of this world and the next—forced by inevitable circumstances to attend to what is before them—bound by the most imperative obligations to regard what is in expectation, and all the while distrusting the compatibility of the two. These notions and suspicions are enforced by divines and moralists. Listen to them—and it must puzzle the acutest of us to discover *what* we are here for at all, if we are to separate ourselves from that into which we find ourselves plunged, and from which we cannot, while we stay, escape. In the mind of the author, they teach what is wholly alien from the doctrines of Christianity. They misrepresent the matter miserably; as if, in fact, Christ proposed to withdraw men's affections from earth to heaven, while, all along, his object was, and it is his language too, rather to bring down heaven upon earth—not to teach them to betake themselves, in

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agination, to heaven, but to aid in spreading it, in reality, upon earth. The "kingdom of heaven" was perpetually in his mouth—it was the eternal subject of his discourses. What this kingdom of heaven then *means*, forms the first grand division of the author's inquiry. It is the reign of knowledge, virtue, freedom, concord, order, and happiness; and we must frankly confess we have never seen the matter so eloquently, and we may say so philosophically developed. This is a kingdom peculiar to no time or country. The qualities which characterize it have always been visible, more or less, as long as man has existed: they have even predominated, in spite of the reign of darkness in all its hateful forms. The appearance of Christ was more to extend the limits of this kingdom than to found it, and especially to connect it with our after-existence.

As Christians we are, perhaps, in an *especial* manner, subjects of this kingdom; and the author's next effort is directed to ascertain what is the object proposed to us as *subjects* of this kingdom. Heaven upon earth, and heaven above the earth, are but two states, two aspects of the same thing—they are but different evolutions of one universal scheme. To talk of their interests, then, being incompatible, is idle, and the old and ineffective representations are no longer receivable. A new turn is given to the whole matter; and we no longer fly from the world, in terror of corruption, but to it, for the purpose of promoting, by all our energies, the extension of God's kingdom—in other words, to cultivate and spread knowledge, virtue, freedom, and felicity. *Perfection*, accordingly, is the object proposed to us as the business and duty of loyal subjects of this spiritual kingdom—the object to be steadily and heartily aimed at; not perfection in an absolute sense, for such a notion is absurd, because impracticable in fact; but rather, as the author expresses it, *perfecting*, by which he means a perpetual improving, without the possibility of exhausting the resources of improvement.

Though partly implied in the preceding division, the author's third effort is to inquire into the best means of accomplishing the object thus proposed to us as subjects of the kingdom of heaven. These are to raise in our minds to the highest the standard of excellence—to encourage the most exalted notions of moral beauty—to take care that, in thus elevating our standard, we do not get into the regions of fancy, and lose sight of a practical reference to the business of life—to keep a strict eye and close vigilance upon the smaller duties—to suffer nothing, in short, to escape our own observance—do nothing by mere habit, but all with a view to the furtherance of the great interests of God's kingdom. In his fourth division, he throws a rapid glance over what he terms a *good life*—the life to be pursued, that is, of course, by a subject of this kingdom, who has ascertained his position and his point, and the best means of accomplishing it. It consists of

maxims and rules of a general cast, and for general situations, without any minutiae, or any attempt at individualizing. The difference between this and the preceding division is that which is discernible between pointing out the path which must be followed, and giving such directions as will enable the person who enters upon it to pursue it with steadiness and success.

We can do no more than give this bare and most imperfect outline of the author's views. Nothing short of copious extracts could present an adequate notion of the large and catholic views of the work—the original and independent conceptions—the preterition of technicalities—the intensity of feeling—the fervour of eloquence, not flighty and flashy, but full and argumentative—and the deep sincerity and conviction that pervades every page of these earnest effusions. The sharp eyes of an orthodox divine will readily detect a good deal of what sounds latitudinarily; but the author is obviously one who is little inclined to respect artificial creeds and exclusive articles: he looks for the spirit of the question, and seems to have found it. The writer is well read in German divines, especially of the school of Reinhard; and has successfully learnt, from Brown, to distrust abstractions, and renounce superfluous distinctions.

The Executor's Account-Book. By John H. Brady. — Mr. Brady is the author of two very useful little books relative to the construction of wills, and the execution of them. The present publication contains a set of formulæ, constituting itself an account-book for keeping the accounts of executorships in an intelligible form, and what is of still greater importance, in a form precise and specific enough to satisfy the courts on the one hand, and heirs and legatees on the other. The importance of keeping such accounts with the most scrupulous care, every body who has had any concern with such matters must feel at once; and instances are not of rare occurrence, where not only executors themselves, but *their* executors also, have been involved in inextricable difficulties, proceeding from a negligence in this respect.

Leigh's Guide to the Lakes of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire.—Every tourist finds a manual of this kind indispensable in his route. It supplies, to a thousand questions, answers which it is extremely difficult to obtain orally from the most observant of our friends. Not to say it must often happen, that those who *can* furnish particulars are not always at hand just when they are wanted; whilst numbers equally desirous of information, have no acquaintance, with the requisite knowledge, to apply to at all. But a local guide of this kind supplies at once, all we want; and more completely, than on the most favourably suppositions, is likely to be gained from the recollections of friends and visitors; and, more-

over, if the memory fails, after communication, the book will refresh it, and not complain of importunity. Mr. Leigh's competent little volume has a general map of the country on a considerable scale, and particular maps of the lakes, an inch to a mile. The topographic details contain ample accounts of the neighbourhood, with distances, bearings, places of accommodation, &c. with all due precision.

The Villa and Cottage Florist's Directory, by James Main, H. L. S.—Mr. Main appeals to the experience of fifty years spent in the cultivation of flowers as some warrant of ability for accomplishing the task he has undertaken—to construct a Florist's Directory. This is fair presumption enough, supposing this fifty years' experience to have been, also, on an extensive scale; but the logic of the next ground of reliance is not so intelligible. It is impossible, he says, that he should have been contemporary with a Maddock, a Hogg, a Sweet, and many other eminent florists, without knowing something of the art. Why, we ourselves have been contemporary with these same eminent florists, without gathering an atom of this kind of knowledge. A third ground of self-recommendation is still less conclusive—where, he adds, if his own knowledge or practice may be defective or confined, at least his judgment will enable him to recommend with safety, and direct with propriety. Mr. Main, to be sure, is one of the drollest reasoners we remember to have met with. Floriculture, says he, has become the study and amusement of all ranks, because it embellishes the dwellings of the rich and great, and forms the gayest ornament of the villa—because, again, it receives the regard and employs the pencils of the most refined and fairest of nature's works; and, most of all, because it decorates, while it endears, the poor man's cottage. The poor man's cottage! and this in our days! But Mr. M., though no logician, may be a very good florist, and often, we observe, gives very intelligible directions, though he is terribly given to mixing them up with what he doubtless considers to be philosophy; and we see how closely he can reason. Our eye has just caught the following morceau. He is speaking of polyantheses. Dutchmen, says he, are less tender of foliage than we are; nor do they seem to attribute to the leaves that peculiar function which is given them by the botanical physiologists of this country. Perhaps certain ideas, like diseases, are endemical, &c. This is fearfully profound. Does Mr. M. really think the Dutch do not know as much about the physiology of plants as the English?

Philosophical Problems, by Miles Bland, D. D. &c.—A vast collection, consisting of some thousands of problems on the different branches of philosophy, adapted to the course of reading pursued in the University of Cambridge;—or, more specifically, in tri-

gonometry, hydrostatics, optics, Newton's Principia, and astronomy. A small volume of Mechanical Problems was published some time ago by Dr. Bland. Those were, the greater part, if not all of them, accompanied with solutions. The present volume is left wholly without any thing of the kind, from the conviction Dr. Bland feels, confirmed by a judicious and able tutor still residing at Cambridge, that the problems will be of greater service to the students in the present form. We cannot think so. It may seem presumption to differ from such experienced persons; but we must still believe, if some of each section, suppose a third, had been accompanied with solutions, and the results of others appended, with occasional references to principles in established works, the book would have carried with it something like practical utility, not only for students in Cambridge, but out of it; and now it has none. We never saw anything so arid and bare.

A Short Treatise on the Liabilities of Trustees, &c. by Sir G. F. Hampson, Bart.—Considering how very large a part of the property, which is disposed of in this country by deed or will is placed under the control of trustees, it is of considerable importance that the liabilities to which they are exposed should be distinctly and generally understood. The office is no desirable one, though it is often, obviously, both conferred and accepted as a compliment; often requested on the one hand without regard to the onus it imposes and the embarrassments it involves, and undertaken on the other with little thought or anticipation of the trouble and peril likely to be incurred. For the most part it is thought to be mere matter of form; or at all events a lawyer is always at hand, and the estate must pay; and especially if a lawyer be a co-trustee no harm can follow. But the fact is, the liabilities are very great and even precarious, notwithstanding the protection of the courts: neglects are easily incurred, and followed by fatal responsibilities; and even where they are not so alarming, unpleasant bills of costs often surprise the unwitting offender. The object of Sir G. Hampson's treatise—it is a corrected and enlarged edition of his old work—is not to alarm and deter from the acceptance of an office sometimes of great family importance; but only to place trustees upon their guard by pointing out these dangers and duties—to keep them, in short, out of scrapes.

A still more valuable service, but one not to be expected from the profession, would be to expose the absurdity of the growing practice of placing property under trust. In numerous instances it is done from mere fashion; it sounds loftily and gives importance. In three cases out of four, perhaps, in these latter days, it is at best superfluous; and is then calculated for nothing but to make work for lawyers, and to plague families by giving them masters.

The Doom of Devorgoil and the Ayrshire Tragedy; a Melodrama and a Tragedy, by Sir W. Scott, Bart.—An old lord of Devorgoil had ravaged the lands of Algionby, in Cumberland, and encountering a storm on his return, threw the miserable captives overboard to save the more valuable treasure. Though this same lord, apparently, died quietly in his bed, the deed of atrocity brought a curse upon his house, and the grandson, at the period of the drama, was sunk to the lowest pitch of sordid poverty. A prophecy was, however, still to be fulfilled—the suit of armour which the guilty perpetrator wore at the time was to drop from the wall, on which it had hung fifty years, the “night when Devorgoil’s feast was full.” Feasting had long been a stranger at the Hall, and the prophecy began to lose credit; but the fated night at last came, and with it unexpected supplies, and as unexpected guests. During the unusual feast, a flash of lightning strikes the armour, and down it drops, and discovers a scroll which bids them,

Should Black Erick’s armour fall,
Look for guests shall scare them all.

The ragged chief, accordingly, and the greater part of the family sit up to await the coming of these awful guests; but others go to bed, and among them a goose of a priest, who is conducted to a chamber, which has the reputation of being haunted, and left to his fate. In the meanwhile some of the under agents of the melodrama get up a little ghost scene to plague the unlucky parson; but scarcely had these frolicksome persons played off their trick, when the real goblins appear—to execute the doom of Devorgoil. This, from the firmness of the lord, does not prove a very formidable one. The stolen treasures had been all buried, and by the aid of some elaborate machinery, they are all laid bare, and, finally, clutched—poetical justice being fully satisfied by a marriage between Devorgoil’s daughter and Algionby’s heir, who figures on the scene as a deer-keeper, and capital shot.

The piece was written to oblige Sir Walter’s friend, Mr. Terry, of the Adelphi; but the mixture of mimic and genuine goblins, it seems, was found objectionable, and the play was never subjected to the stage ordeal, which, it was foreseen, it never could sustain—not for the reason alleged, for that is obviously worth nothing—scores of more incongruous things succeed to admiration—but for the want of dramatic point. It has neither incident nor character sufficiently marked to fix attention; the humour wants smartness, and the sentiments excite

no sympathy. The proud chief was in rags, and starving himself and his family, and was doing nothing to relieve the common misery, but whining or storming. Not a gleam of the author’s genius illumines a line of it except, perhaps, this morceau.

“I know, that minds
Of nobler stamp receive no dearer motive
Than what is link’d with honour. Ribands, tassels—
Which are but shreds of silk and spangled tinsel—
The right of place, which in itself is momentary—
A word, which is but air—may in themselves,
And to the nobler file, be steeped so richly
In that elixir, honour, that the lack
Of things so very trivial in themselves
Shall be misfortune. One shall seek for them
O’er the wild waves—one in the deadly breach
And battle’s headlong front—one in the paths
Of midnight study,—and, in gaining these
Emblems of honour, each will hold himself
Repaid for all his labours, deeds, and dangers.
What then should he think, knowing them his own,
Who sees what warriors and what sages toil for,
The formal and established marks of honour,
Usurp’d from him by upstart insolence?”

The Ayrshire Tragedy is most revoltingly tragical; but calculated to illustrate the ferocious habits of the Scots of the 16th century. The subject develops a deadly feud of the most horrible description. These things are now over with the Scots; but Sir Walter doubts if the change among their descendants be much better. They of old committed crimes for revenge; while modern Scots are as atrocious for lucre. The loftier, if equally cruel, feelings of pride, ambition, and love of vengeance, were the idols of their forefathers, while the caitiffs of the present day bend to Mammon, the meanest of the spirits who fell. The proud chiefs of the older times do not, however, seem to have forgotten the matter of “lucre.”

It would be difficult, perhaps, to name a successful play written by a person not in some way intimately connected with the stage. The best plays from the days of Shakspeare to Colman have been produced by players themselves, or managers, or proprietors, or persons given up, almost soul and body, to scenic amusements. The failures of men of the most eminent success in other departments, and of the most brilliant abilities, are innumerable. Sir Walter, we observe, gives sundry minute directions, and some suggestions, for the management of scenery, with some hesitation as to the possibility—and all with a ludicrous unacquaintedness with what has been actually accomplished over and over again at the London theatres, and at Edinburgh too, it may very well be supposed.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF SIR
THOMAS LAWRENCE.

THERE appears to be very little difference of opinion generally respecting the vast superiority of the late president of the Royal Academy, as a portrait painter, over all his contemporaries. For while the uninitiated were won by the exquisite taste with which his subjects were invariably treated; and the more fastidious, by his delicate perception of expression—his lively, brilliant colouring—his careful and elegant drawing; he displayed in his later works a dignity of mind, and a thorough knowledge of his art, that excited among artists a feeling of respect which, in some instances, amounted almost to reverence. At the same time it is difficult to form a precise idea of his degree of excellence, when compared with the illustrious painters who lived before him, and who practised the same branch of his art; especially when a comparison is provoked with Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, like Sir Thomas, took the lead of his contemporaries by introducing a new style in portraiture, creating a school of imitators, and furnishing a model for all succeeding artists to study and to follow. A comparison, however, between these two great painters would lead us into a definition of the striking dissimilarity that really exists, rather than into any points of resemblance—which occur only in the relative situations of the artists, and in the effect they have produced upon English art; for their styles are, in every particular, diametrically opposed to each other.

The difficulty of fixing the exact proportion of Lawrence's greatness is considerably enhanced at this time, when his memory has not yet lost "all its original brightness" in our minds, and we are gazing in fondness and enthusiasm upon his works—secretly inclined perhaps to raise him to a level with the highest and the most honoured of his predecessors. The smiles that give loveliness and life to the features of his female portraits, seem to disarm criticism, and to plead with fame for an unquestioned perfection and the praises that should attend it. Satin dresses and jewelled bracelets, stars, coronets, and crowns, cocked-hats and epaulettes, transferred from the "dreary intercourse of daily life," become consecrated relics of art—heir-looms of genius. Submitted to the alembic of his talent, and stamped by his taste, princes and lords, however commonplace in themselves, are converted into objects of general interest and value. We are dazzled, when we first glance round the walls of this gallery, with the trappings of royalty and the glittering appurtenances of rank, that every where meet the sight; but one minute's observation suffices to convince us that we are surrounded by sterling works of art—and the delight we experience as we

proceed in our discoveries of beauty, is in inverse proportion to the fastidious caution with which we commenced the investigation.

The great novelty in this interesting exhibition is the Waterloo Gallery, the principal portraits in which are his late Majesty, the Emperors of Austria and Russia, the Kings of France and Prussia, the Arch-Duke Charles, Marshal Blucher, the Hetman Platoff, Prince Metternich, the Duke of Wellington, Cardinal Gonsalvi, and the late Pope Pius the seventh. These pictures have never been before the public until the present season. Taken altogether, they display greater power of execution than any work of Lawrence that we ever saw. Commissioned by the late King to execute this series of portraits for the gallery at Windsor, Sir Thomas seems to have entered upon his undertaking with a daring but not a delusive ambition. At Paris, the mighty works in the Louvre would challenge his utmost skill to competition; and whilst at his easel, in the palace of Charles the Tenth, he would be conscious of encountering the jealous criticisms of the French cognoscenti—at Rome his energies would be no less aroused by the obvious associations connected with that temple of the art. Painting under the eye of those continental powers, in the wide theatre of Europe, in the character of P. R. A. and portrait painter to the King of England, must be a very different thing to taking sittings in Russel-square of ladies and lions for exhibition at Somerset-house. By an ambitious man such a trial would be anxiously desired; and whatever were the feelings with which Lawrence engaged in it, he has passed the ordeal with the highest honour both to himself and to his country. Much as his taste has generally made of English costume, it is to be regretted—seeing the pictures here produced of the Pope and the Cardinal—that he had not more frequent opportunities of introducing into his compositions something more essential picturesque than the coats of Pall-Mall and St. James'-street. The ladies, however, are safe. Like Sir Joshua, Lawrence converted a formal and artificial vice into an unaffected and natural grace. But the Cardinal!—His left hand rests upon a table, the fingers foreshortened towards the painter, who, with a temerity only to be found in an English Protestant artist, *puts it in as it is*—the grey tints and blue veins are touched and left unadulterated. The scarlet robe is flung more carelessly over the sacred shoulders of the Cardinal, than a Catholic painter would have dared to imagine. The red cap is in the right hand resting on the lap. He is sitting. The wonderful eyes, black and brilliant, look into you and speak—they animate all that is around them. The whole face is lighted up with a shrewd, cunning, and in some de-

gree hypocritical expression. It is an extraordinary picture. The Pope, on the other hand, sinks feebly into his stately chair; and, with all the attributes of decay stamped upon his brow, seems to maintain the urbanity of his nature and smiles on you to the last. What could any one but Lawrence have done with such a man as this—and yet what a picture has he produced!

Opposite to these stands Charles of France, with his cocked-hat on his arm, smiling and chattering like a lacquey in a farce. This is forcibly contrasted with the deep, rich, quiet beauty of its immediate companion, the portrait of the Emperor of Austria, one of the very finest of the imperial group—that of Alexander being the worst, and unworthy alike of the artist and the autocrat.

The other rooms are adorned with many old portraits. The finest of these are the portraits of Lady Agar Ellis and her son, Miss Croker, the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Duchess of Richmond, Lord Liverpool, Master Lambton, and—"the greatest is behind"—Lady Gower; which is beyond all comparison the highest achievement of Lawrence in female portraiture. He has in this picture gone far beyond the mere display of vulgar and uninspired beauty, and has realized the poetry of domestic life. In Canning's portrait, with the arm extended as if in the energy of eloquent denunciation, Lawrence has attempted a very peculiar illustration of character; but, through well drawn, it is not a pleasing picture. In the first place, a figure in action requires the presence of other figures to account for its position; and in the next, the expression and the attitude are utterly at variance—the one being all energy, the other all repose and placidity.

Of the large picture of Satan, the only great effort of Lawrence in historic design, we do not think very highly. The exquisite taste with which the artist so skilfully handled the materials found in the palace and the drawing-room, was utterly useless when required to exert itself in the wild region of poetry, and grapple with the colossal forms of Milton's imagination. Lawrence could only seek for assistance in the plaster-rooms at the academy; beyond these, except in dimensions, his poetic fervour has not carried him far. It may, however, be regarded as a glorious promise, an omen of might—for it is comparatively an early work. It is well for certain ladies, whatever it may be for the world, that the great portrait-painter was not encouraged to proceed in poetical design. Instead of giving, in Pope's phrase, "dross to duchesses," he has clothed them in living gold, and covered them with immortality.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOUR.

We take censure to ourselves for omitting to notice this exhibition until it is just on the point of being closed; and the more so, be-

cause we invariably see it with more un-mixed pleasure and a purer sense of satisfaction than any other. One cause of this, perhaps, is, that it is so entirely and essentially English in its character—that it is something peculiar to itself, and has no parallel; and unquestionably another cause is to be traced to the fact that, in this collection, there are no bad pictures—no miserable make-weights. If there is not an equal degree of excellence in all, there is something in every picture which the eye of taste will discern as worthy of admiration and encouragement.

We can now afford but a very hasty view of them. Prout has first caught our eye. His contributions this year are not so numerous, but they are quite as excellent as upon former occasions. One picture of his—the Ducal Palace at Venice—is a most rich and lovely composition. It would require a volume to do justice to Copley Fielding, whose pictures would alone form an exhibition of no mean attraction; we cannot even enumerate a tenth part of them—perhaps we prefer (for it is very difficult to choose) No. 64, a Gale coming on at Sea—and No. 38, Nausica and her attendants—the one for its wild, natural effect, and its beautiful back-ground—and the other for the classical spirit and grandeur that pervade it.—The Misses Sharpe have several very exquisite pictures. In Miss E. Sharpe's 73, the children—two repeating their prayers and one on the lap of its mother—are painted with extreme feeling and delicacy; while in the scene from the Vicar of Wakefield, by Miss L. Sharpe, we were charmed with the free, fresh and graceful beauty that is thrown over our favourites. We like the colouring, the composition, and some of the characters—those of the "ladies from town" especially. Barret again has several pictures, all of them faithful yet poetical transcripts of nature. His twilights are the very creations of truth—yet they realize the loveliest dreams of fiction. Dewint has also some fine performances—finer perhaps than usual; the Views of Lincoln awaken a recollection of the old fable of the devil looking over that celebrated city: we can admire his taste, and we wish he could see Mr. Dewint's landscapes. Robson, Hunt, Harding, and Varley, have each their share of beauties; more indeed than we can particularize. Cattermole also stands conspicuous for his gloomy, but in some respects grand and powerful sketches; his scene from the Merchant of Venice is an extravagant but a clever composition. We were much pleased likewise with some graceful and spirited pictures by Stephanoff. The collection altogether this year is calculated to advance the taste for this branch of art, and is worthy of its predecessors.

WORKS OF ART.

A Cameo enamel of George IV. has made its appearance, under the immediate patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess

of Gloucester and the Princess Augusta. It is the production of the late Mr. Brown (whose talents as a gem sculptor were so pre-eminently acknowledged by his Britannic Majesty George III. and the Courts of France and Russia), and is in the possession of his daughter, Miss L. H. Brown, No. 15, Upper Frederick-street, Connaght-square, where alone applications for it may be made; and where, also, may be seen casts from the gems, as stated to be placed in the cabinets of the different courts of Europe.—It is an elegant bijou, and may be appropriated either in cameo or intaglio, for brooches, and other ornaments in dress; or as a portrait elegantly mounted.

FINE ARTS PUBLICATIONS.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.—Part II.—This work, if completed as it has been begun, will be worth all the mis-called illustrations of the Waverley novels that have hitherto appeared. It is curious how, in some of these latter, the artists have avoided every thing like an approach to delineation of character. They have made some of the most mysterious mistakes in the world; never by any chance, or in any one instance, happening to hit upon an expression that could be considered as applicable to the text. It is a pity that they were not published as illustrations of *Paradise Lost*, or *Don Quixote*. This work is introduced by a host of names that, as far as names go, will ensure it success. We find among them Barret, Daniel, Dewint, Copley Fielding, Prout, and Stanfield—the engravings being executed by the

two Findens. Of the four views here published—Skiddaw and Keswick, Dunnottar Castle, Loch-Ard, and the Waste of Cumberland—we prefer Lock-Ard for its extreme softness and delicacy; but they are all brilliantly executed, and of a convenient size; so that these illustrations may really be regarded as ornamental to a volume, instead of being, as most of the others are, a pretended decoration and a positive deformity.

The thirteenth and fourteenth numbers of the *National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century*, are before us: the one containing portraits and biographical notices of Mr. Canning, Mr. Davies Gilbert, and Lord Whitworth, and the other of Sir Thomas Munro, Lord Verulam, and the Bishop of Norwich. We cannot but think that the mode in which the living and the dead are here mixed up together is objectionable, and detracts in some degree from the value of the work. For instance, Mr. Canning's biography is complete; but Mr. Davies Gilbert lives, "a prosperous gentleman;" and the world, if it require any, will require a complete memoir of him at a future time. The lives of the living personages that figure in this illustrious and eminent gallery should have been printed with blanks for the date of their decease, which the purchaser might have filled up as he pleased. To the portraits, however, there can be no objection; they are neatly, and in some instances beautifully engraved; the work is carefully and elegantly got-up, and (a circumstance not to be overlooked,) it is published at a price unusually moderate.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Nearly ready for publication, a Memoir of his late Majesty George the Fourth. By the Rev. G. Croly, A. M.

The Templars, an Historical Novel, is on the eve of publication.

Early in July will be published, the first volume of Sharpe's Library of the Belles Lettres.

A Brief View of the Different Editions of the Scriptures of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches.

Prince of Killarney, a Poem. By Miss Bourke.

The Northern Tourist, or Stranger's Guide to the North and North-West of Ireland. By P. D. Hardy.

Six New Lectures on Painting. By the late Henry Fuseli.

Musical Memoirs, comprising an Account of the General State of Music in England, from the first Commemoration of Handel, in 1784, to 1830, with Anecdotes, &c. By W. T. Parke, Principal Oboist at Covent Garden for 40 years.

Southerman, a Novel. By Galt. In 3 vols.

De L'Orme, a Novel. By the Author of Richelieu. In 3 vols.

The Separation, a Novel. By the Author of Flirtation. In 3 vols.

Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks, a Novel. In 2 vols.

Clarence, a Tale of Our Own Times. In 3 vols.

The Life of Lord Burghley. Volume 2d. By Dr. Nares.

Visions of Solitude, a Poem. By the Author of Sketches, Scenes, and Narratives.

A New Annual for 1831, entitled The Humourist. By W. H. Harrison. Illustrated by 50 Wood-engravings, from Rowlandson.

Personal Memoirs, or Reminiscences of Men and Manners at Home and Abroad during the Last Half Century. By P. Gordon, Esq.

Mr. Britton has announced a Dictionary of the Architecture and Archæology of the Middle Ages, including the Words used by Old and Modern Authors.

Travels to the Seat of War in the East,

through Russia and the Crimea, in 1829.

By J. E. Alexander, 16th Lancers.

Cambridge in the Long Vacation, Poetically Described. By Christopher Twigum, F.S.S. 18mo.

A Syllabus of Trigonometry. By H. Pearson, B.A.

An Exposition of the System of the World. By the Marquis de la Place. Translated from the French, by Rev. H. H. Harte. In 2 vols. 8vo.

The Fallacies of Dr. Wayte's Anti-Phrenology Exposed, in a Critical Review of his Observations to prove the Fallacy of the Modern Doctrine of the Mind.

An Interesting Memoir of the Rev. T. Bradbury, Author of "The Mystery of Godliness."

Christus in Cælo, &c. By the Rev. J. Brown, of Whitburn.

The Journal of a Tour made by Señor Juan de Vega, the Spanish Minstrel of 1828 and 1829, through Great Britain and Ireland: a Character performed by an English Gentleman. In 2 vols. 8vo.

London in a Thousand Years, and other Poems, by Eugenius Roche, late Editor of the Courier.

Popular Lectures on the Prophecies relating to the Jewish Nation. By the Rev. Hugh McNeill, M.A. Rector of Albury, Surrey.

The Greek Testament, with Critical and Explanatory Notes, in English. By the Rev. Edward Burton, D.D. Regius Professor of Divinity, Oxford.

Peninsular War.—Major Leith Hay is preparing for publication a Narrative of the Peninsular Campaigns, extending over a period of nearly six years' service in Spain and Portugal, from 1808 to 1814, in which the scenes personally witnessed by this gallant officer will be faithfully delineated from journals kept from day to day, to which other events of importance will be added, from information derived at the time from the most authentic sources. The Narrative will form two handsome royal 18mo. volumes.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I. King of England. By I. D'Israeli. 8vo. Vols. III. and IV. 28s.

Remains of James Myers of Whitby. By J. Watkins. Foolscap. 5s.

The Life of Thomas Ken, deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. 8vo. 15s.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The East India Register and Directory, for 1830. Second Edition, corrected to the 15th of May. 10s.

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PATENTS.

To Matthew Bush, of Dalmonareh Print Field, near Bonhill, by Dumbarton, North Britain, called-printer, for having invented certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for printing calicoes and other fabrics. 24th May, six months.

To John Holmes Bass, of Hatton Garden, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for having invented certain improvements in machinery for cutting corks and bungs. 3d June, six months.

To John Levers, of New Radford Works, near the town of Nottingham, lace-machine maker, for having invented or found out certain improvements in machinery for making lace, commonly called bobbin-net. 5th June, six months.

To George Vaughan Palmer, of the parish of Saint Peter, in the city of Worcester, artist, for having invented a machine to cut and excavate earth. 5th June, six months.

To William Tutin Hactaft, of the Circus, Greenwich, Doctor of Medicine, for having invented or found out certain improvements in steam-engines. 11th June, six months.

To Thomas Brunton, of the Commercial Road, Limehouse, in the county of Middlesex, merchant, and Thomas John Fuller, of the same place, civil

engineer, for their having found out and invented an improved mechanical power applicable to machinery of different descriptions. 10th June, six months.

List of Patents which having been granted in the month of July, 1816, expire in the present month of July, 1830.

2. John Barlow, Sheffield, founder, for a new cooking apparatus.

11. John Towers, Little Damer-street, Coldbath-fields, chemist, for a tincture for the relief of coughs, &c., called "Towers' New London Tincture."

27. Henry Warburton, Lower Cadogan-place, Chelsea, for a method of distilling certain animal vegetable and mineral substances, and of manufacturing certain of the products thereof.

— Robert Salmon, Woburn, Bedfordshire, for further improvements in haymaking machines, called "Salmon's Patent self-adjusting and manageable Hay machines."

— John Hague, Great Peare-street, Spitalfields, London, for certain improvements in the method of expelling molasses from sugars.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LORD REDESDALE.

The Right Honourable John Freeman Mitford, Baron Redesdale, of Redesdale, in the county of Northumberland, a Lord of Trade and Plantations, and a Privy Councillor of Great Britain and Ireland, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. was born on the 18th of August, 1748. His family appears to have been of considerable antiquity in the north of England; for Sir John Mitford, Knt., was Lord of Mitford Castle, Northumberland, so early as the time of William the Conqueror. As he left no male issue, two collateral branches succeeded: the elder was related, by means of an intermarriage of his only daughter, with the Bertrams, Barons of Mitford; while the younger produced the Mitfords of Rolleston, the representative of whom, Robert de Mitford, received a royal grant of Mitford Castle, in the reign of Charles II. William Mitford, of Newton House, in the county of Hants, Esq., the fifth in descent from Robert, had an heir, John, by Margaret, daughter of Robert Edwards, of Wingfield, in Berkshire, and of London, merchant. He was a member of Lincoln's Inn; and having married Philadelphia, daughter of William Revely, of Newby, Esq., (and first cousin of Hugh Percy Smithson, first Duke of Northumberland), John, the subject of this sketch, was the younger of his two sons. The elder son was Colonel William Mitford, of Exbury, in the county of Hants, M.P. for Beeralston, and New Romney, Colonel of the South Hants Militia, and author of the *History of Greece*.

John Mitford, educated at New College,

Oxford, adopted the profession of his father, who died when he was only fourteen years of age. Having studied at Lincoln's Inn, he was called to the Bar; and, devoting himself to the Court of Chancery, he speedily attained an extraordinary degree of celebrity. So early as the year 1782, he published "A Treatise of Pleadings in Suits in the Court of Chancery, by English Bill," a work in high repute. A situation so distinguished as that of leader in the chief court of equity, soon conferred upon him wealth and eminence. He also obtained a silk gown, and with it all the advantages arising from the office of King's Counsel. Afterwards, he received the honourable appointment of a Welsh Judge, and was nominated one of the Justices of the Grand Sessions for the counties of Cardigan, Pembroke, and Carmarthen.

By the interest of his cousin, the Duke of Northumberland, Mr. Mitford was, in 1789, returned Member of Parliament for the Borough of Beeralston. At first, he spoke little in the House; but, soon afterwards, we find him debating on most of the great subjects that came under discussion. He spoke several times during the trial of Mr. Hastings; and he supported the petition of that gentleman, complaining of the introduction of irrelevant matter, at the Bar of the House of Lords. Two things, in particular, he observed, should be adhered to in a prosecution: "Never to bring forward a fact that was matter of calumny to the accused; and never to inflame the passions of those who were to decide as judges."

On the 23d of June, 1789, Mr. Mitford obtained leave to bring in a bill "to relieve, upon certain conditions, and under due restrictions, persons called *Protestant Catholic Dissenters*, from certain penalties and disabilities to which Papists, or persons professing the Catholic religion, are by law subject." Men of different parties in Parliament approved of this measure; yet, in consequence of certain technical objections, a period of nearly two years elapsed before the provisions of the bill were carried into a law.

Soon after the meeting of the New Parliament, in the winter of 1792, a question was stated with reference to Mr. Hastings, and argued with great ability on both sides, "Whether an impeachment ought not to abate by the dissolution of Parliament?" Mr. Mitford contended, and we think justly, "that the House had no power to revive an impeachment, since it is an acknowledged principle of the Constitution, that the Parliament should die, and all proceedings determine with its existence."

On his promotion to the office of Solicitor General, in 1793, Mr. Mitford received the honour of knighthood. In his official capacity he was employed by the ministry to conduct the state trials of Hardy, Tooke, and Thelwall, under Sir John Scott. After a long and elaborate argument on the law of treason, and an application of its specific provisions to the case before him, Sir John Mitford thus closed a speech which occupied many hours in its delivery:—"And now, Gentlemen of the Jury, I have nothing more to offer. I have discharged, God knows, with much pain, the harsh duty imposed upon me. You will now do yours. If your verdict shall discharge the prisoners, I know you will give it with joy; if the contrary, yet it must be given. The cup, although it may be bitter, must not pass away from you. I have had a duty to perform beyond my strength and my ability: I have discharged it faithfully and satisfactorily to my conscience." Sir John was so much affected on the occasion, that, as he resumed his seat, the tear was seen to roll down his cheek.

In the course of the war with France, Sir John Mitford gave his cordial support to Government, and spoke upon almost every public subject that occurred. In 1799, when Sir John Scott, now Lord Eldon, was raised to the Common Pleas, he succeeded him as Attorney-General. When Mr. Pitt retired from office, and the Chair of the House of Commons was vacated by his successor, Mr. Addington, Sir John Mitford, who had been recently returned M.P. for the borough of East Looe, was deemed a fit person to sustain the important office of Speaker. He was accordingly elected on the 18th of February, 1801. He was proposed by Lord Hawksbury, who was seconded and supported by Mr. J. H. Browne, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Martin, and others.

Higher honours were in store for him. It was determined that he should receive the Great Seal of Ireland, and be invested at the same time with an English peerage. In consequence of these arrangements, he vacated the chair of the House of Commons on the 9th of February, 1802; received his appointment; and, on the 15th of the same month, he was created Baron Redesdale, of Redesdale, in the county of Northumberland, and a member of the Privy Council of Ireland. To that kingdom his lordship soon afterwards repaired, and continued to preside in the Court of Chancery till the month of March, 1806; when, in consequence of the death of Mr. Pitt, and the accession of the Fox and Grenville party to power, he yielded his high office to Mr. George Ponsonby. It was on the 5th of March, that, in a most feeling, dignified, and impressive style, his lordship delivered his farewell address to the Irish Bar.

Lord Redesdale was always a staunch and determined advocate of the paramount rights and privileges of the Protestant Church. In 1805, on the presentation of a petition from certain Irish Roman Catholics to both Houses of Parliament, when Lord Grenville delivered a long and able speech in favour of their claims, Lord Redesdale rose, and observed, that the object of the petitioners was clearly pointed out by themselves to be, "an equal participation, upon equal terms, with their fellow subjects, of the full benefits of the British laws and Constitution." His lordship, however, contended, "that the maintenance of the Protestant, as the established religion of the Government, and the exclusion of the Roman Catholic faith from the administration of that government, had become fundamental principles, long deemed essential to the preservation of the liberty, both religious and political, of the country."

While Chancellor of Ireland, Lord Redesdale usually came over once a year to England during the sitting of Parliament; but the greater part of his time was passed either at his house in the capital, or his country residence at Kelmacap, in the county of Dullin, where he built, planted, and effected several other improvements. With the Roman Catholic party he was of course unpopular; but his conduct as a Chancellor was always free from the suspicion of bias, and the business of his court was distinguished by its propriety and decorum.

Besides the tract mentioned in the early part of this sketch, Lord Redesdale published a few years since, "Observations occasioned by a Pamphlet entitled 'Observations on the Project of Creating a Vice Chancellor of England.'" His lordship was always considered as a profound lawyer, and his judgment was much valued in the Upper House, especially in appeals.

Lord Redesdale married, on the 6th of June, 1803, the Lady Frances Perceval, daughter of John, second Earl of Egmont,

and sister of the Hon. Spencer Perceval, Premier of England, who fell by the hand of Bellingham, the assassin. Her mother was Katherine, in her own right, Baroness Arden, of Lohort Castle, sister of Spencer Compton, eighth Earl of Northampton. Receiving a considerable addition to his fortune by the death of W. G. Freeman, Esq., he, in consequence took the name and arms of Freeman, in addition to those of Mitford, by royal sign manual, on the 28th of January, 1809.

By his marriage, Lord Redesdale had one son, John Thomas, his successor, born in 1805; and two daughters, born, respectively, in 1804, and 1807. Of his daughters, only Frances Elizabeth, the elder, survives.

His lordship died at his seat, Batsford Park, Gloucestershire, on the 17th of January.

THE RT. HON. GEORGE TIERNEY, M.P.

Mr. Tierney was the last of his school—the last remnant of the old English Opposition. He had not only sat in the same House with those worthies, but he had taken an active part in the debates in which Burke, Fox, Pitt, Wyndham, Sheridan, Whitbread, Romilly, and others, had often, by their full, powerful, and commanding eloquence, enchained the ear of the listener, and carried conviction to his mind. As an orator, however, he was, strictly speaking, *sui generis*; for, as it has been justly observed, his style displayed neither the poetry of Burke, the comprehensiveness of Fox, the logic of Pitt, the sarcasm of Wyndham, the dazzling wit of Sheridan, the bitter vituperation of Whitbread, nor the soft and oily persuasion of Romilly. His language was simple, idiomatic, and colloquial; his manner cool, dry, and caustic; his own features remaining stoically unmoved, whilst those of his hearers were frequently convulsed with laughter.

Here, however, we have not room to examine, to analyse, or to display his character; we must speak of him merely with reference to some of the leading facts of his life.

Mr. Tierney was born in the year 1756. He was the son of a London merchant, trading under the firm of Tierney, Lilly, and Roberts, in Lawrence Pountney-lane; but, whether he first saw the light in London or in Dublin, appears not to have been ascertained. He was bred to the bar; a profession for which, by his natural acuteness and discrimination, he was eminently suited; but coming unexpectedly into the possession of a good fortune, by marriage, he exchanged the arena of the law courts for that of the House of Commons. But he was an author before he became a statesman. His first publication, entitled, "The Real Situation of the East India Company considered with reference to their Rights and

Privileges," was put forth in 1787; and it is by no means improbable that it would be found to possess considerable interest at the present moment.

At the very commencement of his public life, Mr. Tierney attached himself to the Opposition. Patronised, as it was understood, by a noble Duke, he, at the election of 1790, offered himself as a candidate for the representation of the Borough of Colchester. The contest proved a severe one: Tierney not only lost his election, but was saddled with expences to the amount of twelve thousand pounds. His talents were now known; and, on the invitation of the Southwark electors, who pledged themselves to indemnify him, he contested that borough, in 1796, with Mr. Thelluson, the opulent Government candidate, with whom he happened to be connected by marriage. Thelluson was returned, but was petitioned against as ineligible, on the ground that he had violated the treating act. Tierney acted as his own counsel before the Committee of the House of Commons. The Committee reported to the House, that the election was void, and that Thelluson was incapacitated to serve. However, on the issue of a new writ, that gentleman renewed the contest, and was again successful on the poll. A new petition was presented by Mr. Whitbread; the case was referred to a Committee; the Committee reported, that Mr. Thelluson was not, but that Mr. Tierney was, duly elected; and the latter took his seat accordingly. Mr. Tierney continued in the representation of Southwark till the year 1806, when he resigned: he has since represented, successively, Athlone, Bandon-Bridge, Appleby, and Knaresborough. In the last of these he has been succeeded by Mr. Brougham.

Tierney proved a frequent debater on every great and important subject in the House, and immediately rose to celebrity. He may be said to have been a sharp thorn in the side of Mr. Pitt. Soon after the meeting of Parliament in the autumn of 1797, he gave notice that he should move the House, "not to acknowledge the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, in any parliamentary capacity." This proceeding originated in a supposed legal disability on the part of Mr. Dundas, in consequence of his acting in the capacity of *third* Secretary of State. "If he spoke on that occasion in a style of asperity," Mr. Tierney observed, "it was not because he felt any personal dislike or private animosity to the right honourable gentleman, but that he thought the whole transaction of which he complained a most corrupt job—a job not avowed, but detected—a job that never would have been brought to light if it could have been kept in concealment, and which was at last brought to light by the labours of a committee." The defence of Mr. Dundas was feeble; yet, on a division of the House, only eight members supported the mover, while no fewer than

one hundred and thirty-nine were against him.

In the month of March following, Mr. Tierney gave his cordial support to a Bill brought in by Mr. Dundas—"to enable His Majesty more effectually to provide for the defence and security of the realm;" and, in reply to a vulgar sneer from a Member on the Treasury Bench, he added, "that no part or action of his life could justify that honourable gentleman in insinuating, that he was not animated by as cordial a zeal for the welfare and prosperity of his country, as any man who lived in it." In the spring of 1798, he also voted for the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* act. Soon afterwards he supported Colonel Walpole in his enquiry into the conduct of the assembly of Jamaica, relative to the transportation of the Maroons; and in the summer of the same year, in consequence of the melancholy aspect of affairs in Ireland, he declared, "that the minister ought to come down to the House clothed in sackcloth and ashes, to find public affairs in such a critical state in the fifth year of the war, and after an expenditure of about two hundred millions of money."

It was, we believe, previously to this (Friday, May 25, 1798) that an incident occurred, the consequences of which might have been fatal. During the debate on the Bill for suspending seamen's protections, Mr. Pitt was so far thrown off his guard—a rare circumstance with him—as to declare, "that he considered Mr. Tierney's opposition to it, as proceeding from a wish to impede the service of the country." Mr. Tierney immediately called the Chancellor of the Exchequer to order, appealed to the House, and invoked the protection of the Speaker. Mr. Addington, who then occupied the chair, observed—"That if the House should consider the words which had been used as conveying a personal reflection on the honourable gentleman, they were in that point of view to be considered as 'unparliamentary and disorderly.' It was for the House to decide on their application, and they would wait in the mean time for the explanation of the right honourable gentleman."—Mr. Pitt, instead of apologising, immediately said—"If he were called on to *explain away* anything which he had said, the House might wait long enough for such an explanation! He was of opinion, that the honourable gentleman was opposing a necessary measure for the defence of the country, and therefore he should neither explain nor retract any particle of what he had said on the subject."

Here, of course, the affair did not end. Mr. Tierney sent his friend, Mr. George Walpole, with a message to Mr. Pitt; and, at three o'clock, on the next Sunday afternoon, Mr. Pitt, accompanied by Mr. Ryder (now Lord Harrowby), and Mr. Tierney, accompanied by Mr. Walpole, met on Putney Heath. A case of pistols was fired

at the same moment without effect. On the second fire, Mr. Pitt discharged his pistol in the air. The seconds then jointly interfered, and insisted that the matter should go no further; as it was their decided opinion that sufficient satisfaction had been given, and that the business had been terminated with perfect honour to both parties.

Mr. Tierney was a uniform and steady opponent of the war with France; yet, on the victory of Aboukir, in 1798, he cordially acquiesced in the motion for the thanks of the House to Rear-Admiral Lord Nelson, and affirmed, "that no man was more anxious than himself for the general security of the empire; and that no man ever felt more warmth and animation than he did whenever our Navy was triumphant. His opposition to the war rendered him also an opponent of Mr. Pitt in finance. In that science he was considered, especially by his friends and partisans, to be eminently skilful; and, for several years, it was almost his uniform custom to bring forward a series of resolutions in opposition to those of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In the debate upon the projected Union with Ireland, Mr. Tierney expressed his opinion that that measure would be the ruin of the liberties of England; a prophetic intimation, which, to a great extent, has been since fulfilled, though not in the light through which it was viewed by the seer.

In Mr. Addington's short-lived administration, Mr. Tierney was nominated to the lucrative office of Treasurer of the Navy; and he became, at the same time, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Somerset House Volunteers. On the return of Mr. Pitt to power, he again joined the Opposition. During the Fox and Grenville administration, in 1806, he was first Irish Secretary, and afterwards President of the Board of Control. With the Whigs he quitted office; and, on the death of Mr. Ponsonby, he became leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. Notwithstanding the severe, the deserved, the merciless castigation, which he bestowed on Canning, on that gentleman's taking office, not only *with* but *under* Lord Castlereagh, he, on the formation of the Canning ministry, was made Master of the Mint, with a seat in the Cabinet. He went out with Lord Goderich; and, since that period, struggling with age and infirmity, though in full possession of all his intellectual powers, he has been seen but little in public life. For many years he had laboured under an organic disease of the heart, with great tendency to dropsy in the chest and limbs, attended with cough and difficulty of breathing. His complaints, however, were so much relieved by medicine, that he transacted business, went into company, and retained his cheerfulness to the last. The day before his death, which occurred at his house in Saville-row, on the

25th of January, a friend called upon him, and found him reading "Moore's Life of Byron." He talked and laughed on various subjects for half an hour, and had never appeared in better spirits. Within five minutes of his death, he had franked a letter for a friend. He was found quite dead, sitting in his arm-chair, as though he had been asleep, and had probably passed unconsciously into another state of existence. On account of the suddenness of his death, a Coroner's Inquest was held upon his body; and the verdict returned was—"That the deceased died a natural death by the visitation of God, occasioned by enlargement of the heart."

Amongst several pamphlets written by Mr. Tierney, were—"Two Letters on the Colchester Petition, 1791;" and, in the same year—"A Letter to the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, on the Situation of the East India Company." Mr. Anderson, accountant to the East India Board, controverted the statements of Mr. Tierney, and that gentleman replied in a second letter to Mr. Dundas.

GENERAL GARTH.

Within the last three or four years more than one notorious transactions has brought the name of Garth—a name previously always mentioned and heard with respect—somewhat too much before the public. It can hardly be necessary to say that we allude, in the first instance, to a *crim. con.* affair, *Astley v. Garth*, in which the son of the general figured as defendant; and, more recently, to a disgraceful and scandalous business, which furnished the pro-popery journals with an opportunity of emitting volumes of the grossest slander and libel, against one of the most distinguished personages of the realm. With all this, however, beyond its marking the fact of relationship, we have nothing to do.

Thomas Garth, to whom this brief notice immediately refers, was born about the year 1744; and his youth and prime of manhood appear to have been passed in the service of his country. He entered the army on the 12th of August, 1762, as a cornet in the 1st dragoons; served in the campaign of that year, in Germany, in the allied army under the command of Prince Ferdinand; in 1765, obtained a lieutenancy; and, in 1775, was appointed captain in his regiment. In 1779, he exchanged into the 20th Light Dragoons, and proceeded to the West Indies in the intended expedition against the Spanish Main; which, however, was anticipated by Lieutenant General Sir J. Dalling, Lieutenant Governor of Jamaica.

Captain Garth returned to England in 1792, and was reduced to half-pay, with other officers of the 20th Light Dragoons. Immediately afterwards he obtained the majority of the Second Dragoon Guards; and, in 1794, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the First Dragoons; with which regiment

he was engaged in most of the actions that occurred from the 17th of April to the close of the campaign of 1794.

This officer was next appointed colonel of the Sussex Fencibles; and afterwards, on the death of Lord Fielding, to the late 22d Light Dragoons, raised by the Earl of Sheffield. On the 7th of January, 1801, he was appointed colonel of his former regiment, the First Dragoons. He received the rank of major-general on the 1st of January, 1798; that of lieutenant-general in 1805; and that of general, on the 4th of June, 1814.

General Garth died at his house, in Grosvenor Place, at the advanced age of 85, on the 18th of November, 1829. His will, dated on the 12th of the preceding September, was proved on the 10th December, and the personal property sworn under £16,000. The general bequeathed to his son, Thomas Garth, the moiety of an annuity of £3,000, payable out of the Duchy of Cornwall, and held by letters patent of King Charles II., which, by indenture of the 17th of November, 1820, General Garth had procured to be settled on himself for life, with remainder to his said son for life, and his lawful issue, failing which, remainder to the testator's nephew, Captain Thomas Garth, R.N. To his son, General Garth also left his house in Grosvenor Place, and all his plate, wines, furniture, &c. either there or at his residence at Peddlecombe, Dorsetshire; directing that any sums of money which might have been advanced him to purchase army commissions, or for other purposes, should be considered as gifts, not loans. Some landed property which had been bequeathed to General Garth, by his late sister, Elizabeth Garth, he left to his nephew, Captain Garth, R.N. To his niece, Miss Frances Garth, he left a life annuity of £300. The residue of the general's property was left to Captain Garth, who, with another nephew of the testator, John Fullerton, Esq., of Thoyburgh, in Yorkshire, was appointed executor.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR HENRY CLINTON, K. C. B.

This officer, a distant relation of the Duke of Newcastle, was the son of Sir Henry Clinton, who distinguished himself in America, during the war of independence, and succeeded Sir William Howe, as Commander-in-Chief. He was also the brother of Lieutenant-General Sir William Henry Clinton, G. C. P., M. P., &c., late Commander-in-Chief in Portugal.

Sir Henry Clinton had seen much service, and was an officer of considerable reputation. He entered the army at an early age; and, in 1795, was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the 66th Foot, from which regiment he exchanged the same year, into the 1st Foot Guards. With that regiment he remained till the 20th of May, 1813, when he was made Colonel-Commandant of a bat-

talion of the 60th; and, in August, 1816, Colonel of the 3d Foot; or Buffs.

In 1809, he acted as Adjutant-General in Spain; and, in the ensuing year, he published a pamphlet entitled "Remarks Explanatory of the Motives which guided the Operations of the British Army during the late Short Campaign, 1809."

On the 25th of July, 1809, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General; on the 4th of June, 1814, to that of Lieutenant-General; and, in the same year, he was invested with the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath.

Sir Henry Clinton commanded a division of the army in Spain; was engaged in the battles of Salamanca, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, and Toulouse, and subsequently in that of Waterloo; services which entitled him to wear the honorary cross, clasp, and medal, for those battles. After the victory of Waterloo, he also received the Orders of Maria Theresa, St. George of Russia, and Wilhelm of the Netherlands.

Sir Henry Clinton was, for some time, Adjutant-General in Ireland; and, through his connection with the Duke of Newcastle's family, he sat during two Parliaments, as member for Boroughbridge. Sir Henry died about the middle of December.

MR. WINSOR.

FREDERICK ALBERT WINSOR, who lately died in Paris, in his 68th year, was the founder of the Gas light and Coke Company in London, and of the first gas company which was established in Paris: from his public and persevering efforts arose these and every other gas-light establishment which has since been founded.

It will be recollected that in 1803 Mr. Winsor demonstrated the use to which his discovery of gas-lighting might be publicly applied, though many men of high scientific reputation denied its practicability. His first public experiments were shewn at the Lyceum, in the Strand; he afterwards lighted with gas the walls of Carlton Palace gardens, in St. James's Park, on the king's birth-day, in 1807; and during 1809 and

1810, one side of Pall Mall, from the house which he then occupied in that street. His house was for many years openly shewn, fitted up with gas-lights throughout, to exhibit to the legislature and the country the practicability of his plans.

The memorial to his late Majesty George III. for a charter, and the evidence taken in Parliament and before the Privy Council, bear testimony to the indefatigable and unremitting zeal with which he persevered, until he overcame the obstacles which prejudice had raised against his efforts, and which threatened to prevent the general adoption of his discoveries and improvements.

In 1812, however, a charter of incorporation for a gas-light and coke company was obtained, and success crowned his labours; but his mind having been wholly possessed with the prosecution of an object of such public importance, he was too regardless of his own pecuniary interests, and omitted to retain a legal power over the advantages which resulted from his exertions: he unfortunately trusted too much for his reward to the honour of the parties with whom he was engaged.

In 1815 he extended to France the advantages which had attended his efforts in England. There, too, he was the first to establish a company and erect gas works: but rival interests created other companies, in defiance of patent privileges: and these associations, with large capitals, undermined his interests, and he again gave fortunes to others which ought to have been his own reward.

It is thus that a life, which, it may truly be said, has been an honour to England, has been embittered, if not abridged, by cares and ingratitude. After all the services which he rendered to his country and to the world, and the gains which individuals have realized by his discoveries, the founder of gas-lighting has left no other legacy to his family than the remembrance of his virtues, and of those talents by which the present and future generations have been and will be benefitted:

Sic vos non vobis.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

ALAS! the customary topic, the weather, takes a melancholy precedence in our present Report; but sanguine hope that June would bring with it a seasonable improvement has been fatally blighted, and to this metaphorical has been joined a material blight, of which a great part of our corn and fruit must experience the disastrous consequences. In our last we deprecated the accustomed annual visitation of that thirsty Saint Swithin; but we have been unfortunately visited by a pre-Swithin, which has deluged all the low lands, caused rivers to overflow, retarded the hay-harvest, and destroyed grass to an incalculable amount. As a heavy addition to this misfortune, the rains have not been associated with winds in the usually rainy points of the compass, south or west, but with cold and chilling winds in the

opposite quarters, attended with hail storms, snow, frosty nights, and a distressing share of the severities of winter and early spring. In these severities, in so great a degree exacerbated and their danger increased in the present advanced season from their constant alternation with the heat of a summer sun. Within these few days we have been flattered with a favourable change, the wind having shifted to the southward of the east, bringing with it a softer and milder temperature; yet the rainy flood-gates are not yet closed, for it rained here incessantly during the last night and morning. Atmospheric alarmists are predicting another cold and rainy summer, with short or spoiled crops, a calamity which Heaven avert! Such an event would finally ruin the major part of the present tenantry of the country. On the other hand, our lunatics are unwilling to surrender their dependence on the influence of the moon, expecting on every change a lunar renovation—a change of the weather; but although the goddess has her regular periodical phases, our atmosphere seems to pay no respect thereto, remaining unchangeable. After all, perhaps, the moon may have no further business with us mortals than to light us to bed. The weather is obviously, and according to all experience, under the dominion of *Æolus*, not of *Luna*. Our only rational dependence subsists in the probability of an opposite change, the weather having so long continued in an unfavourable course; under such a favourable circumstance, the corn crops which have suffered the least injury, might yet turn out highly productive; whilst, to those which have been injuriously affected, an opportunity would be afforded of improvement and recovery.

The crops of grass, as in the last season, natural and artificial, are most luxuriant and heavy, but the rains have retarded the operation of the scythe, much to the injury both of the crops and the lands. Scarcely any commencement was made until the middle of the present month, when a return of foul weather almost immediately put a stop to further proceedings, leaving the grass already cut at a risk, and both farmers and labourers in an unfortunate predicament. At any rate, we have the prospect of a late hay harvest. A considerable riddance is at length said to have been made of the late superabundant stock of old hay. The greatest damage has been suffered from floods sweeping away the products of thousands of acres in the Isle of Ely, Lincolnshire, Durham, Bucks, in many parts of the West, the vicinity of Bath, and in South Wales. The waters retiring from the grass lands, left the crops in such a perished and worthless state, that it would be conferring a favour upon the farmer to clear them away. The clay land fallows are in a worse state, in course, than they were last year, and, as we then predicted, the national stock of weeds has increased, and is increasing to a fearful degree. Great complaints are abroad of the barleys being overrun with *charlock*; and we find in the public prints the following recipe for its eradication, said to be recommended by an experienced agriculturist.—“If you hoe up weeds as fast as they appear, there must soon be an end of their coming. And when after your land shall have become totally freed, and you still continue to hoe, you do so to prevent a recurrence, and for the benefit of dividing and aerating the soil, which is also to bestow upon it a dose of atmospheric manure.” Now this doctrine was promulgated about thirty years since, by that well-known agricultural treatise, the “*New Farmers’ Calendar*;” and had it been generally practised, the lands of this country, instead of their present state, too large a portion of them pretty equally divided between corn and weeds, might the whole of it have been in a state of garden cleanness, the home growth of wheat equal to the national consumption, and the now starving labourers fully employed. The weeds, not the corn crops, have exhausted and impoverished our lands.

Upon low and wet lands all the operations of the season are necessarily backward. On many such, the farmers, ten days since, had not finished potatoe planting, and had scarcely begun to sow their turnips. Sheep shearing commenced about the middle of the month, and the clip is, thus far, reported to be light. The stocks of wool have gradually decreased, at an advancing price, a continental demand having arisen for our long wool. The very old stocks however, held on speculation, go off heavily at an inferior price. The chilling winds and rains which prevailed at the critical season of the wheats bursting into ear and blooming, must have had unfavourable effects upon the most promising crops, upon those of low, cold and infertile soils, the consequences will be ruinous; on such, scarcely half a crop can be expected, and it is no longer rational to look for an average crop of wheat in the present year. The wheats on poor light lands, have suffered much both from ground insects and unfavourable weather. They are thin upon the ground, pale, yellow and sickly, the leaves curled and blighted by the foul atmospheric stroke, furnishing the ear with nests for the reception of the ova of the *aphis* or blight fly. Of the oats, too generally, the report is not more favourable. Beans, peas, and potatoes, at present, appear to be the most promising crops; yet it will be an occurrence equally strange as favourable, should the pulse escape the ravages of the black insectile vermin, after such weather as we have experienced. The wheats on good and well tilled soils, particularly in the East and midland counties and in Dorset, wear a large and luxuriant appearance. It is to be noted however, that farmers themselves are customarily guided, not seldom misguided by this flourishing and abundant external appearance; being subsequently taught by the flail, the real state of the case and the extent of internal damage.

The Hops, with few exceptions, have been literally covered with vermin, and where the fly had been washed off by heavy rains, a succession of blighting airs called forth fresh colonies. How this will end remains to be experienced. Bark obtains somewhat more money from the small quantity in the market. The Oaks in various parts, have suffered severely from blight, their leaves shrivelled, pale and sickly as in late autumn. Cheese as before, in great plenty, and slow of sale. The fruit blossom generally injured. Apples said to threaten a complete failure. The cattle markets afford no novelty, whether of improvement or otherwise. All live stock at markets and fairs, particularly sheep and lambs, in vast abundance, numbers frequently driven back for want of purchasers. The great quantity of feed keeps up the price of stores, but if fat stock revive a fraction in price, it is soon reduced by the vast plenty exposed to sale. Of horses, the old story is still current—an immoveable supply of the ordinary and too well worn kind, and an unfailing scarcity of the fresh and good. This necessarily arises from the severity of English labour. There is great plenty of Devon and Sussex labouring oxen, which seem to yield very unsatisfactory prices.

Emigration is proceeding to a far greater extent than has ever before been witnessed in this country. The case of our labourers still remains a most heart-breaking theme, and the misery of the poor hay makers has brought it home to the sight and feelings of the inhabitants of the metropolis. According to report, these starving wretches have risen in a body at Barnet, and forcibly seized upon all the eatable property of the inhabitants within their reach. As a commentary upon this text, five of these unfortunates have perished in our fields, from mere want of food! This in a country overflowing and glutted with all the necessaries of life and luxury! We are frequently warned that, 'such a state of things cannot endure much longer,' and of the perilous consequences which must inevitably ensue. Political insurrections, however, for certain obvious reasons, are not to be dreaded in the present state of this country: but lamentably, it is not yet without the verge of probability, that we may live to see hosts of marauders, acted upon by the goadings of real distress, and a deep feeling of injury and neglect, prowling the country up and down, and carrying havoc, fire and destruction in their rightful course.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 0d.—Mutton, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 0d.—Veal, 3s. 0d. to 4s. 6d.—Pork, 3s. 0d. to 4s. 6d.—Dairy do. best, 5s.—Lamb, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 4d.—Raw Fat, 2s. 0½d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 48s. to 82s.—Barley, 24s. to 38s.—Oats, 22s. to 32s.—London fine 4-lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 45s. to 105s. per load—Clover, ditto, 60s. to 110s.—Straw, 42s. to 54s.

Coals in the Pool, 26s. to 35s. 6d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, June 24.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

REFINED BOUNTIES.—It is reported this afternoon that a complete change will take place in the export of refined goods. All bounties will cease on the 5th of July next; that refiners, after that period, will manufacture under the inspection of the excise, taking sugars in bond, West India, East India, and Foreign, paying no duty, and receiving no bounty, but that all the produce of the foreign must be exported; that the molasses from British West India sugar will be allowed to be sold here, and also the refined, under proper regulations as to duty.

SUGARS.—The sugar market, on Tuesday, was thrown into great agitation by the unexpected announcement of a complete change in the duties. It will be observed the plans are at present not matured. In the meantime, all business is suspended; about 200 to 300 hogsheads of fine sugar have been only sold. These descriptions cannot be affected by the change of duty. The holders of low brown have withdrawn their sugars from the market. The Mauritius are, nominally, 1s. or 2s. higher for the brown and mid qualities. In refined goods, there has been considerable business, with little alteration in the prices. In low lumps there has been most business done at 70s. to 72s. for packing. The better descriptions have been taken off for crashing. Fine loaves for the double-refined bounty, about 38s. to 39s. are in demand.—*Foreign Sugars.*—There are few sales since the agitation of the new sugar duty.—*East India Sugar.*—The public sales of Mauritius, advertised, 10,000 bags have been withdrawn on account of the expected duty.

COFFEE.—The sales have been considerable; British plantation sold heavily; foreign sold rather higher; Havannah, 42s. 6d. to 46s. 6d.; good Cheribon, 34s. 6d. to 37s. or 32s. The Mocha, about 1,600 bags, sold 3s. or 5s. higher; St. Domingo taken in at 32s.; middling fine coffee 2s. or 3s. lower.

RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.—The duty on rum, we may now state, is settled; there is 6s. per gallon addition to be placed on all spirits, and the bonus to the West India

planter is the reduction of the duty on sugar. In rum the only purchase is a parcel of Jamaica, 28s. to 38s., over at 2s. 10d. to 3s. In brandy and Geneva there is no business expected.

HEMP, FLAX, TALLOW.—The tallow market continues steady, but without briskness. The purchases reported are inconsiderable. Flax is still in demand. Hemp dull.

	1829.	1830.
Stocks of tallow in London,	9,426.	15,170.
Delivery weekly,	605.	1,177.
Price, Mondays,	37s. 6d.	35s.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 7½.—Rotterdam, 12. 9½.—Antwerp, 12. 6.—Hamburg, 14. 2.—Paris, 25. 70.—Bordeaux, 25. 95.—Frankfort, 154.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 16.—Madrid, 36.—Cadiz, 36. 0½.—Bilboa, 36.—Barcelona, 35. 0½.—Seville, 35. 0½.—Gibraltar, 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 48.—Genoa, 25. 80.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 119.—Lisbon, 44.—Oporto, 44.—Rio Janeiro, 23.—Bahia, 28.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 0½d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL (¼ sh.), 291½.—Coventry, 860½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 99½.—Grand Junction, 294½.—Kennet and Avon, 284½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 462½.—Oxford, 640½.—Regent's, 23½.—Trent and Mersey (¼ sh.), 780½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 284½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 80½.—West India (Stock), 194½.—East London WATER-WORKS, 124½.—Grand Junction, 56½.—West Middlesex, 81½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 93½.—Globe, 159½.—Guardian, 27½.—Hope Life, 7½.—Imperial Fire, 122½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster chartered Company, 60½.—City, 191½.—British, ½l. dis.—Leeds, 195½.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from May 22d to June 22d, 1830, in the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

W. Grieves, Holborn-bridge, cheesemonger
W. Walker, sen. and W. Walker, jun. Knaresborough, linen-draper
T. Bagnall, Westwell, baker
W. Haward, Braintree, tailor
T. Hussey, High Holborn, hat-manufacturer
W. Gausden and J. Jacobs, Barbican, clothes-salesmen
B. Green, York, corn-miller
L. Isaac and I. Isaac, Manchester, furriers
G. Aspinwall, Manchester, commission-agent
W. Atkinson, Cleckheaton, woolstapler
Y. Dempster, Mitcham, schoolmaster
N. Gaskell, Wigan, ironmaster
W. J. Hooper and C. Burrowes, Adam-street, wine-merchant
S. Plumbe, Great Russel-street, surgeon

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 118.]

Solicitors' Names are in parentheses.

Alexander, T. Manchester, merchant. (Ellis and Co. Chancery-lane; Hampson, Manchester
Arthur, J. Bath, baker. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Watts and Co. Bath
Acaester, T. Brotherton, rope-maker. (King, Castle-street; Mason and Co. Doncaster
Andrew, J. Stoney-Stratford, innkeeper. (Austen and Co. Gray's-inn; Congreve, Stoney-Stratford
Allinson, T. and J. Williams, Manchester, coal-merchants. (Appleby and Co. Gray's-inn; Whitehead, Manchester
Adams, J. Preston, tailor. (Norris and Co. John-street; Turner, Preston
Bardwell, J. F. Wood-street, warehouseman. (Legge, Roll's-buildings

Brydone, C. Leicester, carver and gilder. (Thomas, New-inn
Bardsley, E. jun. Oldham, cotton-spinner. (Milne and Co. Temple; Casson, Manchester
Buxton, R. Skinner-street, milliner. (Manning, Dyer's-buildings
Biggs, B. Walworth, surveyor. (Teesdale and Co. Fenchurch-street
Beeston, H. and J. Dunston, Hounsdlitch, manufacturers. (Wilks and Co. Finsbury-place
Branthwaite, J. Manchester, ironmonger. (Holmer and Co. New-inn; Booker, Liverpool
Bretherton, F. Liverpool, coach-proprietor. (Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; Topham and Son, Liverpool
Bilton, J. Newman-street, lodging-house-keeper. (Williams, Southampton-buildings
Burne, W. Birch-in-lane, clothier. (Burt, Mitre-court
Bartram, S. Whitechapel-road, coach-maker. (Hudson, Great St. Helen's
Barnes, C. Kingston-upon-Hull, earthenware-dealer. (Barbor, Fetter-lane; Young, Stoke-upon-Trent
Crosby, J. Spofforth, joiner. (Randel, Walbrook; Stables, Leeds
Cussons, T. sen. G. Cussons, and T. Cussons, jun. Manchester, cotton-spinners. (Hurd and Co. Temple; Seddon, Manchester
Cordingley, J. T. Lombard-street, laceman. (Robinson and Co. Paneras-lane
Crutch, H. and A. Lowdwater, Bucks, paper-manufacturers. (Maugham and Co. Chancery-lane
Cromack, G. Leeds, cloth-manufacturer. (Blake lock and Co. Serjeant's-inn; Nicholson and Co. Leeds
Chadwick, J. Leeds, victualler. (Hardwick and Co. Lawrence-lane; Lee, Leeds
Carlile, R. Ashburton, serge-manufacturer. (Ander-ton and Co. New Bridge-street; Terrell and Co. Exeter
Dobbie, A. Manchester, wine-merchant. (Cole, Serjeant's-inn; Dumville, Manchester

- Dunn, S. Exeter, clothier. (Hoimer and Co. New-inn; Waldron, Wivelcombe)
- Diver, R. Great Yarmouth, chemist. (Swain and Co. Old Jewry; Palmer, Great Yarmouth)
- Evans, W. Liverpool, grocer. (Williamson, Liverpool)
- Ely, H. Great Yarmouth, blacksmith. (Ayton, Milman-street; Palmer, Great Yarmouth)
- Fletcher, W. H. Pentridge, brewer. (Hall and Co. New Boswell-court; Hall, Alfreton)
- Foulkes, F. Lambeth, builder. (Selby, Serjeant's-inn)
- Furlong, J. Birkenhead, joiner. (Dean, Temple; Peacock, Liverpool)
- Fawley, J. Berwick-street, painter. (Wilkinson and Co. Bucklersbury)
- Fife, W. New North-road, builder. (Sheffield and Sons, Prescott-street)
- Flower, H. Welling, chemist. (Bostock and Co. George-street)
- Ford, W. and W. Rennison, Lambeth, pill-box-makers. (Carter and Co. Lord Mayor's-court)
- Farris, T. Canterbury, money-scrivener. (Cross, Surry-street)
- Glover, J. Lutterworth, horse-dealer. (Fuller and Co. Carlton-chambers)
- Glover, E. Dittleswell, horse-dealer. (Fuller and Co. Wratishaw, Rugby)
- Gower, S. S. Caterham, farmer. (Chester, Newington Butts; Long, Croydon)
- Goodall, J. Monmouth, nurseryman. (Pugh, King's-road; Phillpotts, Monmouth)
- Hyslop, M. Token-House-Yard and Jamaica, merchant. (Swain and Co. Frederick's-place)
- Harvey, S. Bodmin, builder. (Smith, Basinghall-street; Wallis, Bodmin)
- Holmes, W. Salford, ironmonger. (Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; Thompson, Manchester)
- Hollis, C. Upper Stamford-street, engineer. (Cole, Furnival's-inn; Griffiths, Monmouth)
- Hobbs, J. Arlington-place, ironmonger. (Patten and Co. Hatton Garden)
- Hagar, J. and T. Morton, paper-makers. (Lake, Cateaton-street)
- Hogg, T. and B. Leeds, woollen cloth-manufacturers. (Wilson, Southampton-street; Payne and Co. Leeds)
- Haslop, T. Bury St. Edmund's, saddler. (Walter, Symond's-inn; Wayman, Bury St. Edmunds)
- Hudson, S. Birmingham, apothecary. (Clarke and Co. Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; Colmore, Birmingham)
- Innes, P. R. and H. Wilson, Milbank, coal-merchants. (Simpson, Austin Friars)
- Johnston, R. Water-street, coal-merchant. (Smith, Great Eastcheap)
- Johnson, A. M. West-Smithfield, victualler. (Evans, Gray's-inn)
- Jenkins, W. Lyme Regis, shipwright. (Holmer and Co. New-inn; Murly, Crewkerne)
- Kain, H. Kingsland-road, agnet. (Statton and Co. Shoreditch)
- King, W. R. W. Hosier-lane, tinplate-worker. (Young and Co. St. Mildred's-court)
- Lloyd, H. Jerusalem Coffee-house, master-mariner. (Spurr, Wamford-court)
- Lamprell, W. Chelmsford, linen-draper. (Jones, Sise-lane)
- Lloyd, L. Skinner-street, furrier. (Spencer, St. Mildred's-court)
- Lautour, P. A. Welbeck-street, dealer. (Charsley and Co. Mark-lane)
- Leeson, W. jun. Nottingham, hosier. (Austen and Co. Gray's-inn; Percy and Co. Nottingham)
- Locke, W. Bury St. Edmunds, innkeeper. (Austen, Gray's-inn; Wing, Bury St. Edmund's)
- Marsh, T. Bath, mercer. (Jones, Crosby-square; Hellings, Bath)
- Macdonald, J. Knaresborough, draper. (Dawson and Co. New Boswell-court; Taylor, Knaresborough)
- Metz, S. Gerrard-street, bill-broker. (Westlake, Tavistock-street)
- Marshall, W. and J. Stoney and J. Dyson, Almondsbury, machine-makers. (Walker and Co. Exchequer-office; Cloughs and Co. Huddersfield)
- Millgate, F. Friday-street, warehouseman. (Davison, Bread street)
- Miller, B. Chester, brewer. (Philpot and Co. Southampton-street; Finchett and Co. Chester)
- Norcott, W. Covent-garden, wine-merchant. (Gale, Basinghall-street)
- Owen, T. Gledrid, innkeeper. (Blackstock and Co. Temple; Harper, Whitechurch)
- Owen, J. Chiswell-street, victualler. (Clarke, Basinghall-street)
- Peake, T. jun. Oxford, wine-merchant. (Miller, Ely-place)
- Purnell, G. Shoreditch, victualler. (Bousfield, Chatham-place)
- Peugree, H. C. A. W. and J. Noldwitt, Lambeth, ironmongers. (Rhodes and Co. Chancery-lane)
- Parker, J. Whittington, horse-dealer. (Cardale and Co. Gray's-inn; Parker, Worcester)
- Pope, J. Edmonton, builder. (Spyer, Broad-street-buildings)
- Peacock, T. Northallerton, linen-draper. (Lever, Gray's-inn; Anderson, York)
- Priestley, J. Halifax, stuff-merchant. (Evitt and Co. Haydon-square; Craven, Halifax)
- Puckeridge, J. Draycott, farmer. (Eyne and Co. Gray's-inn; Wood, Marlborough)
- Ravald, R. Manchester, ironmonger. (Perkins and Co. Gray's-inn; Thompson, Manchester)
- Roberts, R. Liverpool, builder. (Chester, Staple-inn; Morecroft, Liverpool)
- Reid, A. Bishop Auckland, draper. (Taylor, Clement's-inn's Marshall, Durham)
- Rule, W. Chacewater, grocer. (Clarke and Co. Lincoln's-inn-Fields; Cooke and Sons, Bristol)
- Robertson, I. Clerkenwell, grocer. (Bennet, Cannon-street)
- Riven, A. and T. Egham, brewer. (Richings, Staines)
- Reid, A. Bishop Auckland, draper. (Taylor, Clement's-inn; Marshall, Durham)
- Searle, J. Lombard-street, bill-broker. (Brutton and Co. Broad-street; Brutton, Exeter)
- Smith, W. Warrington, W. Sowden, Manchester, and J. Sowden, Warrington, cotton-manufacturers. (Taylor and Co. Temple; Fitchett and Co. Warrington)
- Stansble, H. Birmingham, paper-dealer. (Tooke and Co. Bedford-row; Capper, Birmingham)
- Shore, W. A. Stoke-upon-Trent, wine-merchant. (Michael, Red Lion-square)
- Sadler, W. Dartford, lime-burner. (Rush, Crown-court)
- Salisbury, T. Liverpool, sail-maker. (Blackstock and Co. Temple; Deane, Liverpool)
- Sellers, A. Manchester, chemist. (Hurd and Co. Temple; Pendlebury, Bolton-le-Moors)
- Scott, W. Norwich, bombasin-manufacturer. (Lythgoe, Essex-street; Winter, Norwich)
- Shackleton, J. Skipton, innkeeper. (Still and Co. Lincoln's-inn; Netherwood, Keighley)
- Scott, W. New Village, York, linen-draper. (Rosser and Son, Gray's-inn; England and Co. Hull)
- Snowden, W. Hallow, builder. (Byrne, Exchequer-Office; Brookes and Co. Tewkesbury)
- Taylor, J. Carlisle, wine-merchant. (Mounsey and Co. Staple-inn; Hodgson, Wigton)
- Thomas, J. Shepton-Mallet, victualler. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Watts, Yeovil)
- Tucker, R. and T. Tower-Royal, stationers. (Richardson, Ironmonger-lane)
- Townshend, R. Great Yarmouth, mast-maker. (Taylor and Co. Inner Temple; Hickling, Lowestoft)
- Were, J. E. Beilminster, tanner. (Stephens, Bedford-row)
- Wyllie, H. Bank-chambers, merchant. (Atkins, Fox Ordinary-court, Nicholas-lane)
- Walker, J. Lambeth, builder. (Lewis, Warwick-square)
- Webster, W. H. Oldbury, druggist. (Barbor, Fetter-lane; Fellowes, jun. Dudley)
- Woodward, E. Chelmsford, linen-draper. (Sole, Aldermanbury)
- Williams, T. Cheltenham, coal-merchant. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Croad, Cheltenham)
- Webster, W. Whitechapel, perfumer. (Norton, New-street, Bishopsgate)
- Whitaker, R. New Cavendish-street, linen-draper. (Turner, Basing-lane)
- Walker, W. sen. and W. jun. Knaresborough, drapers. (Strangways and Co. Bernard's-inn; Gill, Knaresborough)
- Willett, T. W. Ernest-street, cheesemonger. (Roe, Gray's-inn)
- Walkden, T. Islington-green, china-dealer. (Duncan, Lincoln's-inn-Fields)
- White, J. G. Minchinhampton, coal-merchant. (Beetham, Freeman's-court)
- Walker, F. Knaresborough, grocer. (Blacklock and Co. Serjeant's-inn; Richardson, Knaresborough)
- Wright, A. Louth, currier. (Hicks and Co. Gray's-inn; Allison, Louth)
- Young, G. Newington-Butts, upholsterer. (Thornbury, Chancery-lane)

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. C. J. Glyn to the Rectory of Wiltchampton, Dorset.—Rev. F. Litchfield to the Rectory of Elham, Kent.—Rev. G. P. Lowther to the Rectory of Orcheston, Wilts.—Rev. B. H. Kennedy to the Mastership of Harrow School.—Rev. T. Comyn to the Perpetual Curacy of Wantesden, Suffolk.—Rev. E. H. G. Williams to the Rectory of St. Peter, Marlborough.—Rev. C. Richards to the Vicarage of Wanborough, Wilts.—Rev. W. Manleverer to the Vicarage of Tynan, Armagh.—Rev. C. Bardin to the Rectory of Derrylovan, Tyrone.—Rev. E. Jackson to the Deanery of Armagh.—Rev. E. B. Sparke to the Vicarage of Littleport, Cambridge,

with Barley Rectory, Herts.—Rev. J. Warne to the Priest-Vicar's Stall, Exeter.—Rev. G. D. Faithful holds the Rectory of Bygrave, with Hatfield Rectory, Herts.—Rev. J. Davies to the Living of St. Pancras, Chichester.—Rev. G. Arthur to the Vicarage of Tamerton Foliat, Devon.—Rev. A. J. Thorp to the Perpetual Curacy of Deneston, Suffolk.—Rev. G. O. Miller to the Rectory of Milton, Northamptonshire.—Rev. A. S. Atcheson to the Rectory of Teigh, Rutland.—Rev. C. Sympton, to the Vicarage of East Drayton, with Askham, Notts.—Rev. W. Cresswell to the Head-Mastership of Chatham and Rochester School.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

May 25. By papers ordered to be printed by the House of Commons, relative to the expenses incurred for the Preventive Service on the Coast, it appears that the total expense was, in 1816, 381,152*l.*; in 1817, 242,510*l.*; in 1818, 392,747*l.*; in 1819, 434,262*l.*; in 1820, 457,608*l.*; in 1821, 523,667*l.*; in 1822, 581,720*l.*; in 1823, 616,339*l.*; in 1824, 581,341*l.*; in 1825, 604,364*l.*; in 1826, 606,097*l.*; in 1827, 581,888*l.*; in 1828, 563,682*l.*; and in 1829, 543,483*l.*

26. Anniversary of the National School Society held at the Central School, Baldwin's Gardens, when the report was made, stating that 216,571 boys and girls were now receiving instruction in Sunday and Daily Schools; and that in 27 places schools had entirely failed during 1829, although they had received pecuniary assistance from the Society!!!

26. Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

28. Earl of Aberdeen presented to the House of Lords all the papers in possession of ministers relative to the affairs of Greece, and Prince Leopold's refusal to become sovereign of that country.

28. London Gazette contained an order from Privy Council for Archbishop of Canterbury to prepare a form of prayer for the King's recovery. (N. B. The Jews and other sects had some days previously put up prayers for the same purpose.*)

29. Sign-Manual Bill, after passing Lords and Commons, (enabling ministers to stamp the King's name to acts of the legislature, &c. during His Majesty's illness), received the Royal Assent.

31. The King appointed Lord Farnborough, Gen. Sir W. Keppel, and Major-Gen. Sir A. F. Barnard, to be his Commissioners for affixing His Majesty's signature to instruments requiring the same.

June 1. Meeting held at the City of London Tavern, for the purpose of affording protection to preachers in the open air, against the interference of the new police; when resolutions were entered into, and subscriptions formed for establishing "The British Open Air and Annual Fair Preaching Society."

2. Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when eleven

* The prayer for the King's recovery was first used on Saturday last, in Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's Church—being the anniversary of King Charles's Restoration. One might have supposed that on such an occasion, when the intervention of Divine Providence was to be solemnly invoked for the recovery of a beneficent but afflicted Monarch, that the attendance would have been numerous and becoming: the fact, however, is, that there were not more than twenty members of the House of Commons present!!!—*Berkshire Chronicle*, June 5.

prisoners received sentence of death, and seventy-four were transported.

3. Annual meeting of the Canada Company's Proprietors at the London Tavern, when the report stated, that the number of emigrants was increasing; sales of land about 40,000 acres per ann.; average price obtained in the last six months, 10*s.* 2*d.* per acre: in Huron tract about 11,300 had been sold at 7*s.* 6*d.* per acre; at Guelph 1,516 acres had been cleared, 416 of them under wheat crops: the purchases in this district had amounted to 15,274 acres.

4. In the House of Commons, 15,000*l.* voted for the law charges of 1830!*

7. The punishment of Death for the crime of Forgery done away with in the House of Commons by a majority of 13 votes—151 against 138.

10. Public meeting held at Freemasons' Tavern, to consider the best means of relieving the metropolis from the inconvenience arising from the present system of interment, when resolutions were passed for erecting a "Metropolitan Cemetery," out of the town, similar to that of Père la Chaise at Paris.

15. Motion unanimously carried in the House of Commons for forming a select committee to inquire into the present state of the colony of Sierra Leone.

21. News arrived from Paris, stating that the French fleet anchored in the bay of Sidi Ferach (Algiers), June 14; and that the whole of the army had landed that day, and taken possession of the enemy's batteries. The despatches were signed by Count Bourmont, the military commander, and by Admiral Duperre.

26. Death of George IV. announced.

* Mr. R. Gordon said, "In the recent celebrated persecutions of the Press, the costs were greatly increased by the fees to more counsel than was necessary; in the case of Alexander, six counsel were employed for the persecution of one unfortunate printer, who defended himself." The Attorney-General said, "the reason for employing so many counsel was because frequently he and the Solicitor-General were liable to be called away." To which Mr. Gordon answered: "It was quite plain, of course, that the Attorney and Solicitor General could not each be in two places at once—but were they to be paid for being so? Were they to receive fees for being there when it was impossible they could attend?" Mr. Harvey said, "In such cases they were not paid for any thing but for receiving the money!" Sir E. Knatchbull said, "I never before heard of an Attorney-General instituting a public prosecution after a private one had been commenced!" Sir R. Peel disclaimed having had the slightest share in promoting the recent prosecutions against the Press! He even declared that the Attorney-General had not consulted him before the criminal proceedings against the libel on his character had taken place!!!

MARRIAGES.

At Holland House, Lord Lilford, to Hon. Miss Fox, daughter of Lord Holland.—W. Bissett, esq. nephew to Bishop of Raphol, to Lady Alicia Howard, sister to Earl of Wicklow.—E. M. Whyte, esq. to Alice Maria, second daughter of Sir J. Owen, Bart. M. P.—Rev. R. F. Laurence, nephew to Archbishop of Cashel, to Sarah, daughter of late Hon. Judge Mayne.—Major-General Sir C. Phillips, to Harriet, relict of Rev. R. Strode.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, Lord Ashley, M. P. eldest son of the Earl of Shaftesbury, to the Lady Emily, eldest daughter of Earl Cowper.—Sir Charles Aldis, to Miss Anne Maria Viel.—Viscount St. Maur, son of the Duke of Somerset, to Miss Sheridan, grand-daughter of the late Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.—At Marylebone Church, Rev. C. Baring, youngest son of Sir T. Baring, Bart., M. P., to Miss Sealey.—At Paddington Church, Edward Willson Duffin, Esq., M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, to Agnes, eldest daughter of John White, Esq., of Westbourn-green.

MARRIAGE ABROAD.

At Florence, the Noble Demetrio Corgialeagno, of Cephalonia, to Miss E. Harris.

DEATHS.

At Worthing, Hon. W. H. Irby, brother of the late Lord Boston.—At Blyborough Hall, P. J. Luard, esq. 76.—In Hill-street, Lady Amherst, 90, relict of Jeffery, Lord Amherst.—At Blackheath, R. Sowerby, esq. 94.—Lord Kilwarden.—At Roehampton, Lady Mary Hill, daughter of late Marquis of Down-

shire.—In Great Cumberland-street, Right Hon. Richard Cavendish, Lord Waterpark.—At Walcot Park, the Lady Henrietta Antonia Herbert, 72, Countess of Powis, and mother of the Duchess of Northumberland.—At Weymouth, Rev. Sir C. T. Waller, bart.—In Berkeley-square, General Meyrick.—At Hastings, Lady Charlotte Stopford, daughter of the Earl of Cerestown.—At Cheltenham, Hon. Mrs. Strangways.—At Shepton Mallett, T. Taylor, 104!—At Tonbridge Wells, Hon. and Rev. M. J. Stapleton, eldest son of Lord Le Despencer.—At Sedburgh, Rev. Dr. Somerville, 90.—At Dalston, Mrs. Kidd, 77, sister of Sir C. Flower, bart.—In York-street, Lieutenant-General Raymond.—Field-Marshal Earl Harcourt, 88.—At Hertingfordbury, Mrs. Ridley, widow of the late Rev. Dr. H. Ridley, and sister of Lady Eldon.—Near Worcester, W. Price, esq.: he had been assistant secretary and interpreter to the British Embassy to Persia, under Sir Gore Ouseley.—In Park-street, Sir Lucas Pepys, bart., 89, physician to George III.—His Majesty George IV.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Abbeville, 82, Peter Joseph Bertin, formerly Superior of the College of Abbeville, and Member of the Academy of Amiens. He had resided in Oxford; and presented D. C. L. with the present Archbishop of Tours, a peer of France. They resided in the University as teachers of the French language for many years, and, as a mark of respect, the University defrayed the expenses attending their honorary degrees.—In Green County (North Carolina), Anthony Van Pett, 126!—At Florence, Rev. Dr. D. Berguer, 78.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—The unemployed seamen of the port of Sunderland have addressed a letter to the ship-owners of that port, stating that there are "at least between two and three hundred seamen, who have served their apprenticeship out of the port, totally out of employment;" and beg, therefore, humbly to represent their case to the ship-owners of their native port, trusting that they will give them the preference, whenever vacancies take place in their respective ships, to utter strangers, who (as they state) are now very numerously increasing in the port.—*Tyne Mercury*.

June 1. According to annual custom, the children of the Sunday schools in this town (Newcastle) and neighbourhood, connected with the Newcastle Sunday School Union, were assembled at Newcastle and at Gateshead, where they went through the services appointed for the occasion. In the evening a Report for the last year was read, which stated that the formation of Sunday school libraries, in the country schools, had been actively prosecuted, and they were found to be very useful auxiliaries; and that the numbers of schools, teachers, and children, are as follow:—

	Sch.	Teach.	Chil.
Connected with the Union,	128	2,489	13,397
Not connected, about	43	416	4,319
Making a total of	171	2,905	17,716

CUMBERLAND.—Thursday last being the day appointed for opening the new corn-market in Aspatria, at an early hour in the morning a large concourse of respectable farmers and yeomen had assembled, and laden carts, with numbers of persons on horseback and on foot, poured into the village in

rapid succession until the time fixed for commencing the market. The quantity of grain and other articles of necessary consumption offered for sale was much greater than could have been anticipated by the warmest friends of this new and apparently prosperous undertaking. From the spirit displayed by the principal inhabitants, who have spared neither expense nor exertions to ensure the success of the new mart, and the animation conspicuous amongst both buyers and sellers, there is little doubt of Aspatria becoming, if not a first-rate, yet a very considerable market, and that at no distant period.—*Cumberland Packet*, June 15.

YORKSHIRE.—The Northern Exhibition of the Works of Art was opened to the public, May 24, in Leeds, having on the Saturday preceding been submitted to the inspection of the members and their friends. Many of the pictures are by ancient masters, but they are principally works of modern British artists. The numbers extend to 439, and the arrangement appears to have been made with great skill and judgment.

Our attention has been called to a disgraceful practice, which we are informed prevails in certain villages in the vicinity of this city: this custom is no less than the holding of a sort of weekly *slave-market*. In one of the villages alluded to, it is, we understand, the habit of the farmers to assemble every Friday evening; and being congregated, a list of the labouring poor who are in the receipt of parochial relief is produced, and their work for the ensuing week is put up to auction to the *highest bidder*! and notice is sent to them, that, for the next week, they belong to Farmer Such-an-one; and to him they must go, for him they must labour, and that too for the price he has bid for them in the market.

The price of their labour varies from *three to seven shillings*. In point of personal independence, the wretch who toils among West Indian sugar-canes stands his equal, and we fear surpasses him in personal comforts. Ought such a system as this to be tolerated for one moment in Britain, the land of anti-slavery institutions? The uncompromising enemies of slavery in every form, whether among blacks or whites, we have discharged our duty by holding up the matter to public opprobrium, and we trust it will meet with universal condemnation.—*York Courant, June 8.*

At the twenty-fourth half-yearly meeting of the Leeds, Skyrack, and Morley Savings' Bank, held lately, it was ascertained, that since the commencement of that valuable institution, 6662 persons have paid into the Bank the sum of 274,213*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.* and have, as their occasions required, withdrawn the sum of 174,249*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.* The interest-money withdrawn bears a very small proportion to the interest accumulated; and there now remains, including such accumulation, the sum of 133,757*l.* 13*s.* 11*d.* at the disposal of the present depositors, being an increase of 3,979*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.* since last November.

A meeting has been held at Leeds of the friends of "The British and Foreign School Society," whose object is to promote the daily instruction of the children of the poor of every class and sect in the elementary branches of education, and in moral and religious principles.*

The village of Wykeham, near Scarbro', probably possesses institutions and scientific knowledge in a degree unequalled by any hamlet in the kingdom. For there is "A Literary and Debating Society," a Theatrical Company, with appropriate wardrobe and scenery, and a Professor delivering lectures on Astronomy!!!!—*York Chronicle, June 17.*

LANCASHIRE.—The number of emigrants who have sailed from Liverpool for the United States of America, from 1st February to 28th May, as accurately as the information can be obtained, is as follows:—To New York, nearly 5000; Philadelphia, from 500 to 600; Boston, 50 to 100; Baltimore, 500 to 600; number to British America, 600 to 700. The fares are from 25 to 35 guineas for the cabin (finding every requisite during the voyage), and from 3*l.* 10*s.* to 6*l.* in the steerage (the parties providing themselves). The expense of landing is one dollar, to be paid by each emigrant at every port except Boston.

The Common Council of Liverpool has announced the intention of the corporation this year to give 100*l.* in aid of art, and 50*l.* for the best picture, any subject and any size, painted expressly for the exhibition in Liverpool, and the competition to be open to the artists of the United Kingdom.

* Pleasing accounts of the operations of the Institution in England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Spain, Italy, Malta, Denmark, Switzerland, Russia, Madeira, India, Greece, South Africa, West Indies, South America, United States, the Canadas, Nova Scotia, &c. were exhibited. The information relative to Greece is particularly interesting. Flourishing schools have been established in Syra, Zea, Andros, Tino, Mycono, Samos, Kalumno, Naxos, Paros, Anasi, Santorino, Gambasa, Siphno, Serpho, Thermia, Morea, Egina, Mytilene, and Cyprus. Even in the Turkish dominions they are now about to establish schools. In Greece and Turkey, as well as in India, female education has hitherto been almost wholly neglected. A brighter day has thus dawned upon the world; and the British and Foreign School Society is already become a powerful instrument in the promotion of good; and the pecuniary aid of those who have "enough and to spare" is alone wanting to render it still more extensively useful.—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

June 14, the directors of the Manchester and Liverpool railway proceeded from the latter to the former place, on a tour of inspection. The engine used on the occasion was a new one, constructed by Messrs. Stephenson, and designated the Arrow. In addition to its own weight, with its appendages for the supply of water, &c. seven tons, it drew behind it seven waggons laden with stones, weighing 27 tons: behind these were stationed two coaches, containing the directors and their friends, weighing five tons more; making a total weight of 39 tons! With this weight the engine compassed the distance (rather more than 30 miles) in two hours and one minute, exclusive of 19 minutes taken up in stoppages for the necessary supply of fuel and water.—The average speed on the return from Manchester was 20 miles an hour; and in passing over Chat Moss, the carriages proceeded for a time at the rate of 27 miles!!!

LINCOLNSHIRE.—Colonel Johnson, the High Sheriff of this county, has addressed a letter to the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to investigate the expense attending the service of the Shrievalty, which exhibits the extortionate amount of charges which are levied upon that office in addition to private expenses. After enumerating the respective articles in a *catalogue raisonné*, "To crown the whole," he says, "the fees to officers in the various government departments (Marshal, Usher, Cursitor Baron, Comptroller of the Pipe, Bag-Man, &c.), for passing the Sheriff's accounts and obtaining the inadequate allowances, are no less than 113*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.*"

SOMERSETSHIRE.—The Royal Assent has been given to an act for draining and improving the low lands in the parishes of Othery, Middlezey, and Westonzoyleland. Also to an act for building a bridge over the river Avon, from Clifton to the opposite of the river, and for making roads and approaches thereto. Also to an act for repairing and improving several roads leading from Chard to Drempton, in the county of Dorset. Also to an act for making certain new roads in the counties of Somerset and Devon, leading to and from Tiverton; and also for repairing several roads leading to and from Wiveliscombe.

CHESHIRE.—A public meeting of the artisans and others of Macclesfield and the neighbourhood has been lately held, pursuant to a notice placarded on the walls, to take into consideration the propriety of forming an Association for the Protection of Labour, when several resolutions were unanimously agreed on for that purpose.

DERBYSHIRE.—The expenditure for this county, from Easter Sessions, 1829, to those of 1830, amounts to 16,744*l.* 8*s.* 0*d.*—upwards of 12,000*l.* of which has been consigned to law and its concomitants.

DEVONSHIRE.—The new Market-place at Tiverton, which has been erected by subscription, and cost 9000*l.*, was opened, June 8. The workmen employed were regaled with a plentiful dinner and plenty of strong beer at the expense of the Commissioners, and the day was ushered in by the ringing of bells, &c. The cupola and principal entrances were adorned with laurels, flags, &c., and the whole presented a scene of the gayest and most pleasing description. The market was very fully attended, and displayed a show of meat of the first quality; and every one seemed highly pleased with the choice of situation, and the able manner in which every

part of the building is erected. The whole, when completely finished, will occupy an area of two acres, with four entrances to the principal streets.

LEICESTERSHIRE.—We have to congratulate the public on the opening of the Bagworth colliery, which took place on Thursday. The coal is of an excellent quality, and is likely to prove very beneficial to the neighbourhood when the new railway (which will pass near Bagworth) is finished. A beautiful steam-engine of 130-horse power has been erected at the colliery.—*Leicester Paper*.

HERTS.—A Savings' Bank at Hertford, which, 12 months ago, had invested in Government securities upwards of 12,000*l.*, has, at this moment, only a balance in hand of a little more than 240*l.*! It is computed, that out of 490 labourers and artisans, who, at the period we are alluding to, were getting a living, and "laying by for a rainy day in the Savings' Bank at Hertford," more than four-fifths are now reduced to a state of pauperism!!!

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—The pulpits of our several churches were on Sunday last most successfully devoted to the cause of that excellent institution, the Female Orphan Asylum. The result of the collections was as follows:—St. Mary's Church, 66*l.* 5*s.* 7*d.*; Trinity Church, 50*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; St. John's Church, 41*l.* 6*s.* 7*d.* We believe the rules of this charity are well known; but, for the information of strangers, it may be just added, that Candidates are eligible from all parts of the kingdom, and that children deprived of either father or mother are admitted to the benefits of the establishment.—*Cheltenham Chronicle*, June 17.

WILTS.—June 9, the farmers of the parish of Oaksey, agreed to reduce the wages of the Female Haymakers from tenpence to ninepence per day, which caused general dissatisfaction among them; some of whom assembled next morning at the bell-fry, and tolled the bell! Their numbers soon increased to between 60 and 70; when a "resolution was passed," that they would not return to their work till the old price of tenpence per day should be obtained from their employers!

BUCKS.—We have to record another instance of the fatal effects of the abominable system of prize-fighting, which, to the eternal disgrace of the Legislature, has so long been permitted. A great fight took place near the village of Hanslope in Buckinghamshire, for 200*l.* a side, between Simon Byrne, an Irishman, and Alexander M'Kay, a Scotchman. The latter, who lost the fight, was most cruelly beaten. He received many heavy blows about the left temple; and his face was so frightfully cut and disfigured, that the features were lost in a confused mass of gore and bruises! He was bled in the ring, but was totally insensible; and he died the next day! Byrne is in custody.*

* Another young man named King has also been killed in "a pitched battle." To this murderous catalogue is also to be added a third fatal termination of one of these brutal encounters, which took place at Apperley (Gloucestershire) between W. Palmer and T. Wintle, which ended in the death of the latter. When will these diabolical atrocities be put an end to? When will the opulent persons (*noblemen! and gentlemen!*) who disgrace the character of the nation by being present at these fights be apprehended and made examples of? Mr. Chambers, the magistrate of Union Hall, in reference to the late fatal battle between the Irish and Scotch Champions, expressed himself disposed to send some of these wealthy patrons of boxing to the treadmill!!!

OXFORDSHIRE.—June 2, the Oxfordshire Agricultural Society held their Anniversary for distribution of Prizes, &c. on the premises of Mr. Davey at Dorchester. Colonel Tilson (the President), the two County Members, and other gentlemen of the county were present; and about 100 dined in Mr. Davey's large barn,* which was neatly fitted up for the occasion. The day passed with great conviviality, several good songs were sung, and some interesting speeches on agricultural subjects were spoken by different members on their healths being drank. At the dinner it was suggested that the anniversary meeting should be held alternately at Dorchester, Woodstock, Banbury, and Witney, in future.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—A valuable stratum of rock salt has been recently discovered at Stoke Prior, within a few miles of Droitwich, where brine-pits have been worked for many centuries. The process of boring for brine was going on in an enclosure of about six acres, the property of Mr. Farden. When at the depth of 100 yards, the workmen unexpectedly met with several veins of rock salt, and, after penetrating a few yards lower, they came to a continuous stratum of that valuable mineral. The stratum has been bored to the extent of ten yards, and so far it is ascertained to be solid; and it is imagined that the rock is of a much greater depth, and spreads over a wide field. The quality of the rock is excellent.

WARWICKSHIRE.—The Dissenters of Birmingham have had a meeting on that part of the bill for regulating the Birmingham Free Grammar School which enacts that "no person shall be elected a governor who is not a member of the Established Church of England." They determined to oppose this obnoxious clause, and it has been done with effect, for it has since been taken out of the Bill; and in consequence of a subsequent meeting of the Inhabitants, a petition to Parliament has been voted, specifying, "That it seems highly expedient that the Bill should be withdrawn for the present session"—and the House of Lords have adjourned its consideration.

SHROPSHIRE.—By the abstract of the accounts of the trustees of the Srewsbury streets, it appears that the sum of 23,128*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.* has been paid from June, 1821, to August, 1829, for improving, lighting, watching, &c. the streets of that town.

NORFOLK.—On opening a bridge recently, connected with the stupendous undertaking which is now going on in this county, Colonel Harvey said, "they had met to open a bridge which would remain for ages a splendid monument of the skill and judgment of their engineer, exceeding in magnitude, by several feet, not only the span of that at St. Catharine's Dock, but of any in the kingdom." We are further told, in the detail of the proceedings of the day, that in less than two short months, a lock capable of receiving the largest class of His Majesty's frigates will be finished, and in less than six months the communication with the sea will be completed!

MONMOUTHSHIRE.—The extensive tract of

* That a barn should have been chosen for such a dinner as this, and for such a place as Oxford, has, it seems, surprised many of its friends and supporters; who have hinted the propriety of holding the anniversary meeting, and the distribution of prizes and the dinner to take place in the Town Hall.

woodland country eastward of Monmouth, comprising the Beaulieu Grove, Hadnock Wood, and the crown property, have become a scene of devastation by the ravages of blight. Thousands of oaks which a few days since presented pleasing verdure have been entirely stripped of their foliage, and have become winter-like in appearance. The grub has confined itself to the oak stores or trees; and when the top leaves of one tree are devoured, the insects lower themselves by a fibrous web which they spin, and ascend the next. There are few oaks throughout the whole of these woods but what have been visited by this destroyer of vegetation. The oldest woodwards on this property do not remember such destruction to the oak.

SCOTLAND.—A society has been formed at Glasgow by several professional gentlemen, merchants, and manufacturers, resident there and neighbourhood, under the title of "The Glasgow Celtic Society for promoting Literary and other Improvements connected with the Highlands." Two of the resolutions of the Society are as follow: 1st, That, for ascertaining the nature and extent of the improvement of the Gaelic language which will be most agreeable to the Highlanders generally, the Society shall cordially invite the opinion or suggestions of all those who take an interest in the matter, and also give Prizes for Essays on the subject; and shall exert its energies to effect such improvement as, after mature discussion and deliberation, appears most expedient; and, 2d, That the efforts of the Society will likewise be exerted to promote Gaelic literature generally, and diffuse useful information among the Highlanders, as well as to effect such other improvements connected with the Highlands as may be deemed expedient.

It is about 5 years since a Scottish Ladies' Society for promoting Female Education in Greece was formed, and from their Report it appears that they had succeeded in putting their benevolent theory to the test of experiment. Last spring they dispatched Miss Robertson to Corfu as their agent, with instructions to commence operations in that island, who, on consulting Sir Frederick Adam, the governor of the Ionian Archipelago, found that there were two modes by which she might commence her labours. One was by starting a school for the children of the higher classes—the other by opening a seminary on the Lancasterian plan for those of lower parentage. At the date of Miss Robertson's last letter, her own school was in a flourishing state, and her boarders were 40 in number. The Scottish Ladies' Committee, though their funds were exhausted, resolved to trust to the liberality of the friends of education, and empowered the Rev. Mr. Lowndes to continue the other school at their expense. Thus encouraged, he not only continued his school at Potamo, but opened a new one in the village of Castrades. The same gentleman has, moreover, made arrangements for forming a foreign corresponding committee at Corfu, consisting of 3 English clergymen and 3 respectable Greeks. Hopes are held out that the labours of the Society may be equally successful in Cephalonia.

June was ushered in with a shower of snow! For some days previous the weather was exceedingly cold and boisterous, and in the Highlands the drifting snow compelled the people who were busy casting peats, in some places to leave the moors. The Caledonian coach drove upwards of 20 miles of the road betwixt Blair and Inverness through snow; and some of the higher range of the Grampians appeared in the same covering. The unseasonableness of the weather has not, however, affected the appearance of the crops. Potatoe-planting is every

where finished, and the sowing of Swedish turnips is going actively forward.—*Perth Courier*.

WALES.—The improvements introduced by the march of mechanical intellect in the North of England are rapidly extending themselves in this part of the country. Last week an improved railway and self-acting inclined plane, of nearly half a mile in length, were opened in the immediate neighbourhood of Swansea, which appear to merit the inspection of the scientific and curious in these matters. This inclined plane connects the Pentre Colliery, the property of the Landore Colliery Company, with the Swansea Canal, and has been formed at considerable expense, the embankment being in some parts above 20 feet high. 10 tons of coal are passed at a time over the space of nearly half a mile in 2 minutes, being at the rate of 15 miles per hour. Thus this simple arrangement would enable the proprietors, if their demand required it, allowing an interval of 3 minutes each time for casting off and reconnecting the empty and full waggons, to send down 120 tons of coal in an hour.—*The Cambrian*.

IRELAND.—At no time was distress more prevalent in Ireland than at the present moment: pauperism and starvation are staring her in the face. Potatoes, of the only description now eatable, are *tenpence* a stone in Dublin market; and so scarce and dear are they in all the country parts of Ireland, that it is to be feared the poor will speedily have to endure all the horrors of famine. The late Meeting at the Dublin Mendicity Institution needs neither note nor comment. It appears that the funds of that Institution are reduced to two shillings and sixpence, with nearly 3,000 unfortunate beings totally dependent upon it for support! An alarming rise in the price of oatmeal has likewise taken place. In Tipperary the peasantry are actually famishing, so that provisions cannot be conveyed from place to place without an armed escort. All the fairs recently held have been miserable failures. In Kerry and Clare many thousands are indebted to charitable contributions for the scanty sustenance they receive. In Sligo the distress is said to equal that which prevailed in the memorable summer of 1822. An Enniskillen Journal says that nothing equal to the pressure of want and distress felt at present by the poor of that town has been experienced during the last fifteen years!—*The Warder*.

At a Meeting of the Parishioners of St. Thomas's Parish, Dublin, June 12. It was Resolved—That we, in common with our fellow-subjects of every rank and persuasion, have learned with deep disappointment and regret the avowed intention of Government to force upon this already impoverished Country, in direct opposition to the interests, and utterly regardless of the expressed feelings of its People, a new, uncalled-for, and oppressive system of Taxation, under the pretext of Assimilating "The Duties of the United Kingdom," and that too at a time when they have relieved the fostered and therefore wealthy and flourishing portion of the Empire of Taxes to the amount of upwards of Three Millions.—*The Warder*.

With sincere satisfaction we have been informed that the Protestant Colonization Society has taken a large tract of land, consisting, as we have heard, of about 12,000 acres, from Sir Edward Hayes, Bart., situated near Stramollar, county Donegal, at 3s. per acre, and of such a description that bullocks might graze on most part of it; and we hear a considerable portion of it is occupied in that way at present.—*The Warder*.